

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY S. ADAMS LEE.

THERE are certain sentiments which "give the world the assurance of a *man*." They are inborn, not acquired. Before them fade away the trophies of scholarship and the badges of authority. They are the most endearing of human attractions. No process of culture, no mere grace of manner, no intellectual endowment, can atone for their absence, or successfully imitate their charms. These sentiments redeem our nature: their indulgence constitutes the better moments of life. Without them, we grow mechanical in action, formal in manner, pedantic in mind. With them in freshness and vigor, we are true, spontaneous, morally alive. We reciprocate affection, we luxuriate in the embrace of nature, we breathe an atmosphere of love, and glow in the height of beauty. Frankness, manly independence, deep sensibility, and pure enthusiasm are the characteristics of the true man. Against these, fashion, trade, and the whole train of petty interests wage an unceasing warfare. In few hearts do they survive; but wherever recognized, they carry every unpurged soul back to childhood and up to God! They vindicate human nature with irresistible eloquence, and, like the air of mountains and the verdure of valleys, allure us from the thoroughfare of routine and the thorny paths of destiny. When combined with *genius*, they utter an appeal to the world, and their possessor becomes a priest of humanity, whose oracles send forth an echo even from the chambers of death.

Such was ROBERT BURNS. How refreshing, to turn from the would-be-prophets of the day, and contemplate the inspired plowman! No

mystic emblems deform his message. We have no hieroglyphics to decipher. We need no philosophic critic at our elbow. It is a brother who speaks to us; no-singular specimen of spiritual pride, but a creature of flesh and blood. We can hear the beatings of his brave heart, not always like the "muffled drum," but often with the joy of solemn victory. We feel the grasp of his toil-hardened hand. We see the pride on his brow, the tear in his eye, the smile on his lip. We behold not an effigy of buried learning, a tame image from the mold of fashion, but a free, cordial, earnest man; one with whom we can partake the cup, praise the maiden, or worship the stars. He is a human creature, only overflowing with the characteristics of common humanity. To him belong, in a large measure, the passions and the powers of his race. He professes no exemption from the common lot. He pretends not to live on rarer elements. He expects not to be ethereal before death. He conceals not his share of frailty, nor turns aside from penance. He takes "with equal thanks" a sermon or a song. No one prays more devoutly; but the same ardor fires his earthly loves. The voice that "wales a portion with judicious care," anon is attuned to the convivial song. The same eye that glances with poetic awe upon the hills at twilight, gazes with a less subdued fervor on the winsome features of a Highland lassie. And thus vibrated the poet's heart from earth to heaven, from the human to the godlike. Richly and rarely were mingled in him the elements of human nature. His crowning distinction was a larger soul; and this he carried into all things—to the altar of God and the festive board, to the plowshare's furrow and the letter of friendship, to the martial lyric and the lover's assignation.

That such a soul should arise in the midst of

poverty, is a blessing. So do men learn that all their appliances are as nothing before the creative energy of nature. They may make a Parr; she alone can give birth to a Robert Burns. It is to be rejoiced at that so noble a brother was born in a "clay-built cottage." Had his eyes first opened in a palace, so great a joy would not have descended upon the lowly and toil-worn. These can now more warmly boast a common lineage. Perchance, too, that fine spirit would have been meddled with till quite undone, had it first appeared in the dwelling of a wealthy citizen. Books and teachers perhaps would have subdued its elastic freedom—artificial society perverted its heaven-born fire. Better that its discipline was found in "labor and sorrow," rather than in social restraint and conformity. Better that it erred through excess of passion than deliberate hypocrisy. So rich a stream is less marred by overflowing its bounds than by growing shallow. It was nobler to yield to temptation from wayward appetite than through "malignity or design." More worthy is it that melancholy should take the form of a sad sympathy with nature than a bitter hatred of man; that the flowers of the heart should be blighted by the heat of its lava-soil, than wither in the deadening air of artificial life. Burns lost not the susceptibility of his conscience, or the sincerity and manliness of his character. In a higher sphere of life these characteristics would have been infinitely more exposed.

The muse of Burns is distinguished by a pensive tenderness. His mind was originally of a reflective cast. His education, destiny, and the scenery amid which he lived, deepened this trait, and made it prevailing. True sensibility is the fertile source of sadness. A heart constantly alive to the vicissitudes of life and the pathetic appeals of nature, can not long maintain a lightsome mood. From his profound feeling, sprang the beauties of the Scottish bard. He who could so pity a wounded hare, and elegize a crushed daisy, whose young bosom favorites were Sterne and Mackenzie, lost not a single sob of the storm, nor failed to mark the gray cloud and the sighing trees. In this intense sympathy with the mournful, exists the germ of true poetical elevation. The very going out into the vastly sad is sublime. Personal cares are forgotten; and as Byron calls upon us to forget our "petty misery" in view of the mighty ruins of Rome, so the dirges of Nature invite us into a grand funereal hall, where mortal sighs are lost in mightier wailings. This element of pensiveness distinguishes alike the poetry and character of Burns. He tells us of

the exalted sensations he experienced on an Autumn morning, when listening to the cry of a troop of gray plover, or the solitary whistle of the curlew. The elements raged around him as he composed "The Bruce of Bannockburn;" and he loved to write at night, or during a cloudy day, being most successful in "a gloamin' shot at the muses."

There was a thorough and pervading honesty about Burns—that freedom from disguise, and simple truth of character, to the preservation of which, rustic life is eminently favorable. He was open and frank in social intercourse; and his poems are but the sincere records and outpourings of his native feelings.

"Just now I've ta'en a fit o' rhyme,  
My barmie noddle's working prime;  
My fancy's yirkit up sublime  
Wi' hasty summon:  
Ha' ye a leisure moment's time  
To hear what's comin'?"

Hence, he almost invariably wrote from strong emotion. "My passions," he says, "raged like so many devils, until they found vent in rhyme." This entire truthfulness is one of the greatest charms of his verse. For the most part, song, satire, and lyric come warm from his heart. Insincerity and pretension completely disgusted him. Scarcely does he betray the slightest impatience of his fellows, except in exposing and ridiculing these traits. "Holy Willie's Prayer," and a few similar effusions, were penned as protests against bigotry and superstition. Burns was too devotional to bear calmly the abuses of religion.

"God knows I'm not the thing I should be;  
Nor am I even the thing I would be;  
But twenty times I rather would be  
An atheist clean,  
Than under Gospel colors hid be,  
Just for a screen."

But satire was not his element. Rather did he love to give expression to benevolent feeling and generous affection. The native liberality of his nature cast a mantle of charity over the errors of his kind, which, for touching simplicity, has never been equaled.

"Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;  
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,  
To step aside is human.  
One point must still be greatly dark—  
The moving why they do it—  
And just as lamely can ye mark  
How far perhaps they rue it.

Wha made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us;  
He knows each chord—its various tone;  
Each spring—its various bias.  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it;  
What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted."

Burns had truly a noble soul; he cherished an honest pride. Obligation oppressed him; and, with all his rusticity, he firmly maintained his dignity in the polished circles of Edinburgh. Like all manly hearts, while he keenly felt the sting of poverty, his whole nature recoiled from dependence. He desired money, not for the distinction and pleasure it brings, but chiefly that he might be free from the world. He recorded the creed of the true man:

"To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,  
Assiduous wait upon her;  
And gather gear by every wile  
That's justified by honor;  
Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Not for a train-attendant;  
*But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent."*

Burns's susceptibility to nature was quick and impassioned. He hung with rapture over the harebell, fox-glove, budding birch, and hoary hawthorn. Though chiefly alive to its sterner aspects, every phase of the universe was inexpressibly dear to him.

"O, nature! a' thy shows an' forms  
To feeling, pensive hearts have charms;  
Whether the Simmer kindly warms  
Wi' life and light,  
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,  
The lang dark night!"

How delightful to see the victim of poverty and care thus yield up his spirit in blessed oblivion of his lot! He walked beside the river, climbed the hill, and wandered over the moor, with a more exultant step and more bounding heart than ever conqueror knew. In his hours of sweet reverie, all consciousness was lost of outward poverty, in the richness of a gifted spirit. Then he looked upon nature as his heritage; he felt drawn to her by the glowing bond of a kindred spirit. Every wild-flower from which he brushed the dew, every mountain-top to which his eyes were lifted, every star that smiled upon his path, was a token and a pledge of immortality. He partook of their freedom and their beauty, and held fond communion with their silent loveliness. The banks of the Doon became like the bowers of Paradise, and Mossiel was as a glorious kingdom.

"Gi'e me ae spark o' nature's fire—  
That's a' the learning I desire;  
Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub and mire,  
At plough and cart,  
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,  
May touch the heart."

That complete self-abandonment, characteristic of poets, belonged strikingly to Burns. He threw himself, all sensitive and ardent as he was, into the arms of nature. He surrendered his heart unreservedly to the glow of social

pleasure, and sought with equal heartiness the peace of domestic retirement.

"But why o' death begin a tale?  
Just now we're living sound and hale;  
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,  
Heave *cave* o'er side!  
And large, before enjoyment's gale,  
Let's tak the tide.

This life has joys for you and I,  
And joys that riches ne'er could buy,  
And joys the very best.  
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,  
'The lover and the fren':  
You ha'e your Meg, your dearest part,  
And I my darling Jean."

But perhaps the freest and deepest element of the poetry of Burns is *love*. With the first awakening of this passion in his youthful breast, came also the spirit of poetry. "My heart," says one of his letters, "was complete tinder, and eternally lighted up by some goddess or other." He was one of those susceptible men to whom love is no fiction or fancy; to whom it is not only a "strong necessity," but an overpowering influence. To female attractions he was a complete slave; an eye, a tone, a grasp of the hand, exercised over him the sway of destiny. His earliest and most blissful adventures were following in the harvest-field with a bonnie lassie, or picking nettles out of a fair one's hand. He had no armor of philosophy wherewith to resist the spell of beauty. Genius betrayed rather than absolved him; and his soul found its chief delight and richest inspiration in the luxury of loving.

"O, happy love! where love like this is found;  
O, heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!  
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me this declare—  
It heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
One cordial in this melancholy vale.  
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair  
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

And yet the love of Burns was poetical chiefly in its expression. He loved like a man. His was no mere sentimental passion, but a hearty attachment. He sighed not over the pride of a Laura, nor was satisfied with a smile of distant encouragement. Genuine passion was vivified and enlarged in his heart by a poetical mind. He arrayed his rustic charmer with few ideal attractions—his vows were paid to

"A creature not too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food—  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Her positive and tangible graces were enough for him. He sought not to exalt them, but only to exhibit the fervor of his attachment. Even in his love was there this singular honesty.

Exaggerated flattery does not mark his amatory poems, but a warm expression of his passionate regard, a sweet song over the joys of affection. Perhaps no poet has better depicted true love in its most common manifestations. Of the various objects of his regard, the only one who seems to have inspired any purely poetical sentiment was Highland Mary. Their solemn parting on the banks of the Ayr, and her early death, are familiar to every reader of Burns. Her memory seemed consecrated to his imagination, and he has made it immortal by his beautiful lines, "To Mary in Heaven." Nor was the Scottish bard unaware how deep an inspiration he derived from the gentler sex. He tells us that when he desired to feel the pure spirit of poetry, and obey successfully its impulses, he put himself on the *regimen* of admiring a fine woman.

"Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,  
Wi' merry dance in Winter days,  
An' we to share in common;  
'The gust o' joy, the balm o' woe,  
'The soul o' life, the heaven below,  
Is rapture-giving woman!"

And, of all the agencies of life, there is none superior to this. Written eloquence, the voice of the bard, the music of creation, will often fail to awaken the heart. We can not always yield ourselves to the hidden spell. But in the soft light of her eye, genius basks, till it is warmed into a new and sweeter life. The poet is indeed kindled by communion with the most lovely creation of God. He is subdued by the sweetest of human influences. His wings are plumed beside the fountain of love, and he soars thence to heaven.

The poetical temperament is now better and more generally understood than formerly. Physiologists and moral philosophers have labored, not without success, to diffuse correct ideas of its laws and liabilities. Education now averts, in frequent instances, the fatal errors to which beings thus peculiarly organized are peculiarly exposed. No one has more truly described some features of the poet's fate than the author of "Tam O'Shanter" and the "Cottar's Saturday Night:"

"Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,  
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow;  
A being formed t' amuse his graver friends,  
Admired and praised—and there the homage ends;  
A being quite unfit for fortune's strife,  
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;  
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,  
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live:  
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,  
Yet frequent all unheeding of his own."

We now look with a more just eye upon the frailties of poets. It is not necessary to defend them. They are only the more lamentable from

being connected with high powers. But it is a satisfaction to trace their origin to unfavorable circumstances of life and peculiarities of organization. Burns labored under the disadvantage of a narrow and oppressive destiny, opposed to a sensitive and exalted soul. From the depths of obscure poverty he awoke to fame. Strong and adroit as he was at the several vocations of husbandry, he possessed no tact as a manager or financier. With the keenest relish for enjoyment, his means were small, and the claims of his family ever increasing. Susceptible to the most refined influences of nature, quick of apprehension, and endowed with a rich fancy, his animal nature, unfortunately, was not less strongly developed. His flaming heart lighted not only the muse's torch, but the tempest of passion. He often sought to drown care in excess. He did not faithfully struggle with the allurements which in reality he despised. How deeply he felt the transitory nature of human enjoyment, he has told us in a series of beautiful similes:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow-fall in the river,  
A moment white, then melts forever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That fit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm!"

Tossed on the waves of an incongruous experience, elevated by his gifts, depressed by his condition, the heir of fame, but the child of sorrow; gloomy in view of his actual prospects, elated by his poetic visions, the life of Burns was no ordinary scene of trial and temptation. While we pity, let us reverence him. Let us glory in such fervent songs as he dedicated to love, friendship, patriotism, and nature. True bursts of feeling came from the honest bosom of the plowman. Sad as was his career at Dumfries, anomalous as it seems to picture him as an exciseman, how delightful his image as a noble peasant and ardent bard! What a contradiction between his human existence and his inspired soul! Literature enshrines few more endeared memorials than the poems of Robert Burns. His lyre is wreathed with wild-flowers; its tones are simple and glowing; their music is like the cordial breeze of his native hills. It still cheers the banquet, and gives expression to the lover's thought. Its pensive melody has a twilight sweetness; its tender ardor is melting as the sunbeams. Around the cottage and the moor, the scene of humble affection, it has thrown a hallowed influence, which embalms the memory of Burns, and breathes perpetual masses for his soul!



## FAMILIAR GLIMPSES OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH S. MARTIN.

IT is a curious study, both interesting and profitable, to mark the change and contrast effected by the lapse of centuries, as it regards the nations of the earth; and perhaps no female sovereigns have been more prominently distinguished before the world, none so widely separated by circumstance and inclination, than Queen Elizabeth and her lineal descendant, the present reigning sovereign of England. We may be pardoned, therefore, for the introduction, just here, of a few excerpts from history bearing upon court pageants, "progresses," and etiquette, as instituted in the olden time by good Queen Bess, and then note how far removed from all such elaborate display is the present régime. Miss Strickland gives us word-pictures of the maiden monarch's drawing-room levee, her peculiar manners therein, and the royal journeys, in her "Lives of the Queens of England!"

In the order of reception, "first went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bare heads. Next came the chancellors bearing the seals between two, one of which carried also the royal scepter. Next came the queen, with a height and amplitude of ruff that made it rise like a winged background to the lofty fabric of jewels she wore on her head, until it overtopped at last the cross on her regal diadem. The ruff is formed of small circular quillings of silver gimp, closely set round the throat, and confined by a carcanet (collar) of rubies, amethysts, and pearls, set in beautiful gold filagree pattern, with large pear-shaped pearls depending from each lozenge. Her royal robes consisted of a kirtle and bodice of very rich crimson satin, embroidered all over with silver, the front of the skirt wrought in coral pattern, and fringed with tufted and spangled silver fringe." "The bodice very long, and the stomacher embroidered in leaves of silver bullion, interspersed with rosettes and crosses of large, round Roman pearls, and medallions of colored glass, to imitate rubies, amethysts, emeralds, and diamonds. This is also edged with silver lace and ermine. About the throat was a carcanet of large round pearls, rubies, and emeralds; her neck being also decorated with long strings of pearls, festooned over the bosom, and descending on either side, below the elbow, in tassels." "Her royal mantle of purple velvet, trimmed with rows of ermine and gold lace, is attached to the shoulders with gold cordon and tassels; and she wore

high-heeled shoes of pale-colored cloth, with enormous white-ribbon bows, edged with silver and gimp, and in the center a large pearl medallion. Her light red wig is frizzed very short above the ears, and descends at the back in two stiff cannon curls, thickly incrustated with pearls over the whole." "A gold cordon about her waist, with large tufted and spangled gold tassels, descends to her feet." "She wore a heron plume in her lofty head-dress; and her gloves of thick white kid were richly embroidered with bullion, pearls, and colored silk fringed with gold, and slashed with colored satin at the elbows, stiffened with bullion gimp." "She entered of herself into some discourse, and did assert her opinions with *great and terrible oaths*, as did her father, Henry VIII."

Such is the picture of this Christian queen, in 1511 of our Lord. The writer, Miss Strickland, continues her recital of Elizabeth's royal progress through her kingdom: "A few days after the queen had gratified Sir Robert Cecil with the office of secretary, she went in progress, with some of her court, into Sussex and Hampshire. Her first visit was to Cowdray, the seat of Viscount Montague, son of Sir Anthony Brown, master of horse to Henry VIII. She arrived at Cowdray about eight o'clock on Saturday night, August 15th. She was greeted, as soon as she came in sight, with a loud burst of music. A person in armor, as soon as she stepped on the drawbridge, presented her with a golden key, uttering a most bombastic speech in her praise. She then alighted, and embraced Lady Montague and her daughter, the Lady Dormer. Her noble hostess was so overwhelmed by her feelings on this occasion, that she *wept upon her majesty's bosom*, exclaiming, 'O, happy time! O, joyful day!' Three oxen and one hundred and forty geese furnished forth the Sunday morning breakfast. On Monday, the queen and all her train took to horse, to shoot at the deer that were inclosed in a paddock, to be slaughtered by the fair hands of royal and noble ladies.

"The next day, she proceeded to the seat of the Earl of Hertford, in time for the evening banquet. About three o'clock of that day, the earl, attended by three hundred followers, most of them wearing the badge of servitude, gold chains about their necks, and in their hats black and yellow feathers, set off to meet her majesty at Elversham Park. A poet, clad in green, and crowned with laurel, met and welcomed the royal guest with a long Latin poem; then six virgins, crowned with flowers, made low reverence to the queen, singing before her as they went. When she arrived at the door of the

castle hall, the Countess of Hertford and many honorable ladies welcomed her on their knees."

In the Autumn of 1870, Queen Victoria held nearly the first drawing-room, in person, that she had done since the death of Prince Albert; and those of my readers who care for the dull minutiae of such a pageant in modern times may be permitted to join the party assembled, in the mansion at Queen's Gate Gardens, London, in preparation for this solemn event; for solemn it is, spite of its brilliant display, now that the head of Great Britain feels the shadows of age, grief, and infirmity resting upon her heart.

The chaperon of this gathering, Mrs. Mc., looked more regal, we fancied, than majesty itself, as she swept by us in a robe of violet velvet, its train, four yards in length, sweeping about her stately beauty, and which she managed like a born autocrat. A tea-rose-colored petticoat, ornate with velvet folds, the softening effect of illusion, as it partly enveloped her large figure, falling from a coiffure of pansies and ostrich plumes, aided by glittering jewels of amethysts and pearls, constituted a most chaste and perfect adornment of dress for the court display.

On this occasion, the queen wore a black velvet train, the body, as *modistes* would say, very *décolleté*, and bordered round neck, sleeves and train with ermine. She wore also a pearl and diamond necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, with the ribbon and star of the garter, and other orders across her breast. A tiara of these same jewels surmounted her widow's cap and veil. Yet she looks much better and younger and less grief-worn in court costume than in her ordinary deep-mourning garb. The princesses, on this evening, were all present—Louise in her bridal dress, and the Marquis of Lorne; as also Prince Leopold, in Highland costume. The Duke of Saxe Coburg, Victoria's brother-in-law, was also there, costumed in a pearl-white uniform. The duke, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Arthur came down from the dais surrounding the throne, to give a friendly greeting of hand-shakes to Generals Sheridan and Forsythe, who followed our party in the presentation formalities. It was certainly an imposing scene, spite of its apparent meaninglessness and stiff observance; such large numbers of noble ladies in their brilliant full-dress, and the lords and gentlemen in waiting in various-colored uniforms, with gorgeous diamonds in their stars, and orders—a profusion of gold lace every-where that it can possibly be applied—the diplomatic corps in full regalia, always excepting our own *chargé d'affaires*,

who looked, amid this blaze of light and bright color, to quote from one of the party, "like a black beetle among a swarm of butterflies and humming-birds."

We must confess to one exceedingly weak point in the demands of Queen Victoria's court etiquette, in which no woman possessed of so clear common sense as her majesty usually manifests, has a right to persist. The queen will admit no lady to her receptions or drawing-rooms, unless in *very* low corsage, with arms entirely uncovered, whatever the age, rank, or physical condition of applicants. No gentleman can enter the sacred arena without being clad in old-style, close-fitting black breeches, with their accompaniment of long silk stockings.

Many of our good republican masculines refuse to make so great sacrifice of comfort and personal elegance, even for a glance at royalty, as did the head of the house from Queen's Gardens at this time.

It is not the custom for a gentleman and lady to enter the royal presence together; but the ladies are first presented by Lady Granville, and the gentleman afterward by the lord in waiting.

The queen has grown old, and now bears a woe-begone expression, in great contrast to the blooming, happy maiden who, thirty-five years ago, ascended England's throne. The death of the husband of her youth, and the previous demise of her mother, who had been her beloved companion and counselor always, has destroyed all her love of the glittering display of courts, even did it ever possess a charm to her mind.

To my own conception, there appears no inconsistency or obduracy in that she shuns all gay assemblies. "My friends" condemn this sentiment, and declare that, if her subjects demand the queen's presence at balls, concerts, drawing-room levees, etc., as the head of the nation she is bound to comply with this desire, however great the trial and sacrifice to herself; adding the oft-repeated formula of cynics and news journals, that, if Victoria can, in this manner, encourage industry, and advance the fortunes of shop-keepers and trades-people, by a more extensive and expensive appliance of dress, or, in other words, being entirely conformed to this world, she ought to do so.

No doubt it would be better that she should associate her sons more intimately with herself in the administration of State affairs, rather than practice the reserve toward them which has become habitual with her, as such separation of interests fosters any proclivity they may possess for the pursuit of unhallowed pleasure, and

which is, in fact, inducing a recklessness of consequences in the two oldest—the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred. The third son, Prince Arthur, has evidently more clear moral perceptions than his brothers, and has, thus far, spite of a somewhat weak and irresolute face, kept himself in a manly, straightforward path of high principle, that assimilates him to all that is good and pure in the nature of both his royal parents. Above every other member of the regal household in the respect and love of the English nation, stands the lovely Princess of Wales, whose delicate physique will probably never be equal to the duties devolving upon her as future queen of the realm, and whose refined sensibilities must be so often shocked and wounded by the coarse, unsymmetrical life and character of her young husband.

We have noted the simplicity of modern royal levees, as compared with the pomp and circumstance of more barbarous centuries, and this diversity of parade is still more apparent in the royal journeys of different ages. Critics and cynics have both dealt harshly with the unaffected details of the queen's "Life in the Highlands," but we consider it a beautiful succession of sunny tableaux, that develop the truly Christian, unpretentious, and tenderly affectionate nature of the royal children and their august father and mother.

No retinue of serfs, with golden chains, heralded their approach to the various noble halls at which the party tarried on this progress; nor were "three oxen and one hundred and twenty geese slaughtered for the queen's supper," as it was in the case of Queen Elizabeth; but Victoria writes, in her simple journal, of details concerning these modest receptions by her friends, just as you or I would do, dear reader:

"At a quarter to twelve o'clock, we set out for Caxton—the Duke of Leinster's—Lord and Lady Clarendon in the carriage with us. We went through Woodends, a place belonging to Mr. Whyte, in which the profusion of lime-trees is really beautiful. We passed, also, the preparatory college for Maynooth, and, not far from Caxton, we saw a number of the Maynooth students. The park of Caxton is very fine. We arrived there at a little past one, and were received by the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, Mr. and Mrs. C. Repton, and their two sons. We walked out into the garden, where all the company were assembled, and the two bands playing. The whole scene was very pretty. We enjoyed the walk through the formal French avenues, the duke leading me, and Albert the duchess. The duke I consider one of the kindest and best of men."

"After luncheon, we strolled out again, and watched some of the country people, as they danced jigs, which was truly amusing. It is quite different from the Scotch reel; not so animated, but very droll. The people were but poorly clad in thick, coarse coats, and the women in shabby shawls. One man among them was a regular specimen of the true Irishman, with his hat on one ear. Others in blue coats, with short breeches, and blue stockings. There were three old and tattered pipers playing. After a satisfactory survey of all the pleasure-grounds, we got into a carriage with the duke and duchess, our ladies and gentlemen following in a large jaunting-car, and the people riding, running, and driving with us. We drove along the park, which commands a fine view of the Wicklow Hills; examined and rode over the public way, cut out of the solid rock; then through alleys filled with the finest trees, growing among rocks close to a fairy piece of water. We got out, and walked across a little wooden bridge to a very pretty little cottage, entirely ornamented by shells, pebbles, etc., by the duchess. We all drove back in the jaunting-car, which is a double one with four wheels and held a number of us—I sitting on one side, between Albert and the duke; the duchess, Lord and Lady Clarendon and Lady Waterford on the opposite side; the equerries on either side of the coachman—and found ourselves at home a little after five o'clock."

And again, when on a visit to the princely house of Argyle: "Our reception was in true Highland fashion. The Duke and Duchess of Argyle (dear Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower), the Duchess of Sutherland, her mother, Lord Stafford, Lady Caroline Leveson Gower, and the Blantynes, received us at the landing-place, which was all ornamented with Scotch heather. The Celtic Society, including Campbell of Islay, his two sons, and several other Campbells, were all drawn up near the carriage. We got into a carriage with the two duchesses and Charles [of Leiningen, the queen's half-brother], and the duke being on the box, and took a lovely drive among magnificent trees, and along a glen where we saw Ben Sheerar, and were much struck by the exquisite beauty of Inverary, presenting as it does such a combination of magnificent timber with high mountains and a noble lake. The pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother; he is such a merry, independent little child.



He wore a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'Sporran' scarf and Highland bonnet."

Did any clairvoyant intuition whisper her majesty that, in just twenty-nine years from this date, the Princess Louise, Victoria's fourth daughter, would wed this same "fat, fair, dear little fellow, with reddish hair and delicate features?"

"We lunched at two with our hosts, the Highland gentlemen standing with halberds in the room. We sent for our children, who arrived during luncheon-time. Afterward, the Argyles, the Duchess of Sutherland, and others, accompanied us on board the *Fairy*, where we took leave of them."

Then follows, just as natural and quiet, the recital of a ball given to herself and suite at Corriemulzie, with a reference to her dress and appearance on this occasion.

Can we imagine these to be the annals of hospitalities tendered to a monarch upon whose vast dominions the sun never sets; or does it not rather seem that this involuntary tribute of almost royal subjects to a gentle-natured queen, were just simple social gatherings, where our Mrs. Smiths or Mrs. Browns might have been the hostesses? At the close of one happy day, the devout heart of the young sovereign thus reviews her blessings:

"The hills were covered with snow; the golden birch-trees on the lower brown hills, and the bright afternoon sky, were indescribably beautiful. O, how I gazed and gazed on God's glorious works, and tried to carry the scene well implanted and fixed in my mind! For this effect of snow and sunshine we shall not often see again." Then follows that most simple and motherly announcement of marriage that was to unite two of the grandest nations of Christendom in holy bonds; and its modest reference by Queen Victoria puts to shame the loudly-emblazoned, conventional engagements of our young country-women.

"Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had already spoken to us on the subject of his desires; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-ben this afternoon, he picked a piece of white heather, the emblem of good luck, which he gave to her, and thus enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Garnoch, which led to this happy conclusion."

"To kirk at twelve o'clock. The Rev. Alex-

ander M'Leod, one of the most celebrated preachers in Scotland, performed the service, and we were truly edified by a most admirable sermon, which lasted nearly an hour. The text was from the twelfth chapter of Romans, eleventh verse, 'Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' He explained, in the most beautiful and conclusive manner, what real religion is, and how it ought to pervade every action of our lives—not a thing for Sundays or for our closets alone; not a thing to drive us from the world; not a perpetual moping over good books; but being and doing good, letting every thing be done in a Christian spirit. He showed us, in the sermon, how we all tried to please self, and live for that; and in so doing, found no rest. Christ had come, not only to die for us, but to show us how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching, and his allusions to us so simple, saying after mention of us, 'Bless their children.' It gave me a great lump in my throat; as also when he prayed for the wounded, the dying, the widow, and orphans."

We can not but love and reverence the queen who, in the midst of such a high and bewildering destiny, is still a gentle, tender woman, whose heart, from her earliest youth, has been attuned to every affectionate and pious sentiment. It is not probable that Victoria will ever again take a very prominent part in public affairs, as seclusion is not only genial to her in her widowhood, but retirement is pronounced essential to her health, and even to the prolongation of life itself. She can not endure the noise and bustle of court exhibitions. Yet her intellect is still unimpaired, and although a student to some degree, she has merely relinquished the use of pencil and musical instruments. She has very rigid views, and carries them out in practice, of domestic economy. From her own lips, it is said, the housekeepers and superintendents of the *cuisine* receive the details of family arrangements, thus following out the German ideas of Prince Albert, whose system of rigorous stewardship proved so successful in the care of the Duchy of Cornwall.

When at Osborn or Balmoral, in Scotland, her habits are as simple as those of any of her subjects, and I have before me a very correct likeness, taken from life, of the queen, sitting at her spinning-wheel, of which recreation she is fond, and an effective work-woman. All State etiquette and conventional formalities are here laid aside, and she leads the life of an ordinary English lady, rising early, and often taking a long walk before breakfast, accompanied by a single attendant.



Miss Faithfull, who is on intimate terms of friendship with her majesty, asserts that few have any idea of the amount of work performed by the queen, even during the weeks devoted to relaxation and pleasure among the Highlands, her mornings being exclusively employed in the examination of State papers, which demand her signature; and on many subjects the most complicated she is quite familiar. "In her Scottish home," one writes of her, "she attends the little parish church of Crathie. Noiselessly she walks up to the royal pew, and bows her head in silent prayer. Pretty Princess Beatrice, the fairest of the queen's daughters, comes next, dressed simply in white. The Duke of Edinburgh, brown and hardy-looking, follows, dressed in Highland costume.

"The old forms are still used in Crathie kirk. The congregation sit during the singing, and rise in prayer, the queen setting the example of conforming to the ancient rule. With the aid of her glasses, she looks up the pages in her psalm-book, and joins in the singing, which is conducted by a well-trained choir. During the long prayer she remains standing to the end. No reservation is made when the long *ladle* is shoved along the pews, at the close of the services, to receive the weekly offering, when it comes to the royal pew. Her majesty is always ready for the collection. Before leaving, the queen stands with her head bowed a few moments in silent prayer; then her daughter throws a black mantle around her, and they leave the church as quietly as they came."

Much of her time is spent alone in Prince Albert's room at Balmoral, although she always dines in the library in the simplest manner, never having used the large dining-hall since the prince consort's death. She comes up quietly to her meals, knitting-work usually in hand, and retires to rest very early. Being a woman of such methodical habits, she goes abroad for exercise in all weather. A rainy day does not keep her in; for with a water-proof, thick boots, and umbrella, she defies the elements. It is quite a common thing to see her walking about the grounds in a drizzling rain; so that she may be considered a hardy woman, with no fine lady fancies. "A fresh, comely-looking lady she is, in her comfortable plain jacket, and her broad-brimmed hat."

Another sorrowful episode in her already grief-stricken life, is the recent death of her half-sister, the Princess Hohenlohe, who, being her majesty's senior by several years, and having known the opinions of their mother and Prince Albert on all matters pertaining to the Kingdom and family, was ever a close friend

and confidential adviser of her royal sister. Let us do homage to the intellectual ability and private virtues of this excellent queen, who has never aimed at her own aggrandizement over the welfare of her people—to the monarch, who has yielded with ready grace to the modification of all arbitrary constitutions in Church and State. It is this which has made Gladstone her stanch, unswerving friend; who, although a true democrat at heart, and continually paving the way for a new policy in English Government, will never consent that any thing save a solid foundation be laid for a structure of freedom in the future, while the present queen survives. Who can tell what may be the result should this honored throne be, in after years, *dishonored* by an imbecile profligate—"a man with neither virtue to tempt the love of his people, nor the ability to command them against their contrary determination!"

Let us remember that, during the thirty-three years of her reign, she has committed no personal act upon which her people can reflect in anger or sorrow. Her subjects must ever realize that they have been constantly acquiring more and more influence in the councils of her ministers, and that every progressive power at home has been vastly augmented during the reign of Victoria, the sixth sovereign of the house of Hanover, whatever may have been the prestige of this Kingdom among the nations abroad.

#### FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

BY MRS. OLIVE STEWART.

THE short Winter day was drawing to a close, and it was a rough closing. The sky had been lowering all day, and now, as the night drew on, the snow commenced to fall in thick, fleecy flakes, that seemed to come with a momentum—as if they would fain overwhelm and smother the city in all its pride of mightiness. The shop-windows, gay and splendid with their varied wares, were already lighted up, as if in scornful defiance of the waning daylight and menacing storm; and thus nature and art appeared to be struggling for victory.

Amid this thickening obscurity, which neither street-lamps nor lighted windows could dispel, people of all grades and nationalities were hurrying along the sidewalks, for the most part, silent as ghosts, each footfall muffled by that carpet of snow. Two persons, a gentleman and lady, walking arm in arm, were about turning out of the busy avenue into a cross street, when their attention was drawn to a commotion a little ahead. The passers-by were gathering

in a group around something, which, on approaching, they found to be the prostrate form of a woman, either dead or in a swoon. The group was becoming a crowd, when a policeman appeared on the scene; and, while he was trying to learn something concerning the unfortunate, she opened her eyes and gazed blankly around. At that moment, the lady aforesaid cried to the gentleman at her side, "O, Ernest, it is Mrs. Bailey, the woman that sews for me." Soon as the policeman discovered that these people knew the woman, he made way, and called them forward. When Mrs. Bailey could speak, she gave the street and number of her residence, and asserted that she could walk home, as it was quite near, Mr. and Mrs. Hartz kindly offering to accompany her. The crowd dispersed, as the poor woman, still trembling, took an arm of each, proffered by these kindly souls, and made her way to a tenement-house, where, on the third floor back, she had a little room. She was so weak and breathless that Mr. Hartz almost carried her up the stairs; nevertheless, as they reached the top of the last stairs, she fainted again, and lay like one dead. Mr. Hartz could do nothing but leave her on the floor in the darkness, while he ran half-way down the stairs and called to his wife, who was below trying to get rid of her mantle of snow. Between them they managed to find the mistress of the house and a light; then they entered the poor, small room, and laid the fainting woman on her bed. There was a handful of fire in the stove, which, at the gentleman's request, the landlady replenished from a basket in the corner; they also found a hand-lamp, and lighted it. The landlady could tell them nothing about Mrs. Bailey, and was evidently ill-pleased at her tenant's condition; in fact, as soon as the lamp was lighted, she took herself off, grumbling as she went. After a minute's consultation, the lady still chafing the sufferer's hands, unfastening her clothes, etc., Mr. Hartz set out in search of a doctor, while his wife remained by the bedside.

Half an hour had elapsed, and Mrs. Bailey had regained her consciousness, though so weak she could scarcely lift her head, when the gentleman returned with a physician, a friend of his own. The kind couple now went home, saying they would return next morning, or sooner if necessary; meanwhile they should see the doctor, and send in whatever he ordered. The doctor administered a restorative, and sat some time conversing with his patient, drawing from her some portion of her history, circumstances, etc., in order to arrive at a just understanding of the case; in short, doing what many physi-

cians would do where hard cash or a chance to make celebrity lay behind, but what not so many would care to do for such a patient.

About an hour after the doctor left, a man came from Mr. Hartz with some coals, also a basket containing a bottle of medicine and some delicate viands. The landlady ushered this man up stairs, and remained behind to ask Mrs. Bailey if these were friends of hers, and to say that she hoped they would find some other place for her; she thought sick people would be better with their friends, if they had any; and, for her part, she could not keep a hospital,—with which utterance of her mind she departed, without waiting for any reply. The poor tenant could not have replied, any way; she had nothing to say; her misery was speechless. She rose, and managed to put a little more coal on the fire, also partly to undress herself; for, the bed-clothes being but scanty, she went to bed retaining some of her clothing. She could not touch the food; her heart was too full for that, even though she would fain have eaten in order to get strength.

Alas! she could neither eat nor sleep; she could do nothing but lie there, and look hard destiny in the face. She could see no relief at hand, not even death; for the doctor had said there was no disease about her, nor was she so far broken in strength but that a period of rest would restore her to a fair degree of health. Better, she thought, much better, if he had said she was incurably diseased; and better still if he had said that she was dying. There might be found a place to die in; but where, O where, could she find rest? Then memory went back, looking for that same rest, but found none since the days of her early childhood. Her father, the hard-worked and poorly paid pastor of a country village, died when she was little more than a child, and from that time the burdens of life pressed heavily on her. Even in her school days she did fancy-work, evenings and holidays, for money wherewith to eke out a living at home.

At eighteen, she entered on the teacher's calling, and labored there until she married at twenty-five. To assist her husband—a doctor, struggling to make his way—she taught two hours a day in a school, and did her own work, except the washing. After two years, her husband sickened of a lingering disease, and through the long illness she nursed him night and day, until death released both sufferer and watcher; then, worn out in body and dejected in mind, she was forced by stern necessity at once to seek some means of livelihood.

Her mother was dead, her young brother had

enough to do to make his own living. Again she took a teacher's position, but her strength was broken, and indigestion, nervous headache, with all that train of ailments, so often laid her low that she lost one situation after another by means of frequent illness. Her last school was in the country; here she managed to wear on for two years, but during the last term she was so weak and worn that she positively fainted at her desk; and so the people told her they had a mind to get a younger teacher. She had saved a very little money, and she had learned to use a sewing-machine; so, as a last resource, she bought one and came to the city.

She had been ten months in this line of business, and could have supported herself very well if she had only strength enough; but, alas! that *if*. We know the rest. And now she lay there, vaguely wondering what she must do next. Go to her friends, that woman said, if she had any. Ay, there was the rub. If she had any. Her brother died years ago, and his widow was married again. "Go to your friends, if you have any," went strangely ringing through her ears, as she sunk away at last into some kind of unconsciousness, she never knew whether it was sleep, or a deep, dead fainting-fit.

When she came again to conscious life, Mrs. Hartz was standing over her, and moistening her lips with wine. "Ah," said the visitor, "perhaps I should n't have waked you, but you looked so pale, and I did n't see you breathe; so I thought you would be the better of a little wine, any way." And this cheery angel of mercy poured the wine down with a tea-spoon, while she urged on the landlady, who was operating at the stove, thus: "Now, please make your very best specimen of a fire there, and put on that little kettle in the corner with fresh water in it, if you please. I'm going to see what we can do with Mrs. Bailey this Winter's day. Please God we'll make a new woman of her yet. The doctor says there is a good deal of her, more than there is of some whole people, only she wants rest and brightening up a little."

All this while the speaker was softly dabbing the sick woman's face with the corner of her own handkerchief, wet in cologne-water. Soon as the kettle boiled, Mrs. Hartz made a cup of fragrant coffee, sending the landlady down-stairs for a small tray while she toasted a bit of bread; then, from the basket sent in the previous night, she brought forth a clean napkin, some butter, jelly, sugar, and cream; and spreading the tray neatly, as such a woman's hand can do, she soon had it before Mrs. Bailey, whom she had already propped up in bed.

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This over, she again bathed Mrs. Bailey's tear-stained face, gave her some medicine, settled the bed, made up the fire so that it would last some time, and telling the poor creature to pick up courage and trust in God—for she was not to be forgotten nor forsaken, as she would find, perhaps, before that day was done—this woman of kindly words and deeds took leave, as she said, for a few hours; and it was not yet ten o'clock A. M.

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When Lucy returned home that morning, she and her husband consulted together concerning Mrs. Bailey's sad case. The doctor had said she was one of a class as yet unprovided for. She was hardly a hospital case, as she had no positive disease; and, besides, a week or two



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When Lucy returned home that morning, she and her husband consulted together concerning Mrs. Bailey's sad case. The doctor had said she was one of a class as yet unprovided for. She was hardly a hospital case, as she had no positive disease; and, besides, a week or two

of hospital treatment would be of little use, even if she could have it; neither was she old and infirm enough to be received into an old lady's home. She needed what there seemed to be no provision for; namely, some home or place where she could have a year, or even six months, of rest, after which she would probably be able to support herself better, and with more ease to herself, than for many previous years.

"It is a puzzling case," said Mrs. Hartz, wrinkling her brows in earnest cogitation. "She is an intelligent, in fact a superior, woman; and there are no charitable institutions where such as she can rest awhile, and come out invigorated. To go to a common poor-house, even if she could be placed in one, would break her spirit, and not rally her health. There would be no cure in such treatment for her."

"She was with you in these rooms for some days, was she not, Loochie?" responded Mr. Hartz, pulling down the corners of his blonde mustache, and looking out of his blue eyes with a dreamy expression, in true German fashion.

"Yes," returned the lady; "she was here a week—day-times, you know; and her company was rather agreeable than otherwise."

"Ach, yes; she was agreeable, was she, poor thing! But it was always in the day-time!" said Ernest, still tugging at that mustache.

They both sat silent for the space of a minute; then Lucy said: "Her board would be scarcely any thing in the way of expense. A cup of coffee and a bit of toast extra, at breakfast and lunch; and she would be content to have a plate brought over at dinner-time. One pupil more would pay all her expenses."

"Ach! there, now!" cried Ernest, letting go the mustache, and snapping his fingers, "you have said the words that were in my mind. That is *goot—joost* like *mine Loochie!* But *vere* will you *foot* her to sleep? She *moost* sleep *somere.*"

Lucy rose, and opened the door of the large wardrobe closet. "There," she said; "we can do without that side of the closet, for the wardrobe is large; and we can put a small iron bedstead in there, and it will do nicely."

Ernest fairly cut a caper as he cried, "*Py Jove!* there is *nobody* like *mine little vife* to make a plan." Suddenly the good man sat down. His enthusiasm subsided; and he looked a little rueful as he said, "But I *moost* smoke *mine* pipe and play *mine* piano as *mooch* as I like."

"Certainly," Lucy replied, with emphasis; "all that shall be understood; and I shall say to her that she is to rest, without one thought of work, or one care, for three months. Then, if she is not good and agreeable, we shall get rid of her;

and if she be troublesome, we can bear it so long, just for the *dear Christ's sake;*" and she bent her head over her husband's chair, and stroked his broad forehead coaxingly, till he looked up at her, his eyes brimming with love-light as he said:

"Loochie, you are *mine engel-vife*, and the *goot Got* will bless your kindness."

"And yours, too, Ernest," she replied.

So Mrs. Bailey was brought and installed in that, to her, haven of rest. For the first month, she mostly lay and slept on the little bed in her closet room. But sleep and ease from care built up the shattered strength, and soon she began to find various ways to make herself useful.

Before the three months were up, she proved so "good and agreeable," that there was no question of sending her away. On the contrary, she became more and more useful and dear to the kind souls who had come to her rescue in the hour of her bitter need. It would seem, too, that the good God did bless the worthy pair; for, though Ernest Hartz and his wife also were excellent teachers, they had not as yet come to be known as their merits deserved; but, somehow, they both soon found their services in great demand. Pupils came apace; and, to protect themselves from overwork, they raised their terms. Then, as one, two, and three babies came to cheer and bless that household, the *little mother*, as Mr. Hartz very soon named Mrs. Bailey, rendered such, not merely grateful, but loving, services of cultured care and discreet supervision—as no money could command, and not every affectionate heart would have been capable of bestowing. In fact, the *little mother* was so really a mother, that Mrs. Hartz was enabled to continue giving lessons as long as there was any shadow of requirement, in a pecuniary sense, without detriment to her children or her household.

As for Mrs. Bailey, truly her last days were her best; for her sun moved brightly toward the west, and went down in a cloudless sky.

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It is of vast importance for the Christian teacher to be himself clear on the great doctrine of the atonement. He who is defective on that cardinal point can not but fail in his ministry. No sheep will be gathered or brought home to the fold by his labors; no resurrection of the dry bones will take place under his ministry. This is the only preaching that really tells upon the heart. Other preaching may attract and win applause; it may lead men to give up certain sins, and engage in certain duties; but this alone wins souls.

## CHARITIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY MRS. SUE M. D. FRY.

## WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE Women's Christian Association professes to have found the nut and cracked it at the right time when, after their organization, in 1870, they purchased a house on Filbert Street, made suitable repairs, furnished, and opened it in less than six months, and in three more months had it occupied by forty boarders. At the beginning, they had no money, only strong faith; at the opening of the Home, they had no debts. The Home is now self-supporting, and filled to its utmost capacity. Its object is to give respectable lodging and food to respectable women and girls, learning trades or receiving but small wages; none being admitted who get more than six dollars a week, board ranging from two to four dollars, according to floor and room. All the apartments of the Home were furnished by different Churches throughout the city. Family worship is conducted daily; and all the inmates are expected to attend Divine service, at least once, on the Sabbath. The Association have at heart the moral and religious welfare of the boarders, as well as their temporal. All the sleeping-rooms are large and pleasant, and furnished with from four to six single beds—except those demanding the highest price—two bureaus and two or three wardrobes. Each occupant is entitled to a certain number of drawers, one apartment of the wardrobe, and a little tripod wash-stand furnished complete. The Employment Committee—every thing is done by committees here; Committees of House Supply, Admission, Sick, Visiting, Ways and Means, etc., almost *ad infinitum*—the Employment Committee soon saw the necessity of a training-school for young girls; unskilled labor is a drug in the market. Others, of the restaurant for the many sales-women and workers in the manufactories, who eat nothing from breakfast till supper—their scanty purse not allowing a dinner at current prices.

One of the officers in this Association, standing by the counter of a large retail dry-goods store, overheard the following conversation:

"What are you going to have for dinner?"  
 "A couple of doughnuts," was the answer. "I can not afford to get any," replied another.  
 "Nor I," said the third; "and I came away in such a hurry this morning, that I had time only to drink a cup of coffee."

And of temporary lodging-rooms for those hunting work, or suddenly placed in embarrassing circumstances, or passing through the city

without means to secure a respectable stopping-place. The result of all this is, that in all public places, railroad depots, hotels, etc., in the city, large cards are seen bearing the following:

*Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia.*

## DINING-ROOM FOR WOMEN

No. 139 NORTH SEVENTH STREET.

Meals from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M., furnished at the lowest rates.

## EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

IN THE REAR. ENTRANCE ON NICHOLSON STREET.

Hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M. No charges made to those seeking employment.

## INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

Hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.

## TEMPORARY LODGINGS

FOR RESPECTABLE WOMEN AT MODERATE CHARGES.

## PERMANENT BOARDING-HOUSE

1,605 FILBERT STREET.

I had the pleasure of securing a palatable dinner at 139, of vegetable soup, bread and butter and tea, and rice-pudding, for the sum of fourteen cents; and might have indulged in meat at an additional cost of ten or fifteen cents. At about one o'clock the room is generally full, perhaps seventy-five taking dinner at that hour.

In the Industrial Department were a number of girls, under a competent teacher, fitting themselves for seamstresses. The secret of success in this undertaking, as in all other similar ones, is *work*. These committee women when their day comes, do not stay at home for a little rain or snow; but with overshoes, waterproofs, and alpaca umbrellas, present themselves on time. Many of them regularly devote one day in the week to charitable purposes. Number 139 is *not* self-supporting; never can be, at the present low rates charged.

The Association issues tickets calling for five cents' worth of food at the dining-room, and sells them in packages of five to the public in general, who give persons begging as many as they choose, instead of money which is too often begged for bread, and spent for something else; thus administering in the best possible way to those who really want something to eat, and completely foiling the designs of those who do not.

## MIDNIGHT MISSION.

Thanksgiving morning found myself and friend at the Midnight Mission, 919 Locust Street. The matron, Mrs. Brooks, was tending the basting of turkey, preparing of sauces, and such like services for the dinner. Up-stairs, in the back parlor, were fifteen or eighteen girls



and women finishing off shirts for the shops; mostly intelligent-looking, some of them accomplished. While one, at our request, took her place at the organ, and led the others in singing "Whiter than Snow," thoughts came of the dark and terrible history of these—some from the first families of the city—disgraced, disowned. The one who sings for us, young, gentle, and lady-like, now reformed and converted, is soon to become the wife of an honored man; yet one who first paved for her the slippery path her young feet with pain have trod. This good work, upon which, no doubt, angels look with joy, was organized in February, 1868. Christian women have sought, in the houses of the "strange woman" and on the street, for those sinning against society, themselves, their sex, and their God, and invited and made welcome to the Home, any of the twelve thousand fallen women of Philadelphia who were willing to attempt a recovery of their conduct and character. More than five hundred girls have attended their meetings held at midnight. Many of them have thus heard the voice of prayer for the first time since childhood; and, we are told, it is no unusual thing to welcome at this solemn, midnight gathering, girls who have seen but twelve Summers.

When we remember that these enter into crime partly by the tyranny of customs which have currency and countenance in all the walks of society, who shall say, "I am entirely innocent of their guilt?" Yet such lives lie farther out upon the confines of human sympathy than any other. Of all the causes operating to bring these women to such a life, intoxicating liquor is found to be most potent. Once taken to drown sorrow, disappointment, or suffering, and the victim becomes an easy prey to the libertine or the procuress; and this is the most general and successful means used, a second time to ensnare their feet, after an attempt at reformation. One who has been an inmate of the Mission, the happy mother of two children; at a party was induced to take a glass of wine after years of abstinence. It aroused the demon of drink so long slumbering within her, and she fell an easy prey. At whose hands shall her blood be required?

Many who come in will not stay. Every device is used by the enemies of their soul without again to ensnare them. Some having remained six months or a year, feeling strong, go out, only to realize their weakness, and perhaps return again in shame. But some are saved. For four years, not including the one about to close, three hundred and fourteen have entered the home, one hundred and forty-seven been

placed out in good families, forty-two restored to friends. Several have died in full faith of sins forgiven, and others thus rescued and reformed are now adorning their own homes in the honorable position of wife and mother.

In one of the largest churches of Philadelphia sings a beautiful young lady, once deceived by a rich young man far above her in social life. Liquor was resorted to as a narcotic, and so finally brought her to the Home without her having fallen into other snares, thank God! And there, through the influence of the Mission and that of a pious young woman from without, she became the happy possessor of the pardoning grace of God; and now, a member of the Church and Sunday-school, she moves in a society to whom her one dark trial is all unknown. Many think but little good results from such missions. The public know but little; but the great day shall reveal all things. The house is well furnished and convenient. The inmates are prepared for honorable employment, and constant effort made for their conversion.

Religious services of instruction and prayer are held regularly Thursday and Sabbath; and, during a part of the year, the midnight meetings, by which many of these girls are first induced to enter the Home. It is encouraging to know that, while so many women fear to make even the least personal effort for the salvation of fallen sisters right in their midst, there are those of the most cultivated tastes and highest Christian attainments, who do not hesitate to go into their houses, take them by the hand, and speak to them of God and of their souls; not once, but many times; and, having induced them to come to the Mission, relax not in effort, but spend hours teaching them virtue and religion, both by precept and example. The managers hope soon to have a supplementary Home outside the city limits, where communion with nature, in all her curative forms, may hasten and assure the salvation of the lost.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL HOME.

A visit to the "Methodist Episcopal Home" for old people, after the contemplation of so much of sin, and its ravages on body and soul, is like a green spot upon a great barren waste, seared and blasted by the breath of the destroyer. Here all the inmates are at least professedly religious, and members of some one of the Methodist Churches of the city. Old soldiers of the cross are they, who have met the world and come off conquerors, and now await in calm trust and confidence the coming of their last enemy, knowing that "the eye of the Lord



is upon them that fear him, to deliver their soul from death." The beautiful stone building, Thirteenth and Leigh Avenue, dedicated in June, 1871, three stories high, with all the modern appliances of heat and water, and conveniences to make old age comfortable, has now eighty-eight cheerful occupants—eighty-six women and two men—to whom clothing, employment, medical aid, and other necessary attendance and religious privileges are provided.

Pleasant sitting-rooms on every floor invite them to bring their knitting and patch-work, and spend time together. By the way, I think the institution will soon be well supplied with nine patches, lone stars, Job's troubles, rake's teeth, and double T's, if the old ladies continue their present vigorous attack upon the odd ends and scraps donated for this very purpose.

The chapel, where services are held Sundays and Wednesdays, is a perfect gem. All the hall floors and sleeping apartments are carpeted, the rooms furnished with plain black walnut, and, best of all, a rocking-chair, sometimes two of them, in one room. Each of the private rooms was furnished by some one of the Sunday-schools; while the chapel, reception, parlor, and committee rooms, as well as other parts of the house, are handsomely furnished by private individuals, Bible-classes, fairs, etc.

The grand fair held for the benefit of this institution, was visited by Duke Alexis, of Russia; and to him was presented, through Bishop Simpson, the welcome of the ladies, and an elegant Afghan, crocheted and embroidered by an aged lady, a member of the Methodist Church, and for which \$900 had been subscribed. It was much admired for its beauty and workmanship; and before being forwarded to the duke, his monogram was embroidered upon it. Pictures, and other articles of *virtu*, are not lacking in the halls and public rooms, all combining to render the place most desirable and attractive. As the blind lady, who came to the parlor to play for us, sang "Home, sweet, sweet Home," we thought, this is indeed a home, and breathed a prayer that it might forever stand a monument of commendation to the Methodist women who first conceived the plan, and to those who lent money and labor to its completion and triumphant success. To-morrow will witness the first Christmas dinner in the new building. May it remind donor and receiver of the best gift from the best of all Givers!

#### BEDFORD-STREET MISSION.

A few seconds less than ten minutes brought us from Chestnut Street to Bedford, now Alaska, which, since the renovation of Five Points,

New York, is said to excel all others in poverty, filth, and crime. Yet even here, in the "Bloody Fourth," dwells a missionary, superintending two day-schools, a hospital, and dispensary, a lady physician and her assistants, two houses for temporary lodgers and baths, besides his Sabbath and week-day services, and constant watch-care over the people in their homes, if cellars and garrets and dens and burrows can be called such.

Among these people, the quiet ministrations and restraining influences of the missionary, the patient labor of the week-day and Sunday-school teachers, the faithful services of the physician and her attendants, with the regular attendance of the consulting staff, are noiselessly exerting a refining power which no human skill can fully demonstrate.

The hot and cold baths furnished for the year ending in March last, were 17,538; number of persons who received food or clothing, 2,087; number of children in day-schools, between 200 and 300; number of hospital cases, 35; dispensary, 2,712; prescriptions, 7,700; number of garments cut by the teachers, 381; number of garments distributed, 900; free dinners to children, 2,696.

Here is where the rags and bones and stolen goods find quarters; where thieves and murderers spend the day, and the dens of infamy thrive; and where the balance may be turned, at will, in political issues. We took a walk, the missionary and I, through this place, comprising three or four squares each way; and these are some of the sights we saw: The school of rag-pickers, newsboys, boot-blacks, and purloiners of the neighborhood, being taught the rudiments of an education; the industrial school of girls, being instructed how to make an honest living, any one of whom, we were told, would willingly be sacrificed to a life of shame by her unnatural mother for a few poor pence; an old woman in a cellar where we two could not stand erect, a few coals of fire on the ground, and a bunch of rags by her side—a woman who prefers to live thus, earning bread by cutting rags, in spite of the three settings up she has had in comfortable room and surroundings; an old man dying of consumption, in attic room, with picture of crucifix over his miserable bed, left alone with two children, while the wife went out to wash for bread; the cellar in which originated the pestilence which swept the city a few years ago, nightly crowded with lodgers, at ten cents apiece; the old frame, two-story house, in which the most desperate characters of all have their dwelling-place, owned and rented by a colored preacher, who succeeds in making

near a thousand dollars a year rent out of it; one of the dining-rooms, where cold victuals are served—some of those you give the beggar at the door, and do not see him eat—heaps of moldy potatoes and meat piled on the counter. We asked of the frowzy woman, "How do you charge?"

"O, six cents, and five, and three, and two, and one, just according to what they gets. A great many ladies and gentlemen comes in here and takes their meals."

This shows the wisdom of the tickets issued by the Women's Christian Association.

Here the woman called Queen, worth seventy-five thousand dollars, owning a house up town, and one at Atlantic City, comes to speculate in the street garbage gathered by these people. Said the missionary: "One of the things I can not be reconciled to is that of the parents teaching their children, and even compelling them to crime. To counteract this is the very object of the Bedford-street Mission, not hoping to save, or even benefit, to any considerable extent, the older ones hardened in crime, but to reach and save their children; to give them such instructions as will fit them to earn honest livings, and instill in their young hearts and minds principles of right. Is not this the true beginning? Is it not here that money and labor can be expended to the best advantage, and where it will yield the best and largest returns? Some convicts have cost the State \$10,000, not counting what they unlawfully appropriated to themselves. If this money, and the prayers and intercessions so freely bestowed on those already condemned, had been expended upon the youth, how different the result! My dear sisters, as you read, you think, How terrible! Perhaps you are shocked by the recital of so much of poverty and sin. Well, there are thousands of wicked poor, who have been shocked all their lives long with want and misfortune and cold rebuff, until their hearts are seared and hard and bitter. You shed tears for hours over imaginary heroes, pictured with pen and pencil. Go out, and find the real ones in your own neighborhood. Some of them are there."

THE exercise of purifying the soul neither can nor ought to end but with our life. Let us, then, not be discouraged at the sight of our imperfections, for perfection consists in fighting against them; and how can we fight against them without seeing them, or overcome them without encountering them? Our victory lies not in an insensibility of them, but in refusing them our consent.

BETSY TRIGGS;\*  
OR, RESCUED FROM SHAME.

BY W. E. HATHAWAY.

CHAPTER XI.

A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BETSY was scarcely out of the house, when Mrs. Goodloe sat down and comforted herself with a good cry over her departure. It was so sudden and unexpected, no one could blame her for that; but from crying and moaning over her loss, she soon turned to wondering where the child had gone; and having the mystical letter in her possession, she turned it over, looked and wondered at it, as only a very curious woman could. There it was, and she knew that by opening it she could tell where her child had been taken to; and the more she thought of it, and the more she looked hard at the envelope—which steadily refused to reveal the secret—the more she grew anxious to solve the problem.

After a short time, John returned with the carriage, and reported that he had reached the depot just in time to catch the train—which indeed he did, as it pulled out just as T. Dwiggins, Esq., came puffing up, too late to catch it—and John, not caring to meet that individual, turned about, and drove home again as fast as he could. The professional gentleman was left in a great state of perplexity about what to do next, as he was firmly convinced that the object of his search went off on that train. Should he take the next one, and follow after, and endeavor to trace them up? or should he seek, by slower but what seemed surer means, to catch the runaways? He appeared to decide upon the latter course; for he called a hack, and drove away the second time, toward his hotel.

The next morning, Mr. Goodloe went to his office, as usual, and Mrs. Goodloe was left alone with her reflections. And if she had felt a grain of curiosity the night before, it had now increased to a pound; and she felt that she *must* see where the girl had gone.

"What harm can it do?" she said to herself. "I need not tell Mr. Goodloe, and he is the one that will be called upon to answer for it. Besides, it would be such fun to know it all the time, while he thinks me as ignorant as himself. I can open this," picking at it, "without any one ever being the wiser;" and away she went, and held the envelope over the spout of the tea-kettle, and steamed it a moment.

\* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by W. E. Hathaway, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"There, now for the letter. So ho! going to make a Quaker of her; taken her to a Quaker school; that is about the last place I would have thought of. Pretty well, however, and I shall feel very safe about her, I am sure. Really, I am glad I opened it. A secret is such a burden. Now, I think of it, I believe I must call on Mrs. Brown this morning." And in ten minutes more that estimable lady was being entertained with the whole story, including the *finale*, which was entirely confidential, and not one word was to be lisped about it on any account. "But, you know," said Mrs. Goodloe, "it can't do any harm to tell you." Of course not; after knowing it herself, she might as well have posted it on all the fences, without increasing the harm done one iota. After thus relieving her mind, Mrs. Goodloe went back to her home, with the precious letter in her pocket still unsealed, and fully resolved that Mr. Goodloe should be kept in blissful ignorance still of what had happened. What a charming idiot a curious woman can be! But, bless me, they would not be half so taking if they were not just as they are!

When Mr. Goodloe came home to dinner, he found his wife overflowing with contented smiles, and wondered what had produced the change in her since morning. But he was glad she could bear up so well, and never dreamed the cause of her light-hearted humor.

They had finished their repast, and were sitting quietly in the library, as they were accustomed to do for a while after dinner—each thinking more than any thing else of Betsy, who had been so rudely snatched away from them, and how much they should miss her—when the door-bell rang, and the servant ushered into their presence a gentleman whom Mr. Goodloe recognized at once as the constable. He saluted them pleasantly, and then went on to say that he found himself charged with the disagreeable duty of requesting them both to answer a summons sworn out by one T. Dwiggins, Esq., directing them to appear at once before a justice's court, and answer the charge of unlawfully detaining one Betsy Triggs, who had been enticed away from her father by some parties with whom they were supposed to act in concert. He had no doubt they could soon explain the matter, and satisfy the court; but his duty was imperative, and, disagreeable as it was, he could not escape it.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Goodloe, "there is nothing for us to do but to submit with the best possible grace. Our story will be very simple. We can tell all we know without harm, and end the matter so far as we are concerned."

"O dear!" said Mrs. Goodloe, "this is dreadful! Must I go? Won't Mr. Goodloe answer without me? I believe it will kill me!"

"The summons calls for both of you."

"O mercy! what a dreadful affair this is! Why, do you know what a villain that Dwiggins is?"

"No, madam. But that does not change my duty," answered the constable.

"My dear," said Mr. Goodloe, "we are not obliged to defend ourselves yet; and, unless we are, we had better say nothing about what we know of Dwiggins. We shall get along easiest in that manner. Come, if you will get ready, we will go at once." And she left the room.

In a few moments Mrs. Goodloe returned, ready to set out; and Mr. Goodloe had ordered the carriage, and the three drove away to the justice's court. There they met the already somewhat notorious T. Dwiggins, Esq., who surveyed them with shrewd curiosity; and almost immediately the case was opened.

The justice arranged his glasses according to the most professional angle, on his nose, and began to speak in a drawling tone of indifference, that was intended to signify his familiarity with his business and his perfect impartiality. But a keen observer could see, with half an eye, that he was unusually interested, and naturally sympathized with his respected townsman, who, notwithstanding that he was comparatively a new-comer, had already gained a high position in the estimation of his acquaintances.

Mr. Goodloe was immediately sworn, and began at the beginning, and told the whole story of how Betsy Triggs had come into his family, and how, as he supposed, she had left it, what he knew of the character of Bully Triggs—omitting any mention of the letter—and saying they had handed her back to the care of the gentlemen from whom they received her, and had no knowledge of where she had been, or was to be, taken.

Immediately upon the conclusion of his testimony, which was given without interruption or questions, the justice was ready to give his decision, and acquit them of all responsibility.

"You sir," he said, turning to Dwiggins, "will be obliged to hunt up the girl yourself. If you can find her, you can take her, I suppose; but these people have done nothing which renders them liable to further prosecution, and I shall therefore order their immediate discharge."

"Hold a moment, if your honor please," said the professional gentleman, "I wish to question the lady; and I should also like to do it



without the presence of her husband. Will you direct him to be removed while she takes the stand."

"The request is very extraordinary, in such a case as this," replied the justice. "But I presume you have no objection, Mr. Goodloe?"

"None in the least," said Mr. Goodloe, who, without looking at his wife, moved toward the door. That lady, in the mean time, was turning all sorts of colors under the searching glances of T. Dwiggins, Esq.; and when the justice blandly requested her to stand up and be sworn, she fairly lost her color entirely, and seemed about to faint. The gentlemanly constable came to the rescue, and offered his arm, while the justice rearranged his glasses and leaned back in his chair, striving most unavailingly to repress his astonishment. The idle crowd that always throng these dirty dens, pushed forward, and stood to catch every word that might be uttered. But only one listened with any other purpose than idle curiosity. Frank Shaw had driven back in the early morning, and, after putting away his horses, had hovered about the National, and shadowed the professional gentleman the whole day; and was on hand now, to watch his movements and await developments. When Mrs. Goodloe took the stand, therefore, Frank watched her more closely than all the rest, and was convinced at once that she knew more than she wished to tell.

Mr. Dwiggins opened bluntly, by asking if she knew where the girl had gone; and she, almost gasping for breath, replied:

"Did you not hear Mr. Goodloe say that we knew nothing about where she had been taken to, or where she would be taken to?"

"So I did; but *do* you know?"

"Must I answer this question?" she said, turning to the justice.

"I do not see why you should not," he replied; "if you know where the girl is, and refuse to tell, it will render you liable to prosecution. You had better answer it, I think."

"Why, then, I do know," she said, "where Mr. Graham took her to, but Mr. Goodloe does not; and he is not aware of the fact that I know it, either."

"How did you find out?" asked Dwiggins, evidently very much pleased with himself.

"That, I am sure, is none of your business," said Mrs. Goodloe; "and I shall not tell you."

"Very well, then; that is of small consequence. But where is she, then?" very mildly.

"I am not disposed to tell you that either," said Mrs. Goodloe; "and shall not, unless I am obliged to do so. Must I?" turning again to the justice.

"Why, as to that, you can do as you please; but if you refuse to do so, I shall be obliged to bind you over for further trial, if the plaintiff demands it. I can not allow myself to advise you."

Upon this, Mr. Dwiggins arose hastily and said:

"I do demand it; and I call upon you to remember that I shall push the matter to the last extremity. I am strongly convinced that there is a deep conspiracy here to rob a parent of his child; and no regard for position or womanly delicacy shall hinder me from bringing the guilty parties to justice. These people here, who you say are new-comers among you, may be social wolves, covering beneath a fair exterior black hypocrisy and despicable villainy. What they have already said of my client, Mr. Triggs, is wholly false. Beware how you afford them the least shelter or protection; for you may not only regret, but suffer for it."

After this harangue, T. Dwiggins, Esq., again sat down; while Mrs. Goodloe, burning with mortification and anger, as she stood there helpless and alone, with that rude crowd staring at her like a common thief, burst into tears, and reached for her pocket-handkerchief to cover her face. She drew it out hastily, and, covering her face, leaned forward and sobbed uncontrollably; but with it there came fluttering to the floor a letter, which, in her agitation, she failed to notice. It fell nearly at the feet of T. Dwiggins, Esq., who picked it up, and read on the envelope, "The Secret of Betsy Triggs," just as I had written it. Turning it over, he discovered that it was unsealed; and, without a word, he drew out the letter, which was very brief, and glanced over it. Just then Mrs. Goodloe chanced to look up, and seeing the letter in his hands, open, gave a little scream, and then reeled, and would have fallen this time, if the constable had not again come to the rescue. She had quite fainted. The excitement and mortification had been too much for her; and that last discovery, that the knowledge of Betsy's whereabouts had gone beyond her reach, overcame her entirely. For a few moments the little court-room was a scene of great confusion. Mr. Goodloe was called in, and came, to be very much astonished by what he saw; and could not for the world imagine what the excitement was all about. Restoratives were soon brought, and Mrs. Goodloe quickly revived; but when order was again restored, the prosecuting party was found to have departed. No one had noticed his leaving; but he was gone. A messenger was sent to his hotel, after a few minutes, who returned, saying



that Mr. Dwiggins had just left in a carriage for the cars, and was at that moment, in all probability, whirling away from town as fast as steam could carry him.

"But the letter," said Mrs. Goodloe, "where is the letter?"

"What letter?" asked Mr. Goodloe.

"Why, Mr. Graham's letter. I dropped it out of my pocket, and he picked it up and read it."

"Was it opened?" asked Mr. Goodloe.

"Yes; how else could he read it?"

"But who opened it?"

"I did."

"Then I understand it all. He has secured all he wanted, and gone; that is all there is of it. You are done with us, are you not?" he said, addressing the justice.

That functionary looked as if he did not know whether he was or not; but said, rather mechanically:

"I guess so."

And, without further ado, they proceeded to their carriage, and drove away home; while the idle crowd looked after them, half amused and half amazed, and wondering more than ever what sort of a tangled mess it was, when all the parties to it behaved so strangely.

John had been in the court-room, unobserved, during the whole scene; and now, when Mr. Goodloe handed his wife into the house, he returned to the carriage, and directed him to drive to the telegraph-office.

"I must send a dispatch to Mr. Graham at R., at once," he said; "I'm only afraid he won't get it in time."

John touched his hat respectfully, and observed:

"I don't think it's worth while, Mr. Goodloe."

"Why not, to be sure?"

"'Cause dis chile knows a thing or two worth mentionin'."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean dat dem dare folks did n't go off on de cars t' other day, nohow."

"They did n't! Then where did they go?"

"Dat's more 'n I know; but dey did n't go on de cars now, suah. Dey got out ob de carriage at de alley, and went in dare; an' I s'posed you knowed where dey wos, till dis mornin'."

"And why did n't you tell me this before?"

"'Cause I 'spected you knowed it. May be you had n't better tell her," he said, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder toward the house.

Mr. Goodloe laughed, but replied:

"O yes; I must tell her. It will relieve her mind. I do n't know but it is best, after all, that it all happened just as it has. Any way, I

must tell her;" and the two went into the house.

"You can just rest easy 'bout Betsy with Mr. Graham," said John. "He's too 'cute for dat ar chap, and will keep him on the trot, you may reckon suah."

Mrs. Goodloe's surprise was more than equal to her husband's, when John recounted the maneuver of the last chapter. But very soon her curiosity mounted above every other sentiment, and she exclaimed:

"My sakes! but I wish I knew where they are now."

"I should think, after your experience of this afternoon, you would be satisfied not to know any thing about it. For my part, I am glad I do n't know. We shall doubtless hear from them in good time," said Mr. Goodloe.

He had scarcely done speaking, when a boy came in with a note to Mr. Goodloe, no name signed. It read:

"Do not trouble yourselves about Betsy. She is perfectly safe, and will be taken care of properly. She is not far from you."

That was all; and the reader can easily guess who sent it.

Mrs. Goodloe flew at the boy so vehemently that he was nearly frightened out of his wits, and could scarcely answer at all.

"Who gave you this?" she said.

"Do n't know," he replied.

"Do n't know," she repeated. "What did he look like?"

"A man," said the boy.

"A man, to be sure. But did you ever see him before this?"

"No."

"What did he say to you?"

"Nothin'."

"What a stupid creature!" said Mrs. Goodloe. "I'd give any thing to find out who sent him."

"Here's a quarter for you," said Mr. Goodloe. "I'm glad you do n't know any thing."

At which the boy looked still more amazed, but took the money, and made good his escape.

## CHAPTER XII.

### DOG EAT DOG.

IT is not worth while for us to follow the track of T. Dwiggins, Esq., for the next few weeks, seeing that he never found any body, or did any thing worth mentioning. We find him, however, hovering about Hardscrabble, where he and Bully Triggs had several long and warm consultations, all of which tended to an open rupture between the two partners, who were bound to each other by ties decidedly the reverse

of love. Triggs was possessed with the idea that Dwiggins was playing off on him—was pretending to be in ignorance about Betsy, while, in fact, he had her safely hidden somewhere.

He finally resolved to visit Mr. Goodloe at "L," and satisfy himself. If there was any one thing he hated, it was to be beaten by Dwiggins. He would know the truth. He accordingly devoted an extraordinary amount of time to cleaning himself up; arrayed himself in black clothes—the like of which no dweller in Hardscrabble had ever seen him wear—and that quite transformed him into a gentleman in appearance. Then, after cautiously taking a survey of the exterior of his hut, to see that the coast was clear, he opened a suspicious door into a cellar in the hill-side, and went in, and came out again with a handful of money; for this villain, who beat his child, and drove her out to beg and steal, only did so for appearance's sake, and to make believe that he lived off of her scanty gatherings. It is useless to extend this history by any account of his journey, more than to say that in due time he stood before Mr. Goodloe, in that gentleman's private office, and announced himself as the father of Betsy Triggs.

That worthy man was surprised, but not otherwise disturbed, by his grim appearance; and, in answer to his rough inquiries, he drew out his pocket-book, and handed him his own identical order for Betsy's surrender, saying:

"Perhaps you remember this."

Triggs looked at it. He could not read, but he recognized the paper, and asked who gave it to him. Mr. Goodloe replied, "The man who took Betsy away."

"An' yer do n't know where she is now?"

"No."

"Just as I expected, blast his hide. Ugh! but I'll pay him for this," he said; and so muttering, he walked away, taking the paper with him.

We will avail ourselves of the liberty of historians to step over time and distance, and take another peep at Triggs in his own miserable hut. Careful here! we must not be observed! Some one is with him; and they are having a boisterous time of it.

"Yer lie, you scoundrel! yer know well enough where the gal is. Come, now, shovel out that 'ere money, or by —, I'll —."

It was impossible to distinguish more, as another voice chimed in so loud as to drown them both together; but they were having a hot time, certain.

"No more of this, Triggs, or by —, I blow on you myself. Come, now, hush up. I do n't know where the girl is. By heavens, I wish I

did; for she knows more about our operations than I care to have running about loose."

"I believe yer are a lyin' all the same," said Triggs; "there ain't no meanness that you won't stoop ter, even with yer pal. Cuss me, if it wa' n't the onluckiest day of my life that I met yer."

Dwiggins laughed a low ha, ha! and answered:

"Well, believe what you like; only hush yer yawp. I tell you, I do n't know where the girl is; and I'd give a thousand dollars this minute to know."

"Well, yer took her from Goodloe's, any way."

"I tell you, I did n't," said Dwiggins.

"I've got the papers to show fur it," and Triggs produced the old order, and spread it out before him.

"Where the deuce did you get that?"

"From Goodloe; an' he said as how the man as give it to him took the gal;" and Triggs looked in an annihilating, triumphant manner at his companion.

"Very well; that may be. Graham gave it to him, of course. Curse him, how I'd like to wring his neck!"

"How did Graham git it?"

"I gave it to him, I suppose; but I had forgotten all about it."

"Yer give it to him? That won't wash. Then, where's the gal? O, yer willain! yer can't wool me. I do n't mind yer hevin' the gal; but shovel out the money. Yer hev as good reason as me to want ter git and keep her, I know; but yer must n't commence eatin' dog on me."

"Have it your own way; only hush your noise! I sha' n't pay you another cent. I've spent more money already, fighting the whelps who carried her off, than I agreed to pay you; and you may be thankful if you do n't get your neck stretched, unless we catch her yet before she tells all she knows about us."

"By —," said Triggs, hoarsely, with a fearful oath, "if yer do know where she is, let's wipe her out fur good. There's no safety fur us while she can squeal on us any time."

"Particularly for you, Triggs," said Dwiggins.

"Hang it, yer in the same skiff, yer slinkin' bloat! But yer allers would shirk every thing but yer share of plunder. Hang me, if I'll forage with yer any more."

"Won't you, though! Ha, ha! you are a pretty man to boast! Why, you fool, you dare not disobey me. If I was to order you to go out and kill a man to-night, you'd go without a word, just as my dog does when I tell her to

fetch up a bird. Ha, ha! It's very well to talk; but when I mean business, you must dry up mighty quick. There, now; not another word. I've let you swagger round too much already. I must go." And, buttoning up his great-coat, the man plunged out into the darkness.

What awful mystery is hidden with these men? Why are they so fearful that a child shall have her liberty? It is not only her freedom they would take now, but her very life too. Beware!

### ABD-EL-KADER.

BY REV. H. H. FAIRALL, A. M.

WHILE in the City of Damascus, several months ago, I visited the palace of Abd-el-Kader, the celebrated ex-sultan of the Arabs. The English Consul sent a *cawass* (a Turkish police officer) to show me the residence, which we found after a long walk through the narrow, crooked Oriental streets or alleys. We were received at the gate by a servant, who conducted us through a spacious court, then up a stone staircase into the reception-room, where we were to remain while he went for Abd-el-Kader. The latter had gone to one of his Summer palaces on the suburbs of the city, and we were compelled to wait a few hours, the servant, in the mean time, frequently returning to the room with a shade of disappointment on his countenance, to indicate his fruitless search.

In the interval, I examined the room, which was plainly but neatly furnished, and in striking contrast with the magnificent apartments of other distinguished Orientals. On a table, I discovered a fine copy of the Koran, of large size and elegant style, evidently very costly, as would be expected from the character of its possessor. At length, the servant, with a smiling face, announced the coming of Abd-el-Kader, who soon entered the door. After removing his sandals, he approached me and shook my hand cordially, at the same time inviting me to a seat. He sat down by me, and, through an interpreter, we conversed. When I informed him that he was honored and loved by the civilized world for his noble defense of the persecuted Christians of Damascus, he replied that he, as a friend of humanity, had only discharged his duty. It afforded me pleasure, as a Christian minister from America, to thank him, in behalf of the Christian Church of my native land, for the protection which he gave to our missionaries.

The interview that I enjoyed with this remarkable man was one which I shall ever

remember; and I now propose to present a sketch of his life and character, which are not generally known in our country. He was an emir of the Bedouin tribe of Hashem Garabo, in the province of Oran and western part of Algeria, in North Africa, and is descended from an ancient family of marabouts, that could trace its origin as far back as the caliphs of the Fatimite dynasty. The term "marabout" was used to designate a class of Mussulmans who profess extraordinary devotion to the religion of Mohammed. His father, Mahiddeen, Emir, or Prince, of Mascara, was a celebrated marabout, and enjoyed, in his life-time, the highest repute for wisdom and sanctity—to such a degree, indeed, that his house was an asylum for debtors and criminals. His influence gave rise to apprehensions in the Turkish Governor of Oran that he was projecting the subversion of the Turkish rule. To avoid the enmity of the bey, Mahiddeen made a pilgrimage to Mecca. He died in 1834, of poison, administered to him by Ben Moossa, Chief of the Moors of Tlemsan.

Abd-el-Kader, or Abdel Kader, as it is often written, was born in May, 1807, near Mascara, and educated at a college for the study of theology and jurisprudence. He is said to have early manifested powers far beyond his age. When five years old, he could read and write Arabic with facility; at twelve, he was a proficient in the Koran and other religious works and traditions of his creed; at fourteen, he was enrolled as a *hafiz*, or person who had committed the entire Koran to memory; at fifteen, he was married, agreeable to the injunction of the Koran, "to marry young;" but, contrary to the practice of Mussulmans generally, he was content with one wife; and at the age of sixteen, he made the pilgrimage to Mecca in company with his father, and thereby gained his title of "El Hadji"—The Holy. During this journey he taught himself the Italian language, or, more probably, the *lingua Franca*. In 1827, he visited Egypt, and spent some time in the court of Mehemet Ali, studying the reforms and the new system of that astute politician. His noble and prepossessing exterior, with his affability and simplicity of manners, won the affections of his countrymen, while the purity of his morals insured their respect and esteem. He was the most accomplished of Arab cavaliers, a perfect man-at-arms, and the bravest of the brave.

In 1830, the capture of Algiers by the French opened the way for the exercise of his patriotic impulses. The French occupation of that country met with little effective opposition from the Turks; but it aroused the fierce, independent spirit of the native tribes, and, after shedding



rivers of blood and spending millions of treasure, the French held little more of the soil than their own garrisons. In 1831, the most formidable of their opponents endeavored to consolidate the tribes into an organized system of resistance. The elder brother of Abd-el-Kader had already fallen in conflict with the French, when he began to harass them at the head of his own and the neighboring tribes, avoiding any thing like an engagement, and satisfied with surprising the outposts and cutting off convoys. In the Spring of 1832, General Boyer, Commandant of Oran, made an ineffectual demonstration against Tlemsan, Abd-el-Kader's stronghold. The emir was encouraged by this to commence more decided operations, and, at the head of five thousand Bedouins, he ravaged the province of Oran, and even menaced the town itself, summoning the French to evacuate the territory.

The courage and daring he showed on this expedition, though unattended by any practical result, won the admiration of the Arabs, and no less than thirty-two of the tribes immediately declared for him, and on the 21st of November, 1832, he was elected by acclamation their sultan, or chief of believers, when only twenty-five years of age. His speech of acknowledgment was an effort perhaps never paralleled, showing that he could move the hearts of his people by an eloquence which ranked him at once as one of the masters of human speech. "Not for minutes, but for hours, did the soldier-orator pour forth one continued stream of burning and impassioned eloquence. He expatiated in heart-rending tones on the sins, the iniquities, the crimes, the horrors, which polluted the land. In vivid terms, he depicted Heaven's judgments overtaking a godless and once abandoned people; and now again he conjured up before the minds of his audience, in characters of flame, the appalling picture of their country ravaged by the infidel, their domestic hearths violated, their temples desecrated."

Abd-el-Kader was placed at the head of twelve thousand warriors, with whom he blockaded the city and intercepted all the communications. In April, 1833, General Desmichels, the successor of Boyer, made a sortie, and cut to pieces a number of the Garabats. On learning this disaster, he again advanced upon Oran, but without achieving any success, and, on the seventh of May, the French carried by assault the town of Arzew, one of the posts which enabled the Arab chief to keep up a communication by sea. These reverses, however, did not affect Abd-el-Kader's reputation with his countrymen. He garrisoned Tlemsan, and advanced against Mostaganem, a town in the possession

of the Turks, to the north-east of Arzew; but the French anticipated his movements and seized Mostaganem. General Desmichels now endeavored to undermine Abd-el-Kader's power, and to induce the native tribes to acknowledge the supremacy of the French. He succeeded in detaching the Smailas from Abd-el-Kader—a defection for which the chieftain afterward took vengeance.

In December, 1833, and January, 1834, chiefly through the desertion of his followers, he met with serious reverses, and was compelled to conclude peace with the French. He stipulated to exchange prisoners and to protect all European travelers and residents; while the French, on their part, acknowledged him as an independent prince, and engaged to assist him in maintaining his authority over his own tribes, while he, on the other hand, was not to interfere with those under French protection.

Abd-el-Kader now occupied himself in the restoration of his influence among the tribes, which had been somewhat shaken by his ill-success. He also endeavored to introduce European discipline and tactics among his followers. A powerful desert chief, Moossa el Sherif, was daring enough to measure arms with Abd-el-Kader, of whose growing power he was jealous. The emir seized upon his hostilities as a pretense for crossing the Shelif, the boundary assigned him by the treaty, and soon chastised the insolence of his rival. This expedition confirmed his reputation, and several desert tribes gave in their allegiance, and acknowledged him as their sultan. He made use of his extended power to establish the security of public travel, to reform the gross abuses of the courts of justice, and to assure the rights of property. In the hope of recruiting his finances, he granted to a Jew, named Durand, a monopoly of trade and commerce, by which he gained an immediate revenue, and interfered with the supplies of the French settlers and garrisons.

The French Government now took alarm, and recalling Desmichels, whose want of energy they disapproved, appointed General Trézel commandant of Oran, in his stead. An excuse for hostilities was not long wanting. In 1835, the chiefs of the Smailas and of the Douars, who had placed themselves under French protection, besought Trézel's interference against Abd-el-Kader, who had insisted upon their renouncing French allegiance. General Trézel advanced with his troops toward Mascara. On his march he was surprised by Abd-el-Kader in the defile of Muley Ismael, and compelled to retire upon Arzew, having lost one gun, his baggage, and nearly six hundred killed and

wounded. Abd-el-Kader addressed a justificatory epistle to Count d'Erlon, Governor of Algeria, in which he threw all the blame of the recent affair upon General Trézel. At the same time he sent messengers to all the tribes, pointing out the faithlessness and insolence of the French, and calling on them to rally around his standard for mutual protection. Marshal Clausel was now sent to Algiers as governor, with instructions to crush Abd-el-Kader at one blow, who, on his part, fully alive to all that was going on, was not slow to meet his enemies. He promulgated the most terrible denunciations against all who should be found siding with the French, or supplying them with provisions; the consequence of which was, that the French garrisons and outposts were almost starved, and could not obtain food except by forays, in which friend and foe were treated precisely alike.

The emir mustered upward of fifty thousand men, and by his maneuvers succeeded in postponing the French advance until the wet season. It was not till November that the French arrived in Oran, on their march against Mascara. Mostaganem and Arzew were strongly garrisoned, and Clausel advanced into the enemy's country with thirteen thousand men. After several days of constant fighting, he succeeded in reaching Mascara on the 6th of December, and avenged himself on Abd-el-Kader, by reducing it to a heap of ruins. This wretched exploit achieved, the French were obliged to retire again. They next took Tlemsan, in January, 1836, and garrisoned it, and then returned to Oran. But although they defeated the Kabyles in a battle, the indefatigable emir harassed their retreat, which they only effected after severe losses. This murderous and savage mode of warfare, which was nothing better than a system of forays, was without practical result to the French. As soon as the army had retired, the inhabitants of Tlemsan rose upon the French garrison, their convoys were cut off, and General d'Arlandes, the second in command, was ordered to establish a fortified camp on the Tafna for the purpose of covering Tlemsan, and keeping open the communications between that post and the districts favorable to the French. He advanced with three thousand men by land, while another division of four thousand was dispatched by sea. When about five miles from Tlemsan, he was attacked by Abd-el-Kader and ten thousand Arabs, and driven back on his fortified camp, where he was shut up and compelled to remain until relieved by Bugeaud at the head of four thousand men.

Abd-el-Kader disseminated reports of the

ruin of the French cause, and by these means roused the Arab tribes to such a pitch of fanaticism that they rose *en masse* against their detested invaders. General Bugeaud now assumed the command. His uncompromising character infused new spirit into the French army. Abd-el-Kader was repulsed, and the garrison of Tlemsan, which was on the brink of starvation, relieved. He now threatened the French fortified camp on the Tafna; and Bugeaud, accepting his challenge, quitted his intrenchments, and totally defeated him, July 6, 1836. This defeat, however, would have been insufficient to check the intrepid Arab had not a revolt of the powerful tribe of the Flita occurred at the same time, to chastise whom he was obliged to retire.

Abd-el-Kader was soon again in arms; and Clausel, who was fully occupied at Constantine, sent Bugeaud a second time into the province of Oran, in 1837, at the head of twelve thousand men. The French commander issued proclamations announcing his intention to march into the Arab districts at the head of such a force as must crush all resistance; but, at the same time, offered peace to the tribes which should come in and make their submission. These proclamations had such an effect that Abd-el-Kader was compelled to sue for peace; and a personal conference having been held between himself and Bugeaud, an armistice was concluded May 7, 1837, by which he acknowledged the sovereignty of France, and agreed to surrender the province of Oran, and to confine himself to Koleah, Medea, and Tlemsan.

The truce was but a hollow one. It was not in Abd-el-Kader's nature to tolerate the presence of the French usurpers on his native soil; but while waiting for a favorable opportunity to resume the war, he devoted himself to civil affairs, and began to establish his government upon the wisest principles. A mint was opened and various coins struck, ranging in value from two pence to five shillings, each having upon one side the words in Arabic, "It is the will of God." Cannon-foundries and manufactories of muskets were established. He even designed to form schools and colleges; but the exigencies of his active life never allowed him the opportunity. For nearly three years he devoted his immense energies to the arts of civilization and national improvement; and could he have continued unmolested this pacific career, it is impossible to overestimate his influence as one of the great men of the age.

Being a man of large possessions, he imitated Washington in refusing all personal compensation from the national treasury. Noted for his

liberality, he spent his own surplus of income, year by year, in assisting the poor, the traveler especially, and those who had been disabled in the war. His military code has this paragraph concerning himself:

"Sidi-el-Hadji Abd-el-Kader Oulid Mahiddeen cares not for this world, and withdraws from it as much as his avocations will permit. He despises wealth and riches; he lives with the greatest plainness and sobriety; he is always simply clad; he rises in the middle of the night to recommend his own soul and the souls of his followers to God. His chief pleasure is in praying to God, with fasting, that his sins may be forgiven."

On the 18th of November, 1839, war was recommenced between Abd-el-Kader and the French—who had previously intercepted letters addressed by him to the tribes, instigating them to another holy war against the accursed infidel. Several desperate engagements were fought, but victory declared for neither party. The evil genius of Abd-el-Kader, General Bugeaud, was again sent against him; and in May, 1841, he vanquished the Arab chief at every point, and seized his head-quarters, Tokedempt and Mascara. In the following year, Bugeaud followed up his success; and having seized Tlemsan and the strong fortress of Tafna, he forced Abd-el-Kader to quit the field, and take refuge in the states of the Emperor of Morocco. He was for the second time in the depth of poverty; but, ever fertile in resources, he persuaded the Emperor of Morocco to join him against the French. And Abd-el-Kader executed one of the most daring and destructive *razzias* that the French and their allies had suffered, and which elicited the expression from Bugeaud, that Abd-el-Kader was absolutely unconquerable. This drew down upon the emperor the vengeance of the French, who bombarded Tangier and Mogadore. The emperor levied an army, but was easily defeated in the battle of Isly, in which Abd-el-Kader and his Arabs did all the work of the day.

The emperor now begged for peace, which was granted on condition of his expelling his troublesome guest. Abd-el-Kader, however, took refuge with the tribes of the Rif, whose mountainous and inaccessible country enabled them to laugh to scorn both Moor and Frenchmen. From this retreat he carried on his schemes for the subjugation of Morocco itself, and uniting the whole north of Africa against the French. The Emperor of Morocco, Abderrahman, though too supine to take action himself, was roused to a sense of his danger by French emissaries, and at length entered the

field against Abd-el-Kader. He commenced his campaign by making a terrible example of various revolted tribes, which so alarmed those that had declared for Abd-el-Kader that all except his own abandoned him. The emperor gave him the option of submission, or departure from his territories into the desert; but he treated these overtures with contempt, and took the initiative in a night attack on the Moorish camp, in which he was partially successful; but, the Moors having rallied, he was repulsed. He managed, however, to save the *deira*, the head-quarters of his tribe; and, returning within the French frontier, he sent a message to General Lamoriciere for surgical assistance for his wounded, designing to escape himself into the desert. The French General was, however, too acute to permit this. He cut off his retreat by a body of horse; and Abd-el-Kader, seeing the hopelessness of a further contest, offered to surrender on condition that he should be sent to Egypt or St. Jean d'Acre. This capitulation was assented to by the Duke d'Aumale, Governor-General of Algiers; but the national faith thus pledged was broken. Abd-el-Kader was taken to France, where he arrived January 29, 1848, over a month after his surrender, which occurred December 23, 1847.

The French Revolution of 1848 complicated affairs, and he was detained in various fortresses until 1853. While there, he composed two remarkable volumes: one on "The Unity of the Godhead," the other called "Hints for the Wise, Instruction for the Ignorant." The first is an exposition of Mohammedanism as against paganism. Having given his parole not again to engage against the French, he settled, first at Bursa, in Turkey; then, in 1855, at Damascus, in Syria, where, on his arrival, the entire population turned out to greet the distinguished chief.

We now come to that epoch in the life of Abd-el-Kader which gives him, in the sight of all lovers of justice and mercy, so distinguished a place. Heretofore we have chiefly viewed him as a brave and accomplished warrior and indomitable patriot, first in the attack, last in the retreat, neither sparing himself nor others while there was a hope of accomplishing good to his invaded country. Then we viewed him patiently submitting to adverse fortune, going cheerfully into exile, and devoting his splendid gifts of mind and soul to the spiritual improvement of his race. But Providence had reserved him to be the protector of Christians. "Strange and unparalleled destiny! He, an Arab, was to throw his guardian ægis over the outraged majesty of Europe; a descendant of the Prophet



was to shelter and protect the Spouse of Christ!"

The Christians of Syria, who form already a great and constantly increasing proportion of the population, have ever been viewed by the Turks with gloomy jealousy. Their increasing numbers, wealth, and prosperity are to the Turks a perpetual source of exasperation, exciting in their breasts feelings of hatred and revenge. Of all the parties who most exhibit these sentiments, the Druses, who inhabit Mt. Lebanon, are the most vindictive. In May, 1860, a civil war between them and the Christians, which had long been fostered and encouraged by the Turks, broke out, and in a few weeks made the Lebanon district a scene of fire and blood. The Christians, dispersed and unprotected, put themselves under the protection of the Turkish garrisons, where, as soon as collected in sufficient numbers, they were massacred by thousands. Abd-el-Kader, hearing of the storm that was about to burst over the Christians, wrote to the Druse chiefs, warning them of the consequences to themselves of such an outbreak, and characterizing their plundering propensities as unworthy of men of good sense and wise policy. Three times he called upon the Governor of Damascus, and stated his apprehensions of an outbreak, before he could secure a distribution of arms to his followers. On Monday, July 6, 1860, in the afternoon, the slaughter began in Damascus. There were about fifteen thousand Christians in the city at that time, and they were among the most wealthy and intelligent citizens. Their dwellings and churches were of the most splendid order, and by their thrift and industry they had added largely to the revenues of the city. But the fanaticism of the Moslems culminated in that murderous assault, the results of which are too well known to the world. The cause was deep-seated and inveterate; the occasion, puerile and trifling. It is said that several Mohammedan and Christian boys were at play in one of the streets, and the former, evincing the spirit of persecution, drew the figure of a cross upon the sand, and then attempted to compel the latter to trample upon it; but, equally and strongly attached to the religion of their fathers, they resisted, and a scuffle ensued. Learning the cause of the trouble, the parents of the Christian boys caused the Mohammedan lads to be arrested, and brought before the city judges. It was the torch applied to the magazine. Indignant and infuriated, the Moslem parents collected their friends, who proceeded to the Christian quarter, and commenced the terrible assault.

The city had risen. Abd-el-Kader hastened to meet and restrain the rioters. He harangued them, threatened them, and expostulated with them; but in vain. In three hours, the Christian quarter of Damascus was in flames. The fathers, sons, and husbands of the Christian families were absent from their residences, absorbed in the business of their several callings, the attack having been made in mid-afternoon. In an hour, the whole Moslem population was engaged in the work of death and destruction. Their religious hatred had been long suppressed; but their pent-up fury now burst forth like the sudden and violent eruption of a volcano. The tocsin was sounded, and the followers of the Crescent hastened to exterminate the adherents of the Cross. Entering their dwellings, Christian mothers, wives, and daughters were surprised by their ravishers and murderers; while their husbands, fathers, and sons were slain in the streets by hundreds, while hastening to rescue their beloved ones. Escaping through windows, and leaping from the roofs of their dwellings, the Christian women sought refuge in their churches and monasteries; but, forgetful of the reverence due the sacred sanctuaries, the Moslems applied the torch, consuming the edifices and the helpless refugees within them. The flames continued to spread, till a third of the city, and by far the most elegant portion, had been reduced to ashes. Where the house of a Christian adjoined that of a Mohammedan, it was torn down rather than fired, lest the ungovernable flames might consume what had not been doomed to destruction. In a covered alley, not far from the "street called Straight," three hundred women, the accomplished wives and daughters of merchant princes, took refuge; but their merciless persecutors added death to insult, and sabered them on the spot. The wild Bedouins, who chanced to be in the city, dispatched couriers to their companions, who, mounted on their fleet horses, came as on the wings of the wind, to abuse and murder the helpless.

The third point of attack, on that memorable sad day, was the residence of the American Vice-Consul, Dr. Mashaka, one of the most eminent of Arabic scholars. His ample fortune allowed him to live in princely style, and his family is one of the most accomplished in the East. His daughter was wounded, his son was missing for three days, and the person of his beautiful and excellent wife was barely rescued from the licentious and murderous Moslems by the timely interposition of a female friend. He himself was wounded, and only escaped death by the heroic behavior of his Mohammedan

awass, and by flight to the residence of Abd-el-Kader.

While the hot blast, fraught with the moans of the tortured and the shrieks of women and children, rolled over the city, Abd-el-Kader, with his body-guard of one thousand Algerian soldiers, who had followed their celebrated chief into exile, stood as a wall of brass against the fanaticism and fury of the murderers. He hurried from place to place, rescued and collected such as he could, and hastily conveyed them to his own house. This being soon filled, he induced his neighbors to evacuate their dwellings, and filled them likewise with the refugees. Then he collected a great multitude into an immense stone castle; and, while in Damascus, I saw this interesting structure, which sheltered so many of God's people. For ten days he labored in the work. At the head of his small force, he drove the mob from places which they had attacked, he pursued those who were bearing off helpless women, and swore the death of any who should invade his home to dispatch those who had taken refuge beneath his roof.

Once the mob approached his house, and, with frantic yells, demanded that he should deliver up the Christians to them. He drew his sword, and, accompanied by a strong band of his followers, at once went out to confront the infuriated crowd, addressing the Moslems in the following brief but emphatic language: "Wretches, is this the way you honor the Prophet? May his curse be upon you! Shame on you! You will yet live to repent. You think you may do as you like with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back, or I will give my men the order to fire." The mob withdrew. Inflexible in purpose as he was invincible in courage, he himself became the object of Moslem revenge. Undaunted by their threats, and repelling their attacks, he became their enemy, but the friend and benefactor of the Christian.

All the European consuls fled to him for protection, and remained his guests for more than a month. At length the whole body of refugees were forwarded to Beyroot under the protection of his men. Abd-el-Kader was at length enabled to repose. He had rescued fifteen thousand souls belonging to the Christian Churches from death, and worse than death, by his fearless courage, his unwearied activity, and his catholic-minded zeal. All the representatives of the Christian powers then residing in Damascus had owed their lives to him.

Thus was the most chivalrous act of the nineteenth century consummated. The civilized world acknowledged the grandeur of the deed, and sent him marks of gratitude. From France, he received the "Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor," encircled with emeralds and diamonds, and surmounted with a gold crown; Greece honored him with the "Grand Cross of the Savior," decorated with two gold stars, on one of which was a medallion likeness of King Otho, and on the other were the words, "Thy right-hand, O Lord, is glorified;" Turkey presented him with two massive silver stars, bearing the appropriate inscription, "Protection, Zeal, and Fidelity;" Russia honored him with the "Grand Cross of the White Eagle," and Prussia with the "Grand Cross of the Black Eagle." From the United States, he received a magnificent brace of revolvers, inlaid with gold; the "Free and Accepted Masons," of which fraternity he is a member, bestowed upon him their symbols. Sardinia, Austria, and other nations sent him valuable tokens of regard. It is strange that England presented nothing to him, and various reasons have been conjectured for this neglect; but no doubt England's truckling policy toward Turkey was the principal cause.

The last years of Abd-el-Kader are being spent in a round of daily life marked with charity and humanity. The simplicity, the scrupulous regularity, and unvarying conscientiousness which guide and influence his actions, operate upon the thread of his existence with all the harmony of fixed laws. He rises two hours before day-break, and is engaged in prayer and meditation until sunrise, when he goes to mosque. After spending half an hour there in public devotions, he returns to his house, snatches a hurried meal, and then studies in his library until midday. The muezzin's call now summons him again to the mosque, where his class is already assembled, awaiting his arrival. He takes his seat, opens the book fixed upon for discussion, and reads aloud, constantly interrupted by demands for those explanations which unlock the varied and accumulated stores of his troubled years of laborious study. The sitting lasts for three hours. Afternoon prayer finished, Abd-el-Kader returns home and spends an hour among his children, his ten sons, examining the progress they are making in their studies. Then he dines. At sunset he is again in the mosque, and instructs his class for one hour and a half. His professor's duties for the day are now over. A couple of hours are still on hand; they are spent in his library. He then retires to rest.

He is punctual in his charities. Every Friday the street leading to his house may be seen filled with the poor, who are gathered together for their appointed distribution of bread. The crowd that I saw there reminded me of the fact that Abd-el-Kader was indeed a man of noble heart, such as I had heard him to be. These poor creatures who die, if utterly without means, not merely in his own quarter, but throughout Damascus, are buried at his expense.

In 1853, a pension from the French Government, of twenty thousand dollars per annum, was settled upon Abd-el-Kader for life. He is now over sixty-six years of age, but exhibits fine symmetry and compactness of figure, being about five feet six inches high, and having a frame formed for untiring activity. As a horse-man, he is unexcelled. His countenance is of the present classic mold, and singularly attractive from its expressive and almost feminine beauty. His nose, middling-sized and delicately shaped, is a pleasing mean between the Grecian and Roman type. His lips, finely chiseled and slightly compressed, bespeak dignified reserve and firmness of purpose, while large, lustrous hazel eyes beam from beneath a massive forehead of marble whiteness, with subdued and melancholy sadness, or flushed with the rays of genius and intelligence.

This splendid specimen of the Arab race is thus described by a recent American traveler:

"Abd-el-Kader is now in the prime of life; of full habit, above the medium height, with a full face, large head, high, rounded brow; eyes large, black, and lustrous; beard slight and dark; and the expression of his countenance, when in repose, is that of benevolence and kindness; but the peculiar shape of his mouth, together with his general air, indicate decision, courage, and the capacity of being, when circumstances demand, impetuous and even desperate." The same writer says of Abd-el-Kader: "He is a devout Mohammedan; but were he a Christian, what a splendid leader he would make to lead the Syrian Christians to victory!"

SAID the mother of John and Charles Wesley: "The first step to form the mind of a child is to conquer its will. When once subdued, then many indulgences can be safely granted." Said the guilty Webster, when about to die for the fatal blow he dealt poor Parkman—not in malice, but in rage: "In early childhood, mine was a quick and off-handed temper, which was never subdued. I was a petted and indulged child, and this is the end of it all."

## SUBURBAN LIFE.

BY MISS CELIA N. FRENCH.

## THE FIRST WEDDING AT AUNT SALLY'S.

GERTIE'S wedding came off at the time appointed, unobstructed by any failure or accident. The parlor looked its brightest. It was not a cold elegant room, too good for daily use, but a sunny, friendly sort of family rendezvous. It wore an ordinary red and green carpet, an old-fashioned sofa stiffened its back against the wall, and the chairs were not of the most modern pattern; but there was a tasteful disposition of colors and forms about the room, and the whole effect was cheerful and inviting. On the round center-table a deep glass dish of growing ferns kept company with a few readable books, and upon the brackets were vases of lilies, or pretty pink shells full of green mosses. Gertie's English ivy, now a luxuriant three-year-old, had just received a most careful bath from Annie, and was spreading its glistening leaves against the white wall, climbing around the "Motherless," and making the corner a very witchery of loveliness.

In this pleasant parlor, a few cousins and familiar friends, the doctor and the minister, had gathered, and were chatting with the family, when our youthful couple entered: Gertie looked dignified and composed at the side of her ruddy-faced lover. Their appearance was simple and beautiful, as they stood there in that minute of expectant silence. They seemed to drink in every word of the solemn ceremony, as if incorporating it into their very lives.

We all thought we had never seen Gertie so pretty as during the trying ordeal, and afterward, when she moved about among her guests. A home wedding! How much is crowded into it! What tender thoughts go out after those who are gathered in the home above—to those who are flitting from the old home nest, and of the new home forming—thoughts of the certain past, and of the possible future!

After the ceremony came the merrier time, when every body was served in the long dining-room. Aunt Sally's cup of coffee, with its creamy accompaniment, was pronounced by our pastor superior to any the town could boast. Besides the more substantial things, there were great frost-crowned slices of fruit-cake, black with the absorption of all rich things, while fruits and confections had their beauty, if not their use. Then there was an informal reception—young people from the town and city, who were treated to a comfortable "set down." The bride, busiest of all, with her beaming Will, her brother Joe, and the four sisters, hovered about



the table, heaping plates and filling cups, tying up fragrant white paper parcels, bustling, excited, and happy. In one corner aside, the modest wedding-gifts were displayed, while the bride stole away to remove the gauzy envelopings, and don her brown traveling-suit. Soon followed the good-byes and the blessings, and the merry company of half a dozen carriages took their way to the railroad station. And so this was the end of this beginning.

#### HELEN'S VISIT TO THE CHAPMANS.

Helen had been spending a few weeks in the family of some very dear friends—the Chapmans. Their home was as nearly an earthly paradise as earthly homes attain to. In the first place, they had almost unlimited wealth. The father, who combined high position with great integrity, was not a man of letters, but had a clear mind, excellent judgment, and a faculty of using the king's English in clear condensed phrase. The mother not only possessed beauty and sweetness of face and manner, but, like the "king's daughter," was "all glorious within"—the furnishing of her heart and mind was of beautiful "wrought gold." No wonder that Helen enjoyed being near her, and serving her almost in the capacity of a daughter.

As we saw Mrs. Chapman during a week's visit of exquisite enjoyment, we loved and esteemed her as one of the beautiful and favored of women. As you watched her moving about among her guests, presiding at her table, walking or driving, she was a rare embodiment of gracefulness and goodness, devoting herself to those around her, but especially to the poor, the suffering, and neglected ones, in deeds of the most delicate kindness. They had two daughters and two sons, and then there was a dear old "grandma" and an "Uncle Harry."

One pleasant chamber on the second floor was appropriated to the use of Dr. Kirkwood, a beloved former pastor, who was perfectly at home in this retreat, and went in and out of the city at his pleasure. This old bachelor minister was most delightful company—a man of high culture and extensive travel, æsthetic tastes, and very spiritual. Indeed, the family was rich in friends, as such families deserve to be. The estate which Judge Chapman owned included many richly cultivated acres—wooded slopes of great beauty, extensive grounds and walks kept in spotless neatness, flower-plats, play-grounds, fishing-pond, rustic wigwams and conservatories, and avenues bordered with great sweeping elms and the finest of evergreens.

One day a party went out from the house to gather wild-flowers to decorate the graves of

patriot soldiers. It fell to Helen's lot to arrange and dispose of the shy wood-beauties that were left for the house; and so, in her hands, they were left to float in their own natural graces and colors. The pale, long-necked marsh-lilies required plenty of water, so they nodded their heads from long-necked glasses; violets kept their modesty in humble places; clumps of tiny ferns and wet mosses, with hepaticas and a few pretty gold-thread leaves, grew out of a Parian toad-stool guarded by a veritable Cupid; azaleas, white and pink, spread themselves in roomy corners; patches of *housetonia* peeped out of Bohemian vases; wild oats fell naturally into ale-tumblers,—and so they waved and nodded, and beautified the house from library to drawing-room. Dr. Kirkwood paid Helen the tribute of asking her where she had studied art.

On another occasion, when the family had returned from a long trip to the mountains, she charmed the whole household with her bestowal of a bouquet in each of their rooms. She loved to do it, both in itself and for them; and thoughtfully remembered the favorite flowers of each. There were sweet roses for the mother queen; white lilies and myrtle for Dr. Kirkwood; carnations for grandma, etc.,—nobody forgotten. It was pleasant, when they dropped off to bed, to hear their hearty "thank you's" thrown down the staircase for "dear Miss Helen."

When Romaine and Helen were separated, frequent and full were the letters they exchanged. Helen writes at one time: "I never saw such a worker as Dr. Kirkwood, notwithstanding his poor health. His approaches to the heart are so gentle and so tender that it yields without much resistance. He interests the children too, wonderfully. He preached a sermon *especially* prepared for little children; and you would have been charmed to see Mary and Wally—those little budgets of nerves—give him their most earnest attention from beginning to end; and then, when he had finished, and the congregation had mostly gone, it was a pretty sight to see them take hold of each other's hands and trot up to the pulpit to thank dear Dr. Kirkwood' for *their* sermon. Little Mary had thought of it, and asked her grandma's permission to go up and do it. The doctor just lifted them up in his arms, and kissed them. He was greatly touched by their pretty tribute. In his sermon, he had told them about going to Jesus alone, and praying to him to help them to do right and to be good; that they must read their Bibles, etc. So, many an earnest reminder they gave each other afterward of what Dr. Kirkwood said they must do, or must not do. Mary would say: 'There,

now, Wally, I'm going away to be good, and to "talk with Jesus." You must n't come.' Then she would steal off into Dr. K.'s room, when he was out, and kneel down. Meanwhile, Master Wally, following on tiptoe, would meet her at the door, with a serio-comic face, or open the door a crack, if he was very mischievous and impatient, 'to see how she did it.' 'Miss Helen,' she said to me one day, 'do you talk with Jesus every day? or do you read your Bible?' 'Why, how *can* I talk to Jesus alone? Maggie [her nurse] is always round; or you, or Wally.' So I helped her out of her difficulties as well as I could; but it was 'most too much for me sometimes to keep a straight face. Like some older people, she was rather fond of parading all her acts of devotion.' Next time, she writes from home, whither she had run for a week's enjoyment at Thanksgiving. She describes the dinner at the "cottage"—that was Gertie's home—and more particularly the gathering at the old home for Gertie's wedding anniversary. She says:

"I got those little Cherubs by Raphael, for Gertie; and your present and the others, all came in on time. But, best of all, Mrs. Chapman sent up a *delicious big box* of cut flowers, for Marmee; and you can just imagine how good we feel, with smilax and passion-vine, tea-roses and carnations, profusely scattered about. I never saw the house look so pretty; and we hope all the invited guests will come." After returning to B., she answers a letter of Romaine's:

"DEAREST,—Your sweet ten-paged letter came Saturday eve, and I have it for Sunday company. It is full of good and sad things, making me love and cherish you more than ever. I am glad *you* are not a *spoiled* woman, like suffering Mrs. Lacy. *Your home* training and educating have been superior to hers. And then, alas! sickness has not 'worked patience' in her, nor *any* of those peaceable fruits, I'm afraid. 'Kind to the unthankful and evil,' you know, dear. You had a perfect right to *see* her selfishness, and to be indignant; but you will not cherish any thing but a *forgiving* spirit. Dear Mrs. Henshaw still loves you, and talks about me. She is one of the *jewels*, and we can not prize her too highly. Mrs. Ames is still wandering in foreign lands. What a sad year she has had of it, with all her wealth and accomplishments! and what a future to await! Now, dear little puss, if you knew what fun Mr. D. is making with Grandma Brewster, about a Shaker meeting he went to to-day, you would wonder that I could keep the line, or write at all.

"We are all in the dearest sitting-room, and sweet bouquets of wild-flowers are scattered about, so that I can hardly be patient not to have *you* right here beside me this very minute. There are bird's-foot violets and dear little wild pinks such as I have never seen before."

Then she speaks of Decoration-day coming, and wonders who will remember our far-away Rollie's grave! Again she writes:

"DEAREST AND BEST,—If we live to be very old, we shall never be tired of writing to each other when we are separated. I only wish I could sit down now to write you whenever I feel like it. I hardly think you have any idea how many delightful things I have crowded into *EVERY* day. I feel almost as if I had lived *years* in the six months I have been here. I am wonderfully blessed, and give thanks more than ever. Just now, dear Romy, I am in danger of being lifted up with pride; for Dr. Kirkwood, dear old man, has *twice*—last Sabbath morning and to-day—alluded to my acceptable missionary work. Of course, he said, 'A friend,' so that no one but Mrs. Chapman and I knew who he meant. He always inquires about my mission scholars; and I usually have something encouraging to tell him. I went down to one of the families, and sat with the mother, and talked an hour or so about her family history, etc., and gradually, and with as much delicacy as possible, expressed the conviction that she could make her *one room* more comfortable and attractive to her six children and her husband. The next time I went, I could *see* considerable improvement; and I put up half a dozen pictures I had cut out of old magazines, and told her I thought the children would be glad to see them when they got in from school. 'Indeed, and the father'll be more pleased than they.' (She is more English than Irish; and was formerly an Episcopalian.) Well, I learned, in several ways, that the father *was* very much pleased; and the other day, when I went again, they had a large *mirror* in place of the broken piece of glass no larger than my hand, six cane-seat chairs, and a rocking-chair! You can further imagine my astonishment, when the mother said her husband was saving up all he could to buy two more prints, which he should like to ask me to frame, as he did not know where to go; and he would pay me. I am *overpaid*, as I go along, in this precious work.

"Dr. K. made use of this little incident to stir up an interest in this particular mission, and to show how easy it is to reach people, if you are willing to go among them. I'm afraid I do secretly glory in it. Mrs. C. quite glories in it; and we talk it over so pleasantly together.

"I am afraid you will never have the privilege of hearing or seeing that good man, Dr. K., in the pulpit or in the parlor; for he seems to be growing very feeble.

"I do n't know that I have any thing more of interest to write you. Your last was *very* welcome; and I should like to *show* you to-night how much I love you.

"Would n't it be nice to *prepare Christmas-gifts together* once more? There is so much being done by those about me that I am getting quite into the spirit of it. If you have any thing to commission me with, please specify immediately, for I shall express my box home by Thursday. You will get a little pink satin hood, I know, for one thing; and I think you will find it very pretty. It is the latest Boston invention. This city is *crammed full* of holiday gifts. Such shop-windows I never saw; and I'm sure it takes a great deal of courage to pass by without entering in."

#### OCTAVIA SOLARA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

#### A NEW DIRECTOR.

"Much she thought,  
And much she read; and brooded feelingly  
Upon her own unworthiness." WORDSWORTH.

NEXT day the countess, observing Octavia's eyes to look rather red, said, not unkindly: "I fear, my dear, you are applying rather too sedulously to your fine work. I do not wish you to injure your sight."

"O no, dear madam," replied Octavia, "my sight is remarkably good."

"Nay, but," said the countess, "a little change of occupation will be a refreshment to you. I am glad to hear from Don Blasio that you and he are on friendly terms with one another, and that he has prescribed a course of reading for you. Nothing can be better for you. I am sure it will give Attilio much pleasure."

Octavia, after a moment's pause, said:

"You observed, dear Signora, that my eyes were red. Neither fine work nor study have to answer for it. In truth, I have been weak enough (perhaps you will call it) to cry for dear Attilio."

"Why should you do that?" said the countess, with an air of surprise. "He is quite well."

"I hope and trust he is," said Octavia; "but I pine for his return. Will it not be soon?"

"That will depend on circumstances," replied the countess, "on which I can not enter. Of

course I miss him as well as you. But we are not placed in this world merely for amusement, or for the gratification of our feelings. Attilio would doubtless like to return; but he is well assured he can not do so at present. Do you show a sense of duty also. Nothing will so enable you to endure his absence, and feel the time pass quickly, as application to study."

"I know very well that study does make the time pass quickly, when it is interesting," said Octavia; "but unfortunately I have none such at command."

"How can you say so, when you have that valuable book lent you by Don Pancrazio to read?"

"Dear Signora! did you ever look into it? You can have no notion, otherwise, how dull it is, and how full of puerilities!"

The countess looked scandalized. "That is not at all likely to be the real character of the work, which has been written by a very great scholar, and is generally admired. To think it so must rather be owing to your not having grasp of mind enough to understand it."

"I do not find it difficult to understand, but to believe," said Octavia.

"Ah," said the countess, crossing herself, "it is not unlikely that you find it so. The unbelief of the natural heart is immense, and must be overcome with prayer and penance. Prayer and penance alone will change it."

"Certainly the apostles complained of some of our Lord's own words," said Octavia: "'This is a hard saying, who can bear it?' But that was because the sayings were too deep for such minds as they then had. But the things in Don Pancrazio's book I am unable to believe, not because they are too deep, but because (excuse me) they are too childish."

"I can not excuse such a remark as that," said the countess, severely. "Say no more; if you are unable to appreciate it, the fault is not in the book, but in you."

Then she arose and walked away, fanning herself with her large fan, though the day was not sultry; and turning round at the door, she said: "If you wish to please me, you will devote this afternoon, not to your lace-work, but to reading attentively a chapter of that book, so as to be able to bear an examination on it. Then I shall know that you have at least tried to comprehend it."

Nothing could be more irksome and nauseous to Octavia; nevertheless her spirit of conciliation was such that she undertook it without a murmur. First she looked to see how long the chapter was; then she mentally prayed that if any good were in the pages before her, she



might have grace to perceive it. Then she began with resolution, and soon her mind became so absorbed in wonder that such arguments could be adduced by any well-informed man, or be accepted by any sensible reader, that she was unconscious how time passed, in her desire to possess herself of the scope of the entire chapter, and to review in her own mind the arguments calculated to refute it.

With a slight frown on her fair young brow, she was immersed in her task, when a tap was given at the door, which had to be repeated ere she said, "Come in." It was Don Blasio, who scrutinized her countenance as he approached.

"I interrupt you, perhaps," said he.

"I have seldom been more glad to be interrupted," said Octavia. "My head aches." And she put her hand to her head.

"Too much hard study is not good for those who are unaccustomed to it," he observed.

"O, I have been used to much study, though not of this kind. I have also been used, however, to much exercise in the open air; and the want of it often gives me headache."

"High-born ladies in large capitals are debarred from the open-air exercises which country life affords," said Don Blasio. "But habit soon reconciles to it."

"I fear it will never reconcile me."

"O yes, if you give your mind to other things. The soul will then be victorious over the body."

"I wish mine were so!"

"I wish it too, daughter. It will be so in time, if you take the proper means. The countess has informed me, with sorrow, of the reason she can not take you about with her. It is that you mock at our holiest symbols; neither crossing yourself, nor kneeling, nor showing any reverence to the host, the cross, or to the relics of saints."

"If some Christians are termed saints," said Octavia, "it is because they worshiped God and abased themselves. In like manner we should worship God, not them. As for the cross, Christ commands us to bear it, not to worship it, any more than to worship a crown of thorns. If we are to adore the cross because our Lord was fastened to it, we might as well worship the nails by which he was fastened, and the rods by which he was beaten."

Don Blasio crossed himself several times, and seemed to refrain with difficulty from interrupting her.

"Again, as to the host," pursued Octavia, "we differ, you know, as to its very substance. You hold that the sacramental elements become,

by the word of the priest, verily and indeed, the person of the Savior himself. We recognize them as the symbols of that body and blood which were not yet broken when Christ instituted this holy ordinance. If we take his words literally, we may as well do so when he says, 'I am the vine;' 'I am the door.'"

"My blood congeals at your profanity," said Don Blasio, after a pause. "Never before have I had the trial—and, indeed, it is a great one—of entering into controversy with one of your unhappy community. Were you aware of the depth of sin there is in the words you have spoken ignorantly, the ground could hardly fail to open, and swallow you up. That you are left unscathed I attribute to your profound ignorance."

"I am not ignorant," said Octavia, firmly; "for I have been early trained to give a reason for the faith that is in me; but I have perhaps been wrong in opening my lips, since it was a mutual compact between my husband and me that if my faith were respected, I should respect that of his family."

"Faith! but you have none! There's the misfortune," said Don Blasio. "Professing yourself wise, you are absolutely ignorant; asserting your faith, you have only displayed your unbelief. It is monstrous that the piety of this family, so long eminent for its luster, should be sullied by the contamination of such infidelity as you have openly professed."

"Sir, sir—" pleaded Octavia.

"You do well," interrupted he, angrily, "not to call me father, for it would only be a mockery. Were I to follow the dictates of a just indignation, I should never again open my lips to you; but I pity your youth, your unfortunate bringing up, your ignorance of the true light, your hereditary infirmities—"

"My hereditary claims are as good as Count Cavour's," said Octavia.

"Fie! fie! you are the daughter of a banished heretic and a runaway nun."

"My mother never was a nun," said Octavia, quickly. "She fled because they wanted her to be one. O, Signor!—" and she burst into tears.

"When you can command yourself, I will expostulate with you again," said Don Blasio, moving toward the door. "Meanwhile, I recommend to you severe self-chastening. Pains of the body may atone for the sins of the soul."

"That can I never believe," said Octavia through her tears. "The Savior is the only atonement."

"What! did he never say, 'Let him take up his cross and follow me?' What cross, but

that of self-mortification? I have you there. Why did he fast himself if there were no good in it? But your eyes are blind that you can not see, and your ears are deaf that you can not hear. I am in no awe of your hereditary dignities. Illustrious birth has no value to me. Churchmen have trampled on kings, even kings! I bear a message to your soul; and if you receive it not, yours be the guilt, and yours be the woe. Your community is a people inflated with pride, therefore the truth is presented to them in vain. They are disaffected, and give the duke more trouble than any people in his dominions. They fly to arms at the least word, though they have been defeated again and again. Therefore is it that their crops fail, that their houses are destroyed by flood and by fire, that their children are born deformed and monstrous—"

"O, how *can* you say so?" exclaimed Octavia. "The Vaudois children are beautiful as the day—"

"I say *true*," returned he, with overbearing vehemence. "I have seen it in print, and it can not be gainsaid. If Count Cavour were but—"

"Would Count Cavour sanction your saying such things?" said Octavia, whose heart beat wildly. "I think not; for he is never harsh himself. O, sir, forbear!—"

"Do you, then, show some sign of grace," said Don Blasio, rather alarmed at her white face, and seeming to feel he might have gone too far. "My province in this house is to speak the truth unflinchingly. Be ruled by me, and the countess need not hear what has passed. Indeed, you had better not say any thing about it, for you must be aware it would tell against you."

"Whom have I to tell?" said Octavia, pitiously. "I have no friend in Turin to confide in, now my husband is away."

"If you desire his speedy return, you should be more diligent in conforming yourself to him—to the true faith in which he has been brought up."

"Do you imply," said Octavia, starting, "that his return depends on my doing that?"

"I think it has much to do with it."

She gave a prolonged, most pitiful groan, and hid her face in her hands. Don Blasio was about to go on, when she repelled him by a movement, and cried, hysterically:

"No more, no more—I can not bear it—I am sure he did not know it when we parted, nor when he wrote."

Don Blasio, for a wonder, had not a word to say, and after an awkward pause withdrew. At

the same instant, Agnese, who had heard her mistress's voice, entered by another door, looking scared.

Octavia was very ill after this. The countess was frightened; she did not precisely know what had passed, and on questioning her was told that Don Blasio had spoken cruel words, but had desired her not to say any thing about it. This silenced the countess, who had a general idea that her confessor must certainly have spoken in the family interest, and was rather thankful to him for relieving her of an ungracious office. She was really alarmed about Octavia, whose beauty, sweetness, and unprotected state appealed to her at this moment more strongly than they had hitherto done. She wished her to be converted and healed—converted, if it could not be sooner, a little time hence, and restored to health at once. So she sent for her physician, Dr. Murano.

The doctor found Octavia in high fever, and prescribed what was the Italian remedy then, and is the Italian remedy now, in spite of frequent disastrous results—copious bleeding. The healthy young girl's vitality was literally bled out of her, never to regain its former strength. Pale, languid, and lovely, she lay at the very portals of the unseen world, and seemed to behold its brightness gleaming through the curtains. She seemed now scarcely to care for life, since there was no hope of seeing Attilio or her parents. She lay quite passive; and thus there was no impatience, no irritability, to hinder what chance of partial recovery there was; and Dr. Murano thought it a beautiful case, and was proud and pleased with himself for treating it so ably. He took care she should have every restorative that was good for her, in the opinion of the time; and he spoke kindly to her, even affectionately, and this was her best medicine. The countess took her tone from him; that is to say, as long as there was supposed to be imminent danger. The count walked about softly, and looked concerned. Don Blasio plumed himself on having spoken faithfully.

"You will see now," said he to the count, "that after this illness, her mind, like arid ground softened by heavy rains, will receive the good seed, and bring forth fruit."

"Heaven grant it," said the count. "That will be better than having the marriage annulled, which we might not be able to achieve, after all; and I do not want to see Attilio unhappy."

"Don Pancrazio must have been very weak," said Don Blasio.

"O, he has petted the boy all his life; and

as for converting Octavia, she was much nearer converting *him*."

"She will not have much chance with *me*," said Don Blasio.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

"The bodily frame wasted from day to day;  
Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,  
Her mind she strictly tutored to find peace  
And pleasure in endurance." WORDSWORTH.

WHEN Octavia was able to sit up in bed a little, she begged Agnese to bring her her Psalter. Agnese hunted diligently in every likely and unlikely place, but could not find it. Octavia was vexed and troubled; it seemed as if her comforts and supports were being taken away from her one after another.

"You must search again, Agnese," said she. "It may be that you have overlooked it. Give me my lace sprigs; they are almost finished."

When she tried to work, however, her head swam, her arms fell powerless. She shed a few quiet tears.

Just then Dr. Murano entered her room, and saw how it was with her.

"You are too weak for work yet," said he, kindly; "wait till you are better."

"I shall never be better, I think," said Octavia, the tears still trickling down, "unless I see my husband."

"Do you think that will make you well?"

"Yes, I think it would."

"Well, we must see about it. Agnese, give your lady some wine."

He remained talking soothingly to her as long as he thought she could bear it, and as he left her, bade her try to sleep.

"I do not feel as if I can."

"Try, however. Let your maid read to you."

He went to the countess, and said:

"My patient is not well to-day. In fact, if we are not very careful, I am afraid she will slip from us. A visit from her husband might do her good."

"Has she been telling you so?" said the countess, testily. "She has but that one idea. I am tired of her harping on it."

"Might it not be well to remove the cause of her doing so, by summoning him home—supposing it is possible?"

"But it is not so," said the countess; "or at least it would be so very unsafe and undesirable that I may as well call it impossible. Your province, doctor, is to care for the body, and very ably you treat it; but I, a mother, must be excused for caring most for my son's soul."

"How would that be endangered?"

"Ah, it is impossible to explain it all to you;

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it is a grief to his father and me. We try to avoid its being bruited abroad."

"But a physician is as safe as the grave, else he would be a public pest. The saying is, that a man should have no secrets from his confessor or his physician."

"True; but—this has been a most unfortunate attachment of my son's. You know how fond we have always been of him. It may be we indulged him too much, allowed him too early to become his own master; but we were so afraid of drawing the rein too tight."

"Quite right."

"And he had rather a roving turn, and was fond of wandering hither and thither in out-of-the-way places for days and days, without letting us know where he was. He said home was so dull."

"Very natural."

"Scarcely that, I think," said the countess, rather hurt. "And so his father thought he had better serve a campaign; but there was not much going on, and plenty of idling; and it came to pass that he heard some Piedmontese officers say Count Solara was as brave a man as ever lived, and had a daughter beautiful as an angel. *We* knew nothing of this at the time; and could only be uneasy at one of his unaccountable absences; but the fact was, he had gone to the valleys in quest of her."

"Quite like a young man," said Dr. Murano, with interest.

"Like a willful, wayward young man, I think," said the countess, "and a very unprincipled thing to do; for this girl, mark you, had been brought up in the pernicious heresy that has taken root among those perverted people."

"Poor soul! that was her misfortune rather than fault."

"Call it what you will; but my son should not have looked at her, much less thought of marrying her. Meanwhile he became of age, and master of the property he inherited from his uncle. He talked of wanting to go and look at it. *We* thought no harm, you know; *we* never suspected! And so he went to Silvanella, and remained there all the Winter, with no better companion that we knew of than his gun. But, my dear doctor, it came out at last; he had married this young creature."

"Ah!" and Dr. Murano looked very grave, and rubbed his hands slowly, as if embarrassed by a difficulty, though he was aware of much of this already.

"So he was found out!" said he.

"He told us himself," said the countess. "Attilio is very ingenuous sometimes, but chiefly when he is hampered about something. So my



husband took that view of it, and wrote like a prudent yet kind father; and advised him to return to us, where he was sure of an affectionate welcome, and send the young lady home to her own family. Nothing could be kinder or wiser. But Attilio fired up at this, and wrote a letter that was hardly filial, saying the marriage was quite legal, and must not be spoken lightly of."

"Ha!"

"This troubled us a good deal, and we debated much what to do; for to introduce a heretic into the family, was clearly beyond a son's right to do, be he the dearest son in the world. So we asked Don Pancrazio, of whose judgment we had a good opinion; and Don Pancrazio said that the first thing to ascertain was, whether a legal marriage had really been celebrated, and if it had been, to make the best of it."

"Excellent!"

"Not at all," said the countess, "unless Octavia submitted herself to good guidance, and shortly was admitted into our Church. But this, Don Pancrazio felt quite assured of."

"Of course," said Dr. Murano.

"He reckoned too much, however, on his own powers of argument, and too little on Octavia's obstinacy; for, instead of his making the least impression on her, there is great reason to think that, had he continued here much longer, she would have perverted him."

"O, surely so sensible a man as he would not—"

"His sense would not have saved him," interposed the countess, warmly; "for she has a way with her that—all these people have such a way of making wrong appear right, that it is most dangerous to have any thing to do with them. When we saw *that*, you know, our course was clear. Of course, we did not choose our son's soul to be endangered; he would not have wished it himself. So we sent him away for a time, on a false pretext, of course. He did not know the pains his father had to get him summoned away on alleged business of the duke's, nor the pains he has had to get the mission prolonged. He thought he was going only for a few days; so the parting had nothing at all uncomfortable in it. And he is never very fond of Lent, and Octavia's health was not very good, and she has many quiet ways of amusing herself; for she really *is* clever. So the first important step was taken, and then Don Pancrazio had a fair field for his abilities, and was quite certain the conversion would be effected by Easter. *Had* it been so, all would have gone well; Attilio would have been recalled to partake of the family happiness, the marriage would

have been publicly recognized, and I should have presented Octavia at court—"

"Publicly recognized?" repeated Dr. Murano, slowly. "But surely you recognize it now?"

"O, pardon me," said the countess, quickly. "It is a very bad business. If Octavia had behaved with common compliance and self-respect, we should have let things go smoothly and made no inquiries. But as soon as Attilio was gone, the only restraint she had was removed; she became quite reckless, took the words out of Don Pancrazio's mouth, flung texts at his head, lent him her Bible to read, and said such things before all the servants that positively we shuddered."

"You amaze me," said Dr. Murano. "I could never have believed—"

"To give you an instance: When Fra Scampone was exhibiting that beautiful little relic of his—the miraculous lace—and the whole household was profoundly impressed at its not burning, some of them even melting into tears, Octavia stalked into the hall, went straight up to the good friar, stared fixedly at the relic, and pronounced in a loud voice, 'That's iron wire!' Only imagine!"

"It is difficult to imagine, indeed," said Dr. Murano, starting up, and preparing to leave.

"O, I could give you other instances. She never crosses herself, never uses holy water, never repeats the rosary, never adores the host, never prays to the saints, never—"

"Sad, sad," said he, hastily putting on his gloves. "Ah, what troubles there are in families! I fear I must not linger. Signora Contessa, I remove from you the incommodity of my presence."

And with old-fashioned politeness, he bowed, and she courtesied nearly down to the ground.

After this outburst, the countess, still chafed by the sense of family wrongs, and not quite satisfied that Dr. Murano thought enough of them, repaired to Octavia's room, and found her, with wan and wasted hands, endeavoring to finish her work.

"Octavia, I do wish you would remember the doctor's orders," said she, peevishly.

"Dear madam, I have finished!" cried Octavia, looking toward her with the expectation as well as the hope of earning a smile of approval.

"I am not nearly as much pleased at your having done so," said the countess, coldly, "as I should have been with your giving proof of affection in things infinitely more important. The work is beautiful; I admit that," examining it critically; "but what is it, after all,



OCTAVIA AND THE COUNTESS.

compared with the things that pertain to eternal life?"

"Most true," said Octavia, checked, and the momentary brightness of her look fading away. "Only I hoped to give you a little pleasure."

"Ah, my dear, you little know what really would give me pleasure," said the countess, shaking her head, "or, at any rate, you will not do it."

"I think I know what you mean," said Octavia, sorrowfully; "but how can I? I can not give up my convictions any more than you can yours."

"That being the case, how is it possible for two persons, with opinions so opposite, to go on harmoniously in the same house together? I say two; but, in fact, *every* person in this house is ranged on one side, and only you on the other. And my side is the side of truth, and ought to prevail. Is it reason that a young, uninstructed woman should set herself up against a whole household?"

"I have not wished to set myself up."

"You have done it, however; and how can you suppose we consider you a safe, confidential companion of our only son? He is very dear

to us, whatever you may think; his soul is especially dear to us, and we can not imperil its safety."

"Attilio chose me for himself."

"And what a dangerous choice! what an unfortunate, what an unthinking one! Young men *will* be thoughtless, and led away by their eyes. You *are* beautiful, Octavia; nobody denies that—you doubtless know it very well yourself—of a certain style of beauty. You have likewise had a very fair country education, as far as your mother has given it you—your mother, who had her own teaching from the good nuns. The rest of your education has been fitter for a boy. Still, if we were all of one mind, we could go on very happily together. Only think, my dear, how nice it would be! I had a dream last night, and it was so beautiful that, when I woke, I could have cried to dream it again. I thought you had conformed; that the archbishop was about to receive you into the bosom of the Church; that you were beautifully dressed in satin, lace, and spangles, with a long silver gauze veil; that a large circle of the best-born people of Turin were assembled, all smiling, congratulating, and calling me a happy mother; that Attilio was leading you, all smiles—"

"Ah, dear Signora, forbear," cried Octavia, piteously.

"And all this may happen," continued the countess, bending over her and kissing her, "if you will but be good; if you will but suppose that wise, learned men, like Don Blasio and many others, are wiser than yourself; if you will but—Hark! the bell rings for church. I go; but think over what I have said; otherwise I must—indeed I must—scold you."

Octavia remained alone, and in a kind of blank despair. She could not form her thoughts into words; she felt as if crushed by the dead weight of the *peine forte et dure*, stifling groanings that could not be uttered. Should she never see Attilio more? Should she be so false and feeble as to buy his presence at the price of her faith?

Agnese came in, looking full of some important news. She said: "A lady wishes to see you, Signora—that is, not quite a lady, perhaps—a sort of country lady."

"A country lady to see *me*?" cried Octavia, rousing to sudden life. "O, it must be my loved mother! Admit her instantly, Agnese."

Her maid hastened away, and returned with Maddalena. The revulsion of Octavia's feelings was almost too much for her to bear. She tried to smile, but her features worked—she was obliged to turn away her head.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A WELCOME VISITOR.

"Wish not, dear friends, my pain away:  
Wish me a calm and thankful heart."

KEDLE.

MADDALENA'S appearance fully justified Agnese's description of "a country lady—perhaps not quite a lady." She wore a very good black silk skirt, velvet bodice laced with ribbons, full chemise of the whitest lawn, gathered round the throat, gold rosary and ear-rings, and a black lace veil. Her healthy, intelligent, good-humored face looked full of concern.

"Dear Signora Contessina, do I find you thus?" said she, hastening to Octavia's bedside, and imprinting kisses on her pallid hand. *Ah! mi stringe il cuore!*"

"Dear Maddalena, kiss my face, not my hand," said Octavia, turning to her with unutterable gratitude for her love and pity. Putting her arms round the neck of her humble friend, she wept on her bosom.

Maddalena could at first do nothing but caress her, and repeat endearing expressions. Nothing? but these were *much* to the forlorn heart that wanted sympathy.

"If I had known you were ill," said Maddalena, presently, "I would have come long ago; yes, that I would! Nothing on earth should have prevented me! But we hear nothing at Silvanella. But I thought and thought, and I had had dreams, and at last I said to Girolamo, 'Whatever you may say, go I must, and see how all is going at Turin.' And so he said, 'Ebbene, if you must, you will.'"

And she fondled Octavia as if she had been an infant.

"Maddalena, I am dying," said Octavia.

"Dying! Ah, no! you will not, must not, die! We shall break our hearts if you do."

"Maddalena, my heart *is* broken."

"O no, no, no! The young feel things deeply—sorrow cuts them like a knife—but it must not be so with you. I will weary heaven with my prayers—*not* the saints, in whom you do not believe, but the dear Savior, in whom we both believe, and who loves me still, though I have transgressed so sadly. Cheer up, dearest Contessina, I will pray for you night and day."

"Maddalena, pray not for my life," said Octavia, sitting up in bed, and speaking slowly and with solemnity, "pray Him rather to remove me from this life while I can yet be true to Him, and before the light that is still in me is quenched in darkness."

Maddalena gazed fixedly on her for an instant, then buried her face in the bed-clothes, and sobbed aloud.



"Ah!" said she, looking up through her tears, "what will Count Attilio say to this?"

A spasm convulsed Octavia with momentary pain. "Maddalena," said she, almost inaudibly, "I shall never see him again. They have sent him away from me till I abjure my faith. He does not write to me, and perhaps does not receive my letters."

"But what!" cried Maddalena, starting to her feet. "Are you a prisoner in his father's house? As well be in the prisons of the Inquisition! He ought to be here to comfort and protect you."

"Ah no, he will not. He knows not—"

"But he *shall* know," cried Maddalena, impetuously. "I vow he shall know it. Girolamo may say what he will, but I will not rest till Count Attilio knows you are ill and pining for him. Will not that make you better, dearest lady?"

A wan smile brightened Octavia's face for a moment, but died away.

"He might only come to upbraid, and I could not bear that."

"Upbraid, indeed! It is you who have cause for that."

"They call me heretic—I am in their way—I am an offense to their eyes. It is best I should die off quietly, and remove the offense."

Tears burst from her eyes.

"They think of annulling the marriage, Maddalena, unless I recant. I believe they have sent to Rome about it. Ever since Attilio was sent away they have only called me Donna Octavia—never la Signora Contessina."

"I could not have conceived such wickedness," ejaculated Maddalena.

"If my poor father should ever know—or my dear, dear mother—"

Here Agnese, who had been intently watching at a distant window, came hastily forward, and touching Maddalena's arm, said, eagerly:

"The countess is returning from church—pray, pray go away now, or we shall all suffer for it."

Maddalena gave a quick intelligent look, pressed Octavia to her heart in a vehement embrace, and, without a word spoken, vanished with Agnese through a side door, leaving Octavia in a greater tumult of feeling than she had experienced for a long time; but yet it was not all bitter.

After this she seemed to rally a little, so that Dr. Murano told the countess he believed she would recover; the countess, therefore, had no compunction in resorting to a little more external pressure. But Octavia was beyond its influence. The symptoms of improvement again

disappeared; but she was very composed, very grave, very silent; already living, it would seem, in another world.

"And it is so shocking, you know," said the countess to one of her confidantes—she had many, to one and another of whom she told, bit by bit, every thing, while laying great stress on all family affairs being kept profoundly secret, and actually persuaded she was a good secret-keeper herself—"it is so shocking, you know, to see her ebbing away without the least desire for any spiritual help—no crucifix, no holy water, no rosary, no desire for extreme unction—absolute repugnance to the very name of priest. And still more shocking, you know, for her to die in our house an absolute heretic—impossible to bury in consecrated ground."

While this conference was going on, with closed doors, in the boudoir, a very different scene was passing in Octavia's dying room.

There was a strong smell of vinegar and burned feathers, for Agnese had been resorting to the old-established methods of recovery; and Octavia lay in a dead faint in the arms of her husband, who was shedding warm tears over her.

Maddalena had been faithful to her word, and never rested till the news of Octavia's illness reached Cavour. Without a moment's thought or care for consequences, he threw himself on his horse, and never paused on his journey till he reached his father's house. His sudden entrance had occasioned Octavia's swoon.

A faint smile betokened returning consciousness, and then she opened her languid eyes on him, and said:

"These tears are so sweet; they show that my husband loves me."

"Beyond all created things, Octavia," kissing her repeatedly.

"Now I die happy."

"Die! no, you must not, my love."

"Ah yes, I must—I *can not* live now. The ablest physicians could not save me. But it is expedient for you, Cavour, that I should pass away; and to me it will be infinite happiness. Perhaps they will let me be buried among mine own people—or at Silvanella—you know they will not suffer me to lie in their consecrated ground."

"O, my love, how you harrow me!"

"There is nothing really painful in it, dearest—no real significance. The Lord will accept me all the same. I die in the faith of his dear Son."

He stooped to kiss her again as his mother entered the room. She cried, in a voice of stern displeasure:

"Attilio! how came you here?"

"To see my dead wife," replied he, bitterly.  
"Your work is done now. All is over."

Agnese wept. The countess, after an embarrassed pause, left the room.

Cavour gave himself up to grief. It had not much self-reproach in it; for he had not heard of Octavia's illness, had received none of her letters, was unaware that she had received only one of his, and he had never been unkind to her.

"Passa la bella donna, e par che dorma."

He thought only of her beauty and her goodness, and felt the remembrance of them would endure in his heart forever. Perhaps he did not know his own heart, nor how soon the wound would close, nor the compensations for his loss that would eventually be found.

He easily carried his point of following her to an obscure grave, at Silvanella; for his mother was only too glad to have the fair remains moved from the house without any embarrassing circumstances. That very night Octavia was placed in her coffin—they do these things quickly in Italy—and the coffin was placed in a hearse, and started at midnight, followed only by Cavour, in his black cloak, on horseback, and by Piero. By day-break they were near Silvanella. Piero then rode forward to give the necessary directions; and when the mournful equipage and its solitary guard arrived, Girolamo and Maddalena awaited it in tears.

The grave was dug beneath her favorite tree. Cavour passed the interval in deep dejection; every object around him reminded him of their short but perfect happiness. Ah, why could they not always have led together that happy, sylvan life? Why, but that man that is born of a woman, never continueth in one stay.

The idyl was ended. After a burst of grief that shook his frame, as he saw them fill in the grave, he gave his servants a few brief but strict directions; then he mounted his horse, and returned into the world.

When the news reached the valleys, there was grief in La Torre.

THERE are two things which grow stronger in the heart of man as he advances in years—the love of his country and of religion. Let them be ever so much forgotten in youth, they sooner or later present themselves to us arrayed in all their charms, and excite in the recesses of our hearts an attachment justly due to their beauty.

## WITH NATURE.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

VANISH earth's cares! O, heart weighed down with sorrow,

Rise light and free!

From Nature's realm new strength and hope I'll borrow

For days to be.

To her vast halls, decked in their leafy splendor,

I will repair;

Where hum of bee and bird-notes soft and tender

Thrill all the air.

Far from the rushing crowds, from earth-marts dreary,

I seek thy rest;

Fold me, O mother, me, thy child so weary.

Unto thy breast.

Here, 'neath thy dome, rich in God's own adorning,

I'll rear a shrine,

And live with thee, far from the great world's scorning,  
A life divine.

"Come home! come home!" cry all thy wooing voices,

"O, soul oppressed;

The happy earth in Summer's arms rejoices;

With her be blest!"

And every echo, from the hill-side hoary,

Seems but a tone

Luring me back to all the bliss and glory

My youth hath known.

I am thy child, O Nature! loving mother,

Thou wilt forgive,

If in the cold, proud world a life far other

Than thine I live;

For in my heart of hearts is shrined thine altar,

Spirit divine;

And though my rapt devotion oft may falter,

It still is thine.

No worldly melody can e'er enchant me

Like thy birds' song;

Thy whisp'ring groves, thy murm'ring streams will haunt me

My whole life long.

Thy beauties thrill my soul; the radiant glory

Of earth and sea

And star-gemmed sky, all tell a wondrous story

Of love to me.

The God who clothes the universe in beauty,

Will ever give,

O, child of earth, new strength in paths of duty,

To daily live.

Love is his banner; in its starry splendor,

'Tis round thee furled;

The bonds that link thee to his heart so tender,

Uphold the world!

Alike o'er rugged mountain-paths he'll guide thee,

And flowery ways;

And give thee grace, whatever lot betide thee,

For all thy days.

To nature's Lord, who earth and heaven sustaineth  
By power Divine,  
The holiest thing in all the worlds remaineth  
This life of thine.

## THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

RAISE my pillow, husband dearest ;  
Faint and fainter comes my breath,  
And these shadows stealing slowly  
Must, I know, be those of death.  
Sit down close beside me, darling,  
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand—  
Yours, that ever has sustained me  
To the borders of this land.

For your God and mine—our Father—  
Thence shall ever lead me on,  
Where upon a throne eternal,  
Sits his loved and only Son.  
I've had visions and been dreaming  
O'er the past of joy and pain ;  
Year by year I've wandered backward,  
Till I was a child again ;

Dreamed of girlhood, and the moment  
When I stood your wife and bride ;  
How my heart thrill'd with Love's triumph  
In that hour of woman's pride !  
Dreamed of thee and all the earth-chords  
Firmly twined around my heart—  
O, the bitter, burning anguish,  
When I first knew we must part !

It has passed ; and God has promised  
All thy footsteps to attend ;  
He that's more than friend or brother,  
Shall be with thee to the end.  
There's no shadow o'er the portals  
Leading to my heavenly home :  
Christ hath promised life immortal,  
And 't is he that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,  
And its chilling billows swell,  
Thou 'lt thank Heaven that I am spared them,  
Thou wilt feel that "all is well."  
Bring our boys unto my bedside ;  
My last blessing let them keep ;  
But they're sleeping—do not wake them—  
They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother ;  
Kiss them for me when they wake ;  
Lead them gently in life's pathway,  
Love them doubly for my sake.  
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,  
This, the last night of my life ;  
For to-morrow, I shall never  
Answer when you call me "wife."  
Fare thee well, my noble husband,  
Faint not 'neath this chast'ning rod ;  
Throw your strong arm round our children,  
Keep them close to thee—and God.

## AN OBSERVATION.

BY MRS S. M. I. HENRY.

OUT of the east there springeth light—  
The radiant day, with garments white ;  
The evening star, with glittering train ;  
The Spring-time and the Summer rain.  
Out of the east light comes to me ;  
But, love, it cometh not to thee.  
In thy lone grave beneath the hill,  
Thine eyes are veiled with darkness still ;  
But in the east a sign I see—  
A prophecy of day for thee.

Out of the north there cometh snow,  
And fierce, wild winds that sweeping blow,  
And shifting beams of glory strange,  
And one true Star, that knows no change.  
Out of the north storms come to me ;  
But, love, they never come to thee.  
Within thy chamber all is still ;  
No storm thy dreamless sleep can thrill ;  
But in the north a sign I see—  
That changeless Star, it shines for thee.

Out of the west there cometh rest—  
The Presence calm and sweet and blest—  
And binds the aching brow of care  
With the smooth bands of praise and prayer.  
Out of the west rest comes to me  
Nightly ; not thus, my love, to thee.  
Thy rest is long ; no toilsome day  
Can fret its perfect peace away ;  
And in the west a sign I see  
That such a rest awaiteth me.

Out of the south there cometh bloom,  
And soft winds, laden with perfume—  
A breath that thrills the veins like wine,  
A gush of song almost divine.  
Out of the south these come to me :  
But all they bring, my love, to thee,  
Is just a little wreath of bloom,  
A song-bird's note above thy tomb ;  
Yet in the south a sign I see  
Of bloom and songs of joy for thee.

## THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

THE grain, the grain, the beautiful grain !  
How it laughs to the breeze with a glad refrain,  
Blessing the famished earth in her pain !

The grain, the grain, the beautiful sheaves !  
A song of joy their rustling weaves,  
For the gracious gift that the earth receives.

From every hill, from every plain,  
Comes the farmer's song as he reaps the grain,  
And the Summer breezes waft the strain.

And so for the grain, the beautiful grain !  
The golden, the laughing, with glad refrain,  
Blessing the famishing earth in her pain.



## "JESUS WEPT."

BY REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM, D. D.

"JESUS wept." These two words form the shortest verse in the Bible; but they are suggestive of volumes of thought. They sparkle with more than the brilliancy of the diamond, radiating purest beams of moral and heavenly light; warm with human sympathy and with Divine love. They are resplendent with moral beauty, replete with the liveliest interest, and rich in concentrated Gospel truth.

That Jesus wept, was a significant expression of his real perfect humanity. The tear is the symbol of human grief, but of human grief only. It is not so much an expression of the agony of the body, as it is of the anguish of the soul. Irrational creatures do not weep; and though the tear expresses itself through the animal nature, yet the occasion of it is not found in the animal nature, but in the soul. Only the human soul is capable of starting the tear in the suffering eye of humanity. It was not God that wept at the tomb of Bethany, but man; not the Divine element in the person of Christ, but the human. It was not the physical composition of the person of Christ, enshrouding Deity, which produced those tears, but the perfect human soul of the adorable Redeemer; that same soul which in the garden agony was "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Here, indeed, is a mystery, but it is only a mystery; not an absurdity, not a contradiction. It is a sublime fact, revealed in the Word of God; more marvelous, it is granted, than the creation of the race of man, and more incomprehensible than all the wondrous works of God in the wide universe.

God, in the person of Jesus Christ, assumes humanity—humanity in its entirety, soul and body; not only the body formed out of the "dust of the earth," but also the "living soul" breathed by the Almighty into that material form. There is no human nature without these two complete parts; and if Christ had not a human soul, with all its essential properties, then he was not human. There is but one single exception in which the humanity of Christ differed from our humanity, and that the Scriptures plainly state: "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." "And in him is no sin." Sinfulness, however, is a quality of character, and not an essential element of nature. Sin is not essential to humanity, but a perverted state of it. The humanity of Christ was derived from woman—from a virgin member of the race; and he avoided the sinfulness of our humanity by the agency of the Holy

Ghost. "Conceived of the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary."

How grateful to the human heart is the thought that Jesus wept at the sight of human woe! We rejoice in the fatherhood of God, and in the thought that there is love and compassion in the unincarnated Deity who dwells in inapproachable light. But the incarnate God, in the person of Jesus Christ, is unspeakably precious to suffering humanity. Though more than a man, yet it was a man that wept at the tomb of Lazarus in Bethany. Our interest in the matter is, not that a man called Jesus wept at the grave of a friend more than eighteen centuries ago, but that the man who possessed these tender sympathies was "God manifest in the flesh," and that he is our Savior from sin and death. Suffering humanity has a Redeemer capable of sympathizing with its woes and sufferings. "For we have not a high-priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

How came Jesus to be present with the bereaved sisters at that critical juncture? Not because of a message which they sent him, otherwise he would have reached them two days sooner; but, because their brother was dead, he came to relieve and comfort their sorrowing hearts. Though he was a day's journey distant, yet his omniscient eye looked down upon the sad scene, and he came to minister relief. He came with that intent. Yes; and in all the suffering scenes of this changeful life, we can rely on his presence to comfort our hearts. He sees and knows the sorrowful condition of those who love him; and can any one doubt that he will come to their relief? Happy the heart which, amid life's shadows, can say, with conscious relief, "The Master hath come." To realize his presence, is sufficient in all emergencies. In human suffering the soul craves sympathy. We might, in our suffering, have a friend far away, but he could not even know of our suffering, much less come to our relief. But Jesus always knows our sorrows, and will never fail us. And though he may not raise our dead now, he will hereafter; and, until we go hence to meet them, he will be a companion to us in our griefs.

Jesus is, however, more than a sympathizing friend. He is not only with us, but he is "God with us." "And they shall call his name Immanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." God, not in the fiery glare of Sinai, nor in the pillar of cloud and fire, nor in the Shekinah, but in the sympathies of our suffering humanity, in its frailties, wants, and woes. The

sympathy of a friend who is our equal, though grateful, is inadequate. He can not realize all that we suffer, his sympathy falls short of the deep anguish of our hearts, and he can give us no increased strength to bear our sorrow. We need a Divine Comforter to support our failing hearts. We want more than mere sympathy can afford. We need Jesus—just such a Savior as we have. He not only wept in sympathy with the sisters of Bethany, but he raised their brother to life again. He not only had compassion on the hungry multitudes in the desert, but he fed them. He not only pities us, but he helps us.

### ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

BY H. EDWARD KREHBIEL.

SINCE the retirement of Franz Liszt, ANTON RUBINSTEIN, than whom no greater musical mind ever visited our country, has stood at the head of those artists whom we may denominate "composer-pianists." Of his greatness, both as a composer and as an interpreter of the works of the older masters, the musical world has but one opinion. Competing with such sons of harmony as Von Bülow, Tausig, Bendel, and other equally illustrious Germans, the young Russian labored steadily on until he reached his present high position. Like that of all eminent musicians, his career has been one replete with interest to those who find delight in following the ups and downs, the successes and reverses, the joys and sorrows, of an artist's life.

Anton Rubinstein was born on the 30th of November (18th of same month, Russian mode of computation), 1829, in the village of Wechotinetz, near the city of Jassy, Russia. His parents were at one time possessed of great wealth, consisting of estates in Wallachia; but it was gradually lost in fruitless civil proceedings against the domain. His mother, a well-educated, cultured lady, gave Anton and his younger brother Nicolaus, their first scholastic and musical instructions, with such success indeed, that it caused the removal of the family to Moscow. Here the mother secured the appointment of instructress at the Royal Educational Institute for herself, and the services of Alexander Willowing as teacher in music of her two sons. Under the careful and methodical instructions of this excellent teacher, the boys made remarkable progress in musical knowledge. Nicolaus was hardly behind his brother Anton in point of theory and *technique*; but already, at this early time, a greater and

more intense love for music, and a peculiarly consistent endeavor toward a fixed object, was noticeable in the case of Anton. This inclination found practical expression in the ten different compositions which appeared a short time after he had been placed under the care of Willowing. They are numbered from 1 to 10 inclusive, and are "L'Ondine"—a study for the piano—several Russian songs with piano accompaniment, a romance with song, transcription of a Swedish song for the piano, "Voix Intérieures," "Trois Morceaux pour piano," "Trois Morceaux à quatre mains," and "Deux Nocturnes pour piano."

These compositions of his boyhood were subsequently disavowed by Anton, he beginning his more mature works with *opus* 1! Köhler, a German musical writer, thinks this action an unwise one. "I confess," says he, "that I have perceived nothing boyish in the pieces mentioned, and deem this very natural; for wherever the sun of genius shines, the spirit ripens quickly, and makes of the boy of twelve a youth."

Such was his remarkable progress, that at eight years of age he gave a concert in Moscow, at which he created a great excitement, and became the favorite of the Moscow public. In August, 1839, when Rubinstein was ten years of age, he accompanied his teacher, Willowing, to Paris, where his first concert created a profound sensation. Notwithstanding all this, so well calculated to turn the heads of fond parents, staid old Gregor Rubinstein viewed the situation so coolly that he did not even then decide to permit his son to become a musician by profession, which he had long been by calling. It so happened that Franz Liszt—at that time twenty-eight years old, and at the zenith of his fame—was present at the second concert given by Rubinstein. The master listened to the playing of the lad with deep and hearty interest, which finally blazed up into a joyous enthusiasm. He had just finished playing one of his own compositions, when Liszt, unable longer to repress his feelings, rushed up to the little player, clasped him in his arms, kissed him, and exclaimed, "He shall become my heir in art!" The public gave vent to its approbation in rapturous applause, and all Paris spoke of the scene. During his stay of a year and a half in Paris, he by no means neglected his studies, which were energetically promoted by Liszt. In the month of December, 1840, he ventured upon his first long professional journey. This led him first to London, where he met Mendelssohn, who immediately took a great interest in him, and permitted him to hear his

glorious organ-playing. After a tour through England, he continued his travels, which occupied the space of three years, through Sweden, Holland, and Germany.

His wise father now insisted upon a return home, where Anton plunged into his scientific and musical studies, and was lost sight of. After a stay of twelve months in Russia, the mother, in 1844, removed to Berlin, a place more congenial to the tastes of her son, and better adapted to secure the desired education and culture. Here she placed Anton and Nicolaus in the care of Professor Dehn, the celebrated contrapuntist, under whom they began with renewed vigor the study of composition and thorough-bass. A more intimate relationship now sprang up between them and Mendelssohn, who had been appointed general music director by King Frederick William IV; and great indeed was the influence exerted by the composer of "Elijah" and "Paul" upon the rugged, wild Russian youth. The immediate fruits of his Berlin studies were a sonata in E minor, for the piano-forte—opus 13, about 1846—as also a number of lesser compositions for the piano and other instruments, which attracted general attention. A sonata for the piano and violoncello is also spoken of as having been composed at this time; but it was lost by his teacher, Dehn. The sonata in E minor was also subsequently disavowed by him.

The death of his father, in 1846, induced his mother to return with Nicolaus to Russia, where she supported herself and family by teaching. His kind protector, Mendelssohn, having left the city, Anton was now left to himself. As he was known in Berlin only as a youthful but ardent student, his prospects for success were small indeed; and, therefore, taking the advice of Dehn, he went to Vienna, where he earned a livelihood by giving lessons on the piano, spending his leisure hours in composing and completing his studies. In 1847, he accompanied the celebrated flute-player, Heindl, on a concert tour through Hungary. During this time several new compositions made their appearance—from opus 25 to 39—which fully attest his energy and application. Among these are several of lasting merit, such as his first and second concertos, his Persian Songs, and numerous fascinating little pieces for the salon.

After remaining a guest at the house of a liberal lover of art, in Presburg, for quite a time, in which, because of his mental weariness and dissatisfaction, nothing of importance was produced, save a number of sketches which were subsequently completed, he resolved to return to Russia by way of Berlin. On arriving at

the latter city, he accompanied the remains of Mendelssohn to their last resting-place, uniting with all cultured Germany—yes, all Europe—in deploring the irreparable loss. He now set out for St. Petersburg. On the borders of Russia, he met with a sad misfortune; his trunk, containing his manuscripts intended for rewriting, as also his passport, suddenly disappeared. In the excited state in which political Europe, and especially Germany, was at that time, when conspiracies were rife, and the air was fraught with suspicion, the artist, personally unknown, was deemed the lawful prize of the Russian police, and destined for —, Siberia! In this extremity he bethought himself of proving his identity by playing for the minions of the law on the piano; but it was all unavailing. Notwithstanding his protestations and the fact that Count M. Wielhorski offered bail for the unfortunate musician, he was placed under arrest. Fortunately for Rubinstein the count brought the matter to the ears of the Grand Duchess Helene of Russia, a royal princess of Würtemberg, and a liberal patron of the divine art, who immediately used her influence in his behalf, and procured his release. The duchess remembered having listened to him in wonderment when he began his musical career as a mere child, and now asked to hear him again. She was gratified and so delighted with his performance that she appointed him to fill a place at her musical soirees, and eventually made him *Capellmeister* at her court.

About this time appeared several Russian national operas of Rubinstein's composition: "Dimitri," in three acts, performed in 1850, and three operettas, "The Siberian Hunters," sung at Weimar, Germany, in 1855, "Toms the Fool," and "Revenge," each in one act.

The reputation of Rubinstein at court and among the public, as also his musical abilities, had grown so rapidly that the grand duchess, concurring with his other influential friends and patrons among the nobility, thought it desirable that he make his now fully matured talent heard and felt in more extended circles, and thus harvest more fame. This they not only urgently requested him to do, but they showered munificent gifts upon him, Count Wielhorski alone presenting him with several thousand rubles. Thus imprompted, in 1854 he entered upon a triumphal tour through Germany, France, and England.

The year 1854 and the following years gave to the world a number of compositions, among which are some of his greatest musical creations: the sonata in F—opus 41—for piano, and another for piano and violoncello; the "Ocean Symphony," "whose opening move-



ment," says Köhler, "belongs to the grandest productions in the province of symphony, of our times;" the three excellent string quartets—opus 47—and a collection of little pieces for the salon; three trios in G minor and B flat major; also several fugues—opus 53—for the piano-forte and part songs. Shortly afterward appeared his oratorio, "Paradise Lost," bearing unmistakeable traces of the influence exercised upon the music of Rubinstein by his friend Mendelssohn.

His two German operas, "The Children of the Heath" and "Feramos," the libretto of the latter taken from Moore's "Lalla Rookh," although not often performed, have received the attention and praise of many cultured musicians and musical writers of Germany. Of his later compositions, the most eminent are his characteristic symphonies, "Faust" and "Ivan the Terrible," and a quartet for piano and stringed instruments. A sacred drama bearing the suggestive title—suggestive since Rubinstein belongs to the school of composers known as the "Futurists," whose present head is Richard Wagner—"The Building of the Tower of Babel"—also enjoys the reputation of being one of the most powerful dramatic compositions of the present age.

His stay in St. Petersburg was now a lasting one, interrupted only by a few tours. Here he called into being the Conservatory of Music, which may make the name of Anton Rubinstein immortal. In 1870, he accepted the lucrative position of musical director in Vienna, which position he still holds, residing in the city with his wife—formerly a maid of honor at the Russian Court, Mlle. de Tschikonanoff by name—and family, consisting of three children.

In September of last year, 1872, Rubinstein arrived in our country. Beginning with New York, he visited the principal cities of the United States, finding hosts of admirers wherever he went. It is an exceedingly gratifying fact to the American lover of music that the great artist found more appreciators in this country, where art is still in its infancy, than he did in England. The reason of this undoubtedly is, because the American people are rapidly learning to admire the compositions of Wagner, Liszt, and Rubinstein, the three disciples of the "music of the future," thanks to Theodore Thomas and his excellent orchestra. In the interests of Rubinstein's piano-forte music, it is to be regretted that his visit to our country was delayed so long, since he, during his stay with us, has done more for its introduction into our concert-rooms and parlors than would the recommendation of all the pro-

fessors of music in the land. This music, to be correctly appreciated, should be heard as performed by the composer himself. In his artistic veins flows a drop of the blood of Beethoven and Liszt, which makes him, in the truest sense of the word, a "genial" artist. He plays the music of the old masters, from John Sebastian Bach down, brilliantly, beyond all conception. His senses all seem absorbed in his music; he neither sees nor hears any thing else. Whether the music undergoing his interpretation be the massive fugues of Bach, the intricate difficulties of Scarlatti, or the "linked sweetness" of Mendelssohn's "Lieder Ohne Worte," in either case he seems actuated by the spirit of the composer. His delicacy of touch and management of the pedals has rarely, if ever, been equaled. He is truly a conscientious musician, living in the world of music. It is as intricately connected with his existence as the soul is with the body. It is his real mother-tongue—fingers and piano are the organs of speech. We listen to the sea of harmony, and forget all else. We think not of diligence, application, and years of hard study; we listen eagerly, leaning forward as if to drink up every sound, while our hearts get fuller and fuller, and finally overflow in a flood of gratefulness toward the player. His arrival in America will mark an epoch in the musical history of our country. During his brief stay, he has demonstrated to us the capabilities of pianism; and, should he never visit us more, we can in after years think back upon the happy hours when we sat under the spell of the playing of Anton Rubinstein.

#### APPLE-TREE VOICES.

BY NELLIE M. SOULE.

HOW ugly and awkward the tree looked, to be sure! Sitting by my chamber-window a cold March morning, I thought, 'T would be a good deed to clip off those gnarled sticks and thorn-like twigs and straighten that tree into symmetry and order. In imagination, beginning a housekeeper's task outside my "sphere," suddenly I was aware of a strange metamorphosis. The tree was alive. The gnarled sticks were hills, streets, knolls, platforms. The thorn-like twigs were the spirits of the tree—quaint, living goblins, ugly and awkward, but meaningless no longer. The hum which stole in through the window was like the thousand-noted rustle of the Summer wind among growing leaves. But no leaves were visible. It was the murmur of the apple-tree voices.

As I looked and listened, the individuality of each selfish creature grew more marked. The murmur resolved itself into voices which I could more and more clearly follow. Not one of the motley crowd was passive. Here a clownish creature, with one arm longer than the other, waved both vehemently over his small, flat head, and, turning a swift, emphatic somersault, squeaked to a few applauding fellows:

"All apples are created free and e—"

"Ecoutez! écoutez! Vive la femme! Viva!"

Queer! The voice came from a brown, beer-barrel-shaped body, standing on the tip of a twig, and with violent, rollicking gestures attracting attention to—shades of our spinster grand-aunts!—a scraggy, wizened, perpendicular elf, in a dingy garb, the same size from throat to foot, and a high scoop-bonnet, with immense crown and wide strings, knotted out of the way behind her neck. She stood on a high platform, and, in the sublime madness of eloquence, turned her concave back, from time to time, on the devout few who bent from three crooked galleries and shot up shaking heads from the breezy "pit." At an angle of forty-five degrees she held an arm, and words were darting from an invisible aperture above the visible, pointed chin.

"For are *we* not the only objects of veneration? Are we not the continuous resultant of all the forces capable of concurring in the universal perfectioning of fruit? Behold *me*, the self-sacrificing representative of perfected nature! Behold *me*, *la vraie ange gardienne* of the grand interests of vegetation! Behold *me*, the grand symbol, the uttermost fulfillment of the ages past, the highest possible intelligence, *because* all analyses have failed in apprehending—"

The first robin of Spring flew singing by, and the climax was drowned in its jubilant song. Following the bird-flight, I saw a wing above a rosy breast brush lightly the head of a tiny sprite, who whistled to himself. Suddenly, aware of some mystical influence, the ungainly body swayed to and fro, and a sly chuckle of delight preceded the song he sang:

"I'm an old little, queer little elf,  
On the loneliest twig of a tree;  
But something bids me remember  
A has been—a shall be.  
For once I did blossom myself,  
(This old little, queer little elf!)  
Ha, ha! there was soft, blushing bloom,  
Dewily, daintily breathing  
Its beautiful perfume.

But it faded and withered and fell;  
It never grew up into fruit;  
But something bids me remember  
The unlust joy took root;

And again I will blossom myself,  
(This old little, queer little elf!)  
I'll whistle and grow while the juices flow,  
And maybe an apple is coming, you know,  
Ha, ha! and so, I'll whistle—and grow—"

And here, the inspiration ebbing, he relapsed into his every-day whistle, just as an old crone, bent double with croaking, began to mutter audibly:

"All clean gone, hey? They do say all the higher bein's and the uses for us besides, to suck up juices and grow apples and die, are clean gone! It used to seem brighter somehow, and cheer us up to better ripening, when apples really went somewhere else when they fell from the tree. There were revelations of nice, warm cellars, and shelter from frosty north-winds, and glimpses of a bein' who had a use for us and cared for us; and we called the bein' Man! We old creeturs did think, maybe be there is something outside what crooked, blind goblins can see now—other fruits, and, best of all, a use for us somehow, sometime, more 'n we know on. But it's all gone, the wise uns say. Who d'ye s'pose told 'em so much? Clean gone, hey?"

She was looking straight up now, spite of the crook in her back, into the visage of a tall, spare goblin, with a white turban wound about his shaggy black hair. He seemed to hear her words, for the gnarled face turned full upon her. He picked up one of his round feet in one hand, and placed the little finger of the other, in meditative zeal, on the extremity of his long, hooked nose.

"Sh! hist!" he growled. "Keep your wish, crone. I have been to the utmost heights of our tree. I looked long and peered afar. Lo, unnumbered orchards of trees, ranged, like all things beneath us, in the beauty of order, and all growing! Do ye say the sprite of a crab-apple could have apprehended thus?"

"Nay, now; nay, now. Ye chance too far. We, the royal Nonesuch, are the continuous development of the inferior order of fruit-nature, once regnant here—the wild crab."

He stood on an upper branch, this learned speaker, and rolled his words down on the bobbing audience rapidly convening. His acorn-shaped head protruded, a black shield arched over the forehead, a huge hump disfigured his back. A hundred heads were twisted toward him, and all cried, in a *furor* of excitement: "A speech!" "Tell us how!" "Sh, sh!" "Clean gone!" "Where's your proof?" and the tumult grew so confusing I looked away to the north, and lo, a voice so sharp it pierced through the neighboring confusion and seemed to lull it, issued from a withered brown apple! It was softened by the frosts of age, and querulously

swinging up and down, while the sharp voice of it said:

"Once I was a good sound apple; but I would n't go down to be useful and bravely meet my future destiny, as a great shaking bade me. Fine to live on forever and see new races of apples appear? Nay, it's too dreary! I'm a warning. Ah me!—useless, unsightly, decayed! I might have had a happy future, but I would n't go down. Woe is me! I'm a warning! Woe-oe-oe!" and in the shuddering of his despair, he forgot to cling to the parent bough, too long and too stubbornly clasped, and fell.

Meanwhile the tumult of the concourse had dwindled to a mingled murmur of dissent and admiration, above which sounded the voices of the two learned goblins, still in fierce debate. From the black shield came down:

"We possess no definite knowledge of any thing—all is relative. No indications of first causes present themselves in our cosmos. If there be a power without this tree, and superior to it, it lies beyond the ken of scientific research. Forever exploded, then, are the ancient affirmations of tradition and superstition, children of ignorance."

The crone and the singer were tearing their hair.

"No hope, no—"

"Sh! Hist!" came up from the white turban. "Behold ye far-off apple-trees, whose spaces, whose growth, whose uniform life, speak of some great plan in process of fulfillment?"

"Because, forsooth, they developed by chance as have we," scornfully interpolated the black shield.

The hook of the white turban's nose went up, and he went on.

"Will ye tell me whence came the developing power in nature of which ye prate? Will ye prove to me that matter can develop into mind? Will ye make an orchard of trees in regular spaces, and supply the conditions of their perfection? If ye can never do this, a greater than you has done it."

"Nay, now; nay, now. Be not so lofty of mind. In the continuous evolution of natural causes, working without discoverable meaning, mayhap what ye ask shall be. Chance is powerful!"

"*Vive la chance!*" ejaculated the beer-barrel.

"So! Then indeed ye will be loftier of mind than now. But can ye prove that there exist no greater and richer fruit-natures than you! Grow to your best, black shield, unsatisfied with crab-elf attainments. Elsewhere, then, in the final use of your being, ye may

chance to be worthy of association with undiscovered species of fruit. Who proves it nay?"

"I prove it nay," retorted the black-shielded wizard. "None may assume the undiscoverable unknown."

"How did the crab assume you, and the tree-germ assume the tree, but by living their best? Why will ye grovel when there's room to soar? Because ye *will*."

The growl of the white-turbaned goblin had developed into a howl; and, as the intonations of his voice rose and fell, the weird creatures, listening, began to swing and whirl and vault, wildly careering over and around each other, till again the tumult was utterly perplexing. Looking down, I saw, on the trunk of the tree, a lichened knoll, where a limb had been removed. A voice came winding through a tiny aperture. I thought it said, "Eureka! eureka!" but was sure of the "ka" only, as the comical morsel owning the voice squirmed into view, panting and quivering. There he stood, a burlesque explorer from the roots of the tree, grizzly, gnarled, most ill-constructed of all the race. The face seemed all squinting eyes, the body all clutching hands, the feet light, swift wings. Every fiber of the goblin frame was in irrepressible activity. His eyes seized on the crowd of creatures in commotion far above him, and a convulsive chuckle seemed to come from his entire frame. Long fingers and nimble feet joined in a scramble up the tree. Twice he stopped, glared at the crowd, scrambled, tumbled on. Again the eureka—"ka!" and he tossed himself, panting still, between the heated disputants. The chuckle of entire satisfaction with which the new-comer established himself in the focus of thought captivated the goblin *claqueurs*. The spinster orator waved her scoop-bonnet solemnly in air. The beer-barrel huskily whispered, "Vive la—quelque-chose!" The whistling elf rocked eagerly to and fro; and his whistle was low. The crone croaked, "Will *he* say it's all clean gone, hey?" The black-shielded acorn-head peered down into the white-turbaned visage with an exultant "Nay, now! nay, *now!*" and, for answer, the shaggy black hair stood on end, and the little finger only turned the hooked nose higher.

"Eure-ka!" (That *was* the word!) "Correlation and conservation of all matter—that's all it is. The problem which, for ten long years—the period our race has inhabited this tree—has agitated every apple-spirit, is solved."

A confused sound of elfish laughs and goblin groans; then a breathless silence, while the explorer eyed askance his benighted fellows, exulting in his power; then jauntily he proceeded



to his solemn task of enlightenment. "Of the accurate experimentation among the roots of our tree-universe, at the downmost limits of immensity, I announce the grand result. In the original tree-germ dwell all the elements—the lime, potash, and phosphate of lime—which are discoverable in the perfected Nonesuch. There arose a need that the roots growing from the germ have earth for sustenance. The need created the earth. The wood-fiber and the vegetable protoplasm must be protected by bark. Thus the bark was developed. Concerning the nature of the crab-apple elf, we know little. The strongest effort of the inherent tree-energy must have been exerted to produce its vitality. A fine specimen of the anthropomorphous crab—'the wilding crab'—produced the magnificent Nonesuch. True, we are not yet aware of the conditions by which the reason of the one springs from the instinct of the other. Enough, however, is proved to demonstrate that what remains to be proved shall prove itself. Every thing is no better than every thing else. Lime, potash, and phosphate of lime are we all, and into lime, potash, and phosphate of lime, which forever preserve themselves, shall we return. In the years to come, the fully developed Nonesuch, with all its illustrious line of honored ancestors—crab, sap, leaf, bark, fiber, root—shall be resolved into the simple majesty of the original tree-germ. This will probably again develop, and round and round the changes chase each other. Thus, fellow-goblins, the grand problem solves itself. Toss, then, to the false breezes your dusty traditions of a planter of our apple-tree, of a pruner of dead branches, of an ingrafted higher nature, of a duty to develop into richest, spiciest fruit, of a life with other fruits hereafter, fulfilling a destiny, according to our tree-life, with an undiscoverable being ye call *man*. Lime, potash, and phosphate of lime are ye all, most noble spirits of this tree, and into them ye shall most gloriously return!"

A sound of feeling, too deep for idle words, surged down to my ear. The white turban's little finger laid itself on the head of the crooked crone; the whistler rolled to his side. Hundreds of queer creatures, all more or less deformed and twisted, gravitated around them. The ingrafting party was marshaling its forces. In the mingled murmur, that grew stronger each moment, I could distinguish words like these: "What you *prove*, we accept;" "Where you assume the *lowest*, we claim the *highest*;"

"Ha, ha! And so I'll whistle and grow,  
For my rosy round apple will come, I know;"

"If it do n't harm you, I'd rather believe 't aint all clean gone;" "Up, up!" "On, on!"—when

suddenly the sun, bursting from a dark cloud that had shrouded his face, glowed full upon the tree and its genii.

In the flash, they vanished.

## DISCOURAGEMENT.

BY MRS. STERLING.

"H, I wish mother would come!" sighed a young housekeeper, as she left her work-table, and, with smoothing-iron in hand, went to the window and gazed out long and wistfully adown the road. A flush of weariness was on her delicate cheek, and a mist of tender longing in her blue eyes, as she spoke this wish aloud to her heart. You must know that this young housekeeper had but lately left her girlhood home, with its loved inmates and clustering affections, for this home of her husband, and the cares and responsibilities of married life. Was she unhappy? No; this home of which she had become mistress was also a beautiful one—a model of convenience, and furnished, by loving hands, with many comforts. And this husband, for whom she had left much, was, as the world hath it, in no mean compliment, a "splendid provider," and a man who, in every respect, meant to be kind.

So Emily was, in the main, cheerful and happy, and carried her frail strength patiently and with very good skill through the thousand and one labors and cares of a farmer's home—attending to her dairy; waiting upon the many neighbors who, curiously or kindly, as the case may be, came to visit her; and, above all, striving to study and gratify the wishes of the husband, whose approval was her sweetest earthly reward. But we all meet with our discouragements, and are grieved at times by "sharp arrows" which drive us tearfully to the Friend who knoweth our sorrows, and which cause the heart to cry out, as did Emily's, for the tender love of father, mother, brother, or sister—the dear *home-love*, which is next our Savior's in its faithfulness!

The afternoon before the day upon which we introduce our little heroine, she had accepted an invitation to visit with a few neighbors, and went, less from inclination than to please the hostess, and to be friendly. As is often the case, the chitchat of the ladies ran high upon domestic matters—upon this and that, at random. Emily listened, without noticing any thing especially new or profound in the chatter. Suddenly, two of the group—a maiden lady (one who was very apt to constitute herself general judge), and a smart young woman, who secretly

envied Emily her position—turned upon her, and in one breath exclaimed: "I should n't think *you* would have any thing to do. What do you find to keep yourself busy about?"

This foolish question, accompanied by the sharp and slightly malicious look, failed to elicit any special reply from Emily, who sat feeling that a cold hand had suddenly struck her sensitive heart; that heart struggling bravely, day by day, through its toils, its little trials and discouragements, bearing its own precious secret and infirmity of coming motherhood. She felt that her efforts deserved far different appreciation and sympathy from this. How far away the foolish words seemed to put the new idea she had of late been cherishing—of procuring a little handmaiden to assist her in her labors.

If they thought she had nothing to do now, how meanly would they think of her were she to get help to do that nothing?

An older, a stronger, and more independent woman will Emily be one day, when such remarks will pass by her as the idle wind; but at present they *wound*, as it is intended they *should* do.

Leaving our poor heroine silent and stricken in her corner, the elder of the two women, having failed to learn, through her own invalidism, the sweet lesson of charity, goes on to rate the thriftlessness and short-coming of a sickly woman across the way—a poor tenant woman, whose bodily sufferings and poverty, and the burden of a numerous young family pressing upon her, had often excited Emily's pity. And in defense of her, on the present occasion, Emily ventures a timid word, not ineffectually. O, sweet Christian charity, where art thou? If "man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn," I sadly fear that woman's inhumanity to woman is not far less grievous.

Happily, Emily's neighbors are not all of the stamp of these of whom we have been speaking. Numbers are truly kind-hearted and intelligent. One, especially, enjoys the respect of *all* these various minds. She has been recommended to Emily with the rare praise, "She never speaks against any one." This Mrs. Severns has noticed and sought Emily, the new neighbor, as an acquaintance. On a bright Winter day, we find our heroine transported to the sitting-room of this genuine lady and practical Christian woman. After the preliminary greetings, Mrs. S. remarks, proffering her an easy-chair, "You look pale. Are you not well?" and inquires, in the same connection, if Emily is without "help" now. The twining vines and greenhouse plants in Mrs. Severns's pleasant southern windows seem to expand and rejoice

as they stretch their tendrils to the unexcluded sunlight. So does every thing rejoice and unfold its better nature in the home irradiated by the presence of this sweet lady. Emily feels the petals of her own heart—the poor little mimosa!—gradually to open and grow bright beneath the genial sociality of Mrs. S. With a delicate tact and discernment, she speaks of the loneliness and trials of her first years of married life, when these country neighbors stood aloof from her in jealous diffidence, because "she was from the city;" of her hopeless craving for the *mother* whom God took to himself in her childhood. Then, as if casually, she mentions Emily's reputation in the neighborhood as a "successful housekeeper;" and, divining her precious secret, she speaks of her own children, and assures Emily of the incomparable reward and happiness of motherhood.

Sweet words of encouragement, like "apples of gold in pictures of silver!" How beautiful, how Christ-like, they are!

"O, the kindly word and the kindly deed  
That hath cheered the sad heart in its sorest need!  
*Sweet shall the harvest be!*"

## TIRED OF HOUSE-WORK.

BY MRS. J. R. M'CONAUGHY.

TWO young girls, employed as domestics in two good families in the city, met one evening for a little social chat in the room of the elder. They were much above the average of their class, and were highly valued by their respective employers. They commanded good wages, and never had seen the inside of an intelligence office in their lives. Nor were they ever likely to. Good domestics of their stamp were always in too great demand. A dozen homes, where they were known, would be glad to secure their services.

Mary's room was small, but pleasant, and neatly furnished. She worked for a lady who remembered the Golden Rule, and did not put a girl in a suffocating attic to smother through August nights, when there was plenty of house-room to spare which was more comfortable.

But Mary and Belle were growing dissatisfied.

"I think we might do something better than just 'live out' all our lives," said Mary. "I am tired of this work and worry all day, and yet very likely you may not give satisfaction. Mrs. Rogers was vexed as she could be this morning, because I let the bread burn a little on the bottom; and I was half a mind to tell her she had better find some one that could do better. She is so particular about every little

thing. If I let the broom stand in the corner five minutes, she is sure to tell me to hang it up. And so saving, too, of every little scrap of suet or dry bread, I dare not waste the crumbs from the bread-plate. She has me save them in a basin to put in with the meat-dressing. So, too, the crusts have to be toasted in the oven, and saved for the same purpose. As well off as she is, it would not hurt her to buy a stale loaf for meat-dressing."

"Well, Mrs. Ames is n't so stingy as that; but she makes me scrub the front steps every week, and wash the front windows every fortnight; and I do n't like such public work in my old morning-dress. She might hire a woman for such business. What do folks think passing by, to see me out in such a rig? I, too, wish I could do something besides 'live out;' something I could be independent in, and go and come as I pleased."

"I have been thinking, Belle, that if we could put our savings together and get us a good sewing-machine, it would be just the thing. I understand making pantaloons, and you could soon learn to sew on the machine. Then we could work together; you could sew the seams and I could finish the work. We could rent a little room and buy our provisions, and live as cozy as you please. It would be such a rest. We could rise when we pleased and be our own mistresses. If we chose to go out of an afternoon, we need ask nobody's leave. Would n't it be splendid?"

"Indeed it would, Mary, and I am perfectly willing to go into the enterprise. I have always wished to own a machine. Have we enough in the savings-bank to buy one?"

A careful computation of their money resources was quite satisfactory. Mary was well informed on the subject of sewing-machines, and knew which she would prefer. There would be a little surplus to buy a few plain things for their room, and may be pay a month's rent in advance; so they would start with every thing favorable for trying their experiment.

Both were good, capable, efficient girls, and no time was wasted in making all needful inquiries about work. Here, too, they were successful. Their tidy, intelligent appearance, and the efficient manner in which they proceeded to inquire about the business, was a recommendation that told powerfully in their favor. A glance showed the manufacturer that they did not belong to the great army of "the incapables." Besides, they were not in want, so they were entitled to consideration. A hundred would be ready to help a man who did not need help.

Arrangements were satisfactorily made, and

proper notice given to their employers, who were very sorry to part with the girls, and then they took possession of their little room and "set up for themselves."

It was not just the sort of room their fancy had pictured, nor nearly so good as they had at their former homes; but that could have been overlooked. A more serious drawback to their comfort consisted in the undesirable neighbors they had among the other tenants. They were of a rougher class than our two girls had ever mingled with, and they could not but feel a little afraid when the sounds of uproarious mirth sometimes came echoing up the stairs and through the dusky halls at evening. It seemed so different from the quiet and security of the beautiful homes they had left. However, it was the best their means would allow. It was counted a decent neighborhood, though rough. No doubt they should soon get accustomed to it.

All else seemed very delightful while the novelty lasted. They had all the work they could do, and were paid their small wages promptly, as soon as the work was returned. It was criticised sharply, it is true, and the slightest imperfection pointed out; but, on the whole, they fared far better than their class generally, because they were faithful here as they had been at service. Such talent is always appreciated in every walk in life. It is as true in home-work and needle-work, as Daniel Webster told a young man that it was in the law profession, "there is always room *up-stairs*."

But by and by the pressure began to grow irksome. This close confinement to one cheerless room all day; this constant stitch, stitch, wore on their health and spirits. It would have been a pleasant change to sweep and dust the beautiful parlors, to arrange the fair flowers in the hanging-basket, and inhale their sweet perfume. They longed for a sight of the little children, who used to be so fond of them, and who, they knew, would bound with delight to welcome them once more.

They had never yet had an afternoon out. They served a harder task-master than any they had ever known before. Necessity kept an iron rule over them, and left no margin for recreation. They must work, work, early and late, or their money would come short.

They had bought a little stove, on which to cook their food; but it was little used for the purpose. They had no time to cook. So they lunched on cold, cheap food they could buy, until they almost loathed it.

"O, Mary," said Belle, "how I should enjoy getting up a nice breakfast in Mrs. Ames's



beautiful kitchen this morning! They always praised my steaks and breakfast-cakes. I had learned just how to suit them. I wonder if the new girl suits as well," she added, with a sigh. "I really long for such good meals as we used to have, and yet we thought nothing of it at the time. It is worth something to get such board, all thrown in with our wages. We never considered that any thing when we lived out. Ten dollars a week would not buy us such board and lodging as we had in our places."

"I know it, Belle; I have thought of Mrs. Rogers's beautiful table many a time when we have breakfasted on cold bread and butter and water. But one thing I miss more than that—the range of her handsome house, up-stairs and down. It would do me good to look through the rooms once more. Then, too, we felt protected as much as the children did; that was our home, and no one dared to speak rudely to us. I am often afraid here—more than I have ever told you. It is a very hard thing for a young girl to be without a home in this great city."

"I feel afraid on Sunday more than any other day. I think the men below must drink a great deal on that day; for they are all at home and have no work. I do n't believe two families in the house go to church. Do n't you believe we could find a better room somewhere, Mary? You know more of the city than I do."

"Not for any sum we could pay. Rents are so very high; besides, if we could, the expense of moving our few things would be more than we could afford."

"How shabby my clothes are getting, Mary! I thought when I had a machine I should be able to keep them in the nicest order; but I seem never to get a moment's time to sew for myself. And as for buying new clothes for Winter, I do n't see how it is to be done. We seem to get nothing ahead."

"How many little expenses there are to take up one's wages that we never thought of before! How often the oil-can gets empty! How different from our old fashion of turning on the gas, and thinking no more of the expense of it! How much it costs to get coal, and pay for our washing! I think we shall have to try and do that ourselves this Winter, in some fashion. But how, in this little room, I do n't see, with no conveniences." And she glanced about her, and sighed at the cheerless prospect.

As Winter drew on, the army of the "incapables" crowded in, and, as they were eager for work, work at any price, sewing wages were reduced to starvation rates. Mary expostulated

with her employer; but a cold, hard smile was her only answer. He was reaping a golden harvest from the necessities of the poor. He was earning money out of the bodies and souls of God's suffering ones. Ah, such gold will be found at last to be "cankered!" It will eat like a rust into the soul; it will burn like a fire that shall consume the very marrow of the bones; it will be a "swift witness" against its possessor in that day when the Lord comes down to take account of his stewards.

"What shall we do, Mary?" sobbed Belle, as she threw herself on her poor cot, and burst into a flood of tears; "we can never live on such wages. Besides, my eyes are so weary, and my head aches so every evening, I do n't see how I can sew at night."

"Yet we can not get on without it, Belle. Our evenings now are equal to a good half-day's sewing. I am tired too, and half-sick all the time; I wish we had never undertaken this business."

"I have wished it hundreds of times, Mary; but I did not like to say so."

"That was kind of you, as it was my proposal in the first place; but now that I have got you into such a difficulty, it is only fair I should see you safe out of it. Would you go to service again?"

"Indeed, I'd jump at the chance, if we were once free here."

"I will go, to-morrow, to Mrs. Rogers, and tell her just how we are situated, and get her advice. She was always a good friend to me, and I know she will never laugh at our difficulties. She will give us good, sound advice; and I think we are in a position to appreciate it. The face of a friend would do me good to-night."

The tears came to Mary's eyes as well as to that of her friend; but there was more hope in their hearts than they had known for many a day, in the prospect of seeing Mrs. Rogers and getting her opinion of what it would be best to do. So, taking time the next day, Mary repaired to the well-known street, and ascended the well-known steps. She felt sure of a cordial welcome; for Mrs. Rogers was a Christian woman, and felt an interest in those whom God placed under her influence, in whatever capacity they were employed.

She listened with interest to Mary's recital of her experience as a sewing-girl, and sat for a time thoughtful and absent. She had been sorry to part with her in the first place; but had not tried particularly to dissuade her, because she really thought the girl might perhaps better her circumstances. She knew little about the condition of sewing-women; and it had



seemed reasonable that Mary would succeed if any one could. At length she said:

"I do believe, Mary, that the best thing you could do would be to go out to work again. I think at the end of the year you would have much more money saved, and much better clothes, besides being far more comfortable and happy as you went along. You would really have more time for reading and sewing, far better and healthier food, and better health to begin another year's work. You are not looking nearly as well as when you went away."

"And I am not feeling nearly as well. I have almost constant headache, and so does Belle."

"At this rate, you will probably lose considerable time by sickness before the year is out, while your expenses will go on just the same."

"But what could I do with the machine, and the few things we have got together?"

"I presume the machine could be sold. I will ask my husband about it. You could probably dispose of the other things also; though most likely at some sacrifice."

"Do you know of any one who wants a girl?" asked Mary, rather despondently.

"I do, for one person," said Mrs. Rogers, with a smile.

Mary brightened visibly. "Do you want me?" she asked, a little anxiously.

"Yes, Mary, if you wish to come back. I am about changing help, as Hannah does not know how to cook at all, and seems incapable of learning."

Mary's spirits rose immensely. But she thought of the poor young girl she had left crying at the poor room they called home. She could not bear to leave her out of her plans.

"Do you know of any one who would like to employ Belle, Mrs. Rogers?"

"Mrs. Atkins was telling me yesterday she was looking out for a new chambermaid, and a girl to help about the sewing. I think she would be just suited with Belle. She is such a faithful, honest girl; and I presume she has learned considerable about sewing. She will give very good wages to a girl who can sew on the machine."

Mary tripped off down to the old tenement house with a glad heart.

"Cheer up, Belle," she said as she caught her in her arms, and laughed and cried for pleasure; "we'll be out of this to-morrow. Good-bye to this old room, then, forever, I hope. I have had experience enough of making an independent living."

Then she sat down, and narrated all her

interview with kind Mrs. Rogers; and Belle busied herself in packing her trunk by the time she was half through.

"What we shall do with our things is the only trouble," said prudent Mary, looking around thoughtfully.

"Pitch them into the street," said Belle, excitedly, "rather than stay here to watch them."

It all came out better than they had anticipated. Mr. Rogers kindly took the matter in hand—glad enough to do it, for the sake of getting their Mary back again, and thus saving his wife the annoyance and labor of the past few months. So, with a somewhat lighter pocket, but with large additions of dear-bought wisdom, the girls returned to house-work again, and did not leave their respective employers until they set up housekeeping for themselves, under much more cheerful circumstances. They married respectable working-men, who had the good judgment not to choose wives who had been brought up to shop-work and knew nothing about economy and skill in managing domestic affairs.

It is getting to be a hard matter to find American girls who will go out to do house-work. But the few who are thus employed in good families are, as a rule, far more prosperous, far more respected and happy, and make far better settlements in life, than the vast array of shop and factory girls. Many domestics lay by a considerable part of their wages. I knew one who had a thousand dollars in Government bonds; yet she could neither read nor write. A large sum is sent over every year to Ireland, by domestics, who remember thus lovingly the destitute friends they have left in the old home-land.

All a domestic's wages is clear gain. She has no outlay for rent, for board, for washing, for fuel, or light. The sewing-woman has all such outlays to meet on a less income for the average. It is really the best-paying work for our young working-girls that they can engage in, and one that is, by far, the best, when their moral and social welfare is considered; and this is a consideration far exceeding in importance every other. "What should it profit to gain the whole world," and lose one's self, body and soul?

GENTILITY is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion, but in the mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness toward those with whom you have dealings, are the essential characteristics of a gentleman.

## CRITICS AND THEIR CRITICISMS.

BY ETHEL OAKWOOD.

THERE are properly but two classes of critics—the false and the true. It can not be denied that each critic has his own peculiarities; but the only characteristics common to the entire genus are those for which the whole world are battling—truth and falsity. It is sometimes said there are three kinds of people in the world—the positively good, the positively bad, and an intermediate or neuter class; but I would ignore this intermediate class. These so-called negative characters do quite as much, often more, harm than those who declare themselves directly opposed to the good and true. This seeming disinclination to do wrong serves as a mask to the real character; and we also remember that “he who is not for us is against us,” spoken eighteen hundred years ago, still holds true. But, considering it true, we can not thus classify critics and their criticisms.

Criticism is indigenous to the human heart, growing luxuriantly in this genial soil. A goodly vine it is too, if rightly trained; but, having been allowed to run about at will, all untrimmed and uncultivated, it has fallen into disrepute, and is fast becoming a most disagreeable product. Like too many of its neighbors, it has degenerated; and, to most ears and hearts, it has lost its early significance. To ears accustomed to hear only sharp, biting criticism, it has lost all kindly meaning. To hearts smarting from wounds inflicted by careless, thoughtless tongues, it has no better import than that ugly word, fault-finding. Speak to them of a flattering criticism, if you would see their eyes open in amazement.

Have you been both so fortunate and so unfortunate as to escape criticism?—fortunate, because you have been saved much pain and bitterness arising from unjust criticism; and unfortunate, because we will not, can not, be perfectly developed without true, well-timed criticism. You have only to place before the public your choicest, most cherished work to encounter this prodigy. Put your most finished painting before them. Be assured your work will receive due attention, if it has any real merits; and, ten cases to one, the buzz of the false critics will entirely drown the criticisms of the true.

You will be told, by those who are *beyond criticism*, what a daub you have made of that figure, of the incorrectness of that perspective, of the faultiness of your lights and shadows; and in a manner, too, that will almost annihilate the timid ones! Not a word, however, will you

hear of the praiseworthy points in your work. Those are only what the whole should have been. You have simply done your duty. It might make you vain and egotistical to say, “Well done! persevere.”

But, if you desire still greater honors, just write an article for some popular paper. Dare to assert your own individuality, be yourself, write what you feel and think, and you may be sure your article will be taken in hand by the reading public, and your temerity justly punished. Mr. A. declares your opinions incorrect, your reasoning illogical, your subject trite. Miss B. is shocked at your language; wonders when you studied grammar and rhetoric; is struck by your superfluous adjectives, and stubs her dear little toes against a preposition, or some other equally insignificant word, at the end of every sentence; and a whole troop of would-be critics follow with their respective lists of “ands” and “O’s” and “ahs.” Opposed to these impostors are the real critics—those who judiciously point out the faulty and also the praiseworthy parts of our work; who kindly suggest how one may be corrected, the other increased. No maliciousness here. These will not consider us utterly deficient in ability, if we should close a sentence with an “it,” or should say what we think. These will keep us from becoming egotistical, and, in the end, make us strong and self-reliant.

How necessary it is that the parent, the teacher, the husband and wife, the friend, should each possess the culture, the discrimination, the tact, necessary to criticise truly! Many a person, with “ten talents” for the profession he would choose, has been actually driven from the desired vocation by the untrue or ill-timed criticism of a supposed authority. O, when will these things cease? When will people learn true discernment?

## OLD WHITBY.

BY REV. J. F. HURST, D. D.

**W**HEN the east coast of England, there is a little old town, not well known to tourists, but which would well repay the visit of a pleasure-seeker, or an inquirer after knowledge. We refer to Whitby, a quite out-of-the-way place, and having an historical interest peculiar to itself. It dates from very remote times. In fact, it seems to have been a place of note when London was only a hamlet.

No doubt its importance as a sea-port was perceived in very early times, for it possesses a harbor—small, indeed, yet large enough for

the necessities of those times, and perfectly sheltered. Lofly cliffs surround it on both sides, and leave only a narrow entrance for vessels. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Whitby was an important sea-port, ranking, from the number of vessels in its harbor, as third or fourth in the kingdom. From it, Captain Cook sailed on his first voyage; and Whitby takes no little credit to itself for having furnished England with one of her bravest and most successful navigators. This celebrated man was born a few miles from Whitby; and the traveler by rail to Newcastle may see his monument (an obelisk) on one of the highest of the Cleveland hills—the most conspicuous object in the landscape for miles round.

But the chief historical association connected with Whitby is that of its abbey. The ruins of this edifice are the first object that attracts the attention of the visitor, approaching by either land or water. They stand on the edge of a cliff which rises two hundred feet above the sea. The ruins attest the original magnitude of the pile. The chancel and the north transept are the only portions now standing, except a little of the western wall and tower. In a few more years, this hoary building will probably be almost completely demolished, since it is exposed to the fierce blasts of the German Ocean, though we are glad to learn that its present owner is taking some means to preserve it from further decay.

The founder of the Abbey of Streonshahl (for such is its Saxon cognomen) was Ella, King of Northumberland. He vowed that, if he were victorious over a certain foe, he would found a religious house; and, being successful, this abbey was the result. A little to the north of Whitby there was then a cloister; and from this place a nun was taken, and made abbess of the new foundation. On her decease, Lady Hilda, the daughter of the king, who had taken the vows, became the abbess. Under her superintendence, the place rose to great celebrity. Students came from all parts, even from Ireland and France, attracted by the fame of its learning and the sanctity of its principal. During the life-time of Lady Hilda, however, it reached the climax of its glory, if not of its power. She was canonized after her death; and, to this day, the place is known as St. Hilda's Abbey.

To this abbey is also due the honor of having witnessed the first British opposition to the Church of Rome. The English, Irish, and Scotch bishops met in solemn conclave here, to consider whether they should submit to some of the new doctrines promulgated by Rome;

for the British Christians claimed to possess the pure truths of Christianity as preached by the apostles, while heresies and strange doctrines had crept into the Romish Church. They decided not to submit.

In the times of the Danish invasions of England, Streonshahl was twice sacked and burned, but each time rebuilt. Its last rebuilding dates from the Roman period, and its last sacking from the reign of Henry VIII. Like many other religious institutions of the time of the Reformation, St. Hilda's Abbey had become immensely rich, and fearfully dissolute. Its income equaled that of a prince; and its abbot yearly made his journey to London, to sit in state in the House of Lords, like a prince of the realm. By the fiat of the august "Defender of the Faith," Streonshahl was stripped of its revenues, its brotherhood was driven forth, its place and treasures confiscated, its roof was denuded of its lead, and the tower of its bell, and the once noble edifice was left to the mercy of time and tide—destroyers less ruthless than the avaricious monarch. From that time to within a few years, it was left unprotected. It became a common quarry for any one who wanted to erect a house or construct a pig-sty.

There is a name, however, connected with the abbey, without mention of which a description would not be complete. We refer to that of Cædmon, one of the earliest and most important names of our literature. Cædmon was a cow-herd; and, in those times, it was the custom, when the day's work was done, to sit round the fire, and sing or tell tales, for entertainment; but he, knowing neither song nor story, retired to hide his shame in the cow-house. There he fell asleep, and dreamed; and, in his dream, an angel came to him, and asked him why he did not sing; when, upon answering that he knew no song, the angel told him to sing of the Creation. Accordingly, he arose, and sang a hymn on the Creation. He afterward entered the abbey, and studied and wrote. Some of his poetry is still extant.

Another personage of note claims a word—Thomas Chaloner. It is necessary to premise that, at one time, the Pope held the monopoly of the manufacture of alum. During the reign of Queen Mary, the above-mentioned gentleman was on his travels in Italy, and had the opportunity of seeing the Pope's alum-works, near Rome, which were the only ones of the kind then in Europe. After a careful examination of them, he came to the conclusion that there was a mineral of exactly the same description to be found near Gisborough—a place close to Whitby—and thought that, by establishing its



manufacture there, he might materially advance the interests of his family. Partly by presents of money, and partly by promises of large rewards, he persuaded two or three of the Pope's workmen to go to England. But there was a difficulty in getting them away; for, had the plot been discovered, they would all have been severely punished. However, it was managed, and in this way: Each of the men was placed in a cask, and thus conveyed on board an English ship. Shortly afterward, Thomas Chaloner (afterward *Sir* Thomas Chaloner) built alum-works at Gisborough. When the Pope heard of the trick which had been played upon him, his anger knew no bounds, as the malediction fulminated against Chaloner testifies. The language is so vile that we forbear to repeat it here. We refer the curious reader, however, to Sterne's "*Tristram Shandy*" for the terrible formula.

Whitby is celebrated also in another respect; namely, for its jet. This mineral is found in great quantities there, and in the neighborhood. Formerly it was procured in abundance along the cliffs, especially in those at Land's-End; but these mines are now exhausted, and the principal supply is procured from the Cleveland hills. It is dug from the mines in layers, or flakes, seldom more than an inch in thickness, but most frequently not so thick, and varying in length from a few inches to many feet. In the workshops of the town, it is cut up, and then ground or carved into all kinds of ornaments, and thence sent to all parts of the world. There are from eleven to twelve hundred jet-workers in Whitby. Mineralogists are not agreed as to the formation of this substance, although it is pretty generally believed that it is of vegetable origin, similar to coal, since, like the latter substance, it burns, and gives forth a hot and brilliant flame. A manufacturer of the place informed us that any one who could discover a mode of melting up the refuse jet of the workshops, and converting it again into a workable article, would realize a fortune.

We have shown that Whitby, though small and out of the way, is far from being devoid of interest; yet we have not, by half, exhausted its fund of curiosity. Besides its historical and commercial importance, it is equally so geologically. The rocks around the town are replete with fossils of the tertiary period. Not long ago, a gigantic monster of the antediluvian world, measuring some thirteen feet, was dug out of the rocks at Robin Hood's Bay, a fishing-village about six miles from Whitby.

In addition to these, there is an archæological interest attached to the place; for on the moors

around the town exist numerous barrows, or ancient British burial-places, in which have been found various implements, such as flint arrow-heads, knives, hammers, combs, and beads pertaining to those times, many fine specimens of which may be seen in the Whitby Museum.

To describe the quaint legendary lore of the neighborhood would occupy a volume; yet it would repay the trouble of research. Few places in England retain their fanciful superstitions as Whitby does; for, isolated in its position, and only within a few years having been connected by railway with the interior, it has not had much contact with the external world. One or two instances will serve to close this article. One of the most popular legends of the place is that relating to the snakes, which were once said to abound in the vicinity, and which were turned into stone by St. Hilda. This has reference to the numberless circular fossils which are found in the cliffs about Whitby. We find mention of this in Scott's "*Marmion*:"

"They told how, in the convent cell,  
A Saxon princess once did dwell,  
The lovely Edelfeld;  
And how, of thousand snakes, each one  
Was changed into a coil of stone  
When holy Hilda prayed:  
Themselves, within their holy bound,  
Their stony folds had often found."

There is another superstition relating to the above-mentioned lady, which says that she appears every day, at twelve o'clock, in one of the abbey windows. The last one we shall mention has reference to the sacking of the abbey by Henry VIII. It is said that the ship which bore away the bell from the tower was lost in a storm on the rocks outside the harbor; and the superstition avers that, to this day, the fisherman, on tempestuous days, can hear the bell tolling beneath the waves.

## HOME MISSIONARIES.

BY MRS. M. C. WILDIE.

A LITTLE more than a year ago, many of our town's-women gathered in the Methodist Episcopal Church to listen to an address by one of the most ardent workers in the missionary cause. The appeal was earnest and well-directed; and, at the close, after reading the Constitution of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, an Auxiliary Society was formed, enrolling the names of a majority of the ladies present; officers were elected, a time and place for the first meeting appointed, a goodly number of



subscribers added to the list of the *Heathen Woman's Friend*, and the ladies dispersed, carrying to their homes warmer heart-throbs, quickened sense of responsibilities, and deeper, truer Christian love.

Supported by energetic women with sincere purpose, the Society grew steadily, and in six months had dispensed creditable charities, with comforting results. While its members were laboring zealously to benefit their benighted sisters, they were not unconscious of a rebounding influence manifest by their own growth in spiritual life, and the increased intellectual strength brought out at the meetings. There were selected readings and original essays; and the president possessed rare tact for guiding the general conversation into pleasantly instructive channels.

One bright Autumn day, at the close of a session that was as full of interest as the ladies were of enthusiasm, the question nearest every heart was, how best to raise means to maintain the largest number of girls at the Bareilly Orphanage without infringing on sundry other claims. Vividly presented, this subject had gained warmest sympathy; none more genuine than that of Mrs. Blake, our class-leader's wife.

"It is so pitiable," she said; "girls growing up to womanhood and wifedom and motherhood, knowing absolutely nothing. If they could be taught, if only to read and write, and understand the Bible, what a blessing it would be to them! and even a greater one to their children. We *must* do all we can, and we shall not know how much that is, till we go to our closets, and ask direction from our Father and *theirs*."

Then the president gave the appointments for the next meeting:

"At Mrs. Bishop's next. Committee to prepare sewing—Mrs. Levett, Miss Jaynes, Mrs. Brown.

"Committee on Indian-meal Supper—Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Lowell, Miss Bishop.

"Recitation—Miss Murray.

"Reader—Mrs. Hague.

"Essayist—Well, Miss Blain, it is but fair to take your turn; if you do not object, I shall appoint you."

The person addressed raised her eyes from the work with which she was engrossed; then, with a quiet inclination of the head, signified consent.

"Very well. Essayist, Miss Blain; and, Miss Blain, give us something practical, in true missionary spirit."

Again the wordless assent. It was not until the other ladies had donned hats and cloaks, and most of them left the house, that the head

was lifted, the garment folded, and laid in the "Society basket." Then she tied on her bonnet, said "Good-night," and passed silently out.

All her life, Mary Blain had lived with her still mother in the village, and for years had passed in and out of its homes, as "the music-teacher." It was simply a matter of fact that Mary never talked; yet she excelled in her vocation, and had her patrons been questioned as to her stillness, they would have answered, laughingly, "O, Mary speaks with her fingers."

So it had been a matter of course that she furnished instrumental music for the missionary meetings; but this was her first appointment as essayist.

The days flew by, as all intervals will, and the society convened at an early hour, in order to accomplish the usual business, and be prepared for the supper. For we had learned the policy of preparing occasional entertainments for those who were not as devoted to the cause; and a glimpse into Mrs. Bishop's kitchen revealed every known combination of Indian-meal, from mush-and-milk and Johnny-cake, through gradations of brown bread and hot puddings, to frosted sweet-cakes and puff-tarts; and, in the evening, the house would open wide its hospitable doors to gather in the people—and the money.

Mrs. Hague had read an admirable selection on the "Education of Girls," and a pathetic poem, "Indian Women." Miss Murray had recited "India," and late in the afternoon Miss Blain was called on for her essay. There had been some curiosity as to what she would write, and how she could summon confidence to read it; and more than one pitied the diffident girl, as with paper visibly trembling, she began:

#### HOME MISSIONARIES.

In my endeavor to comply with the wish of our president, and "give you something practical, in true missionary spirit," I present a few thoughts not new to me, and probably not new to my sisters, but which seem to have been lost sight of—somewhat as far-sighted people can not see distinctly the objects nearest to them, while those afar are viewed with remarkable clearness of vision. I do not intend taking the place of an optometer, but simply to call your attention to this defect in the mental optic, believing that each individual will be best qualified to gauge the limits of her own vision.

To be practical is not always to be personal; but believing that my friends possess true missionary spirit, I have ventured to bring this subject closely home in a way that I trust will not prove offensive to those I so much respect.

[There were suspended needles, wondering looks, and expectant attention. Miss Blain changed the leaves of her manuscript, and in a firmer voice resumed:]

Going into the kitchen early, the morning after our last meeting, I found the boy, engaged to make himself generally useful at our house this Winter, building the fire. I took the broom, and commenced sweeping; then, turning suddenly, addressed him, for the first time, on other subjects than his work:

"Jimmy," I asked, "how old are you?"

"Fifteen, mum," he answered with a surprised look.

"Can you read?"

"Niver a bit, mum."

"Can your mother or father read?"

"An' shure an' they can 't, mum."

"Have you a Bible?"

"Mum?"

"Have you a Bible or a Testament?"

"Indade an' I've not; but I've a missal an' a rosary, blessed by our own patron, St. James hisself."

"Well, Jimmy, I am sorry you can not go to school, but your mother needs the help of your earnings; you will have plenty of work to do; but we will save a little time for study, and if you try hard, I will have you reading, writing, and well into Arithmetic, before Winter is gone."

"Indade, mum, an' if ye do that same, I'll go nigh to sarve ye the rest o' me days."

And Jimmy seized the tea-kettle, and rushed to the pump, without once thinking that the stove was left open and smoking, or that pails were an excellent invention for carrying water.

My first lesson that morning was at our class-leader's. While it was in progress, I watched the stout-looking Welsh girl at her morning work. That she was verdant, and that her mistress was about as weary looking after her as she would have been doing the work, was evident.

"I declare," said the little woman, preparing to wash and dress the lusty-voiced occupant of the cradle. "Here this poor baby has lain all the morning. Such work as I do have with help; nurse is laid up with neuralgia, the children need all my time, and the house is in a pitiable state! 'Gusta was just getting to be a real help as she must needs marry. I've tried half a dozen since. Some were lazy, some were filthy, some would steal, and all were ignorant as this baby."

"And this one?" I asked.

"She's honest and willing, so I have a little hope."

"Can she read?"

"No. I don't remember that I ever had a girl who could. If they could get a meal on the table properly, their education was about finished."

I did not answer; but I wondered if my friend, always busied with housewifely cares, and working conscientiously for Church and benevolence, could manage to give a few minutes of each day to this "heathen nearer home."

The next hour found me at the generous home where our Society had met the previous afternoon. Bustle and activity reigned—sweeping, dusting, shaking, and arranging.

"I guess you'll have to sit in the dining-room till Jane gets through clearing the parlor," was the salutation of our hostess. "You see," she continued, "Society-day always brings dust and disorder; but I do n't mind that. It's a real pleasure to know that we are doing something toward the spread of the Gospel. I felt quite dissatisfied with my supper last night; but the rules are so strict one can't have any variety."

"If some had expensive teas, others, with equal interest in the work, might be debarred from entertaining the Society by the expense and trouble. I do not know any very great objection to a social cup of tea; but it would be less work to meet in the vestry without supper as a rule."

"O, I dare say; but for my part, if it costs a little trouble I am the more conscious of making an effort to benefit my fellow-creatures. Jane," she called to the girl who was dusting the parlor, and through the open window could be seen examining the engravings of the last REPOSITORY, "Jane, you have n't any time to waste. Miss Blain is waiting to give Helen's lesson. That girl is always stopping to look at the books; it's no wonder she is so slow."

"Can she read?" I asked, quickly.

"A little. She never attended school."

"Do n't you think if you took a little trouble to teach her, you would be conscious of making an effort to benefit your fellow-creatures?" I queried, frightened at my own temerity.

"What do you mean? I'm sure I do all in my power for my help. If you ever have the care of a large family, you will find your heart and hands about full, without adding the responsibility of tutor to your maid-of-all-work;" and the dignified lady looked, as she felt, astonished at my audacity.

The next call was at our president's. I found her with an enthusiastic project for aiding the Bareilly plan. My pupil was not quite ready; so I stepped on to the piazza to watch the gardener arranging plants for the greenhouse.

He called my attention to a particularly fine plant. It gave me an opportunity to speak to him.

"You have spent a long life caring for the beautiful?"

"Yes, ma'am; gardening is profitable. It pays double, you see—the money and the beauty. See that pile of seeds for next year; as I do 'em up, Miss Helen labels 'em."

"Can't you write?"

"No. I never had no time for learnin'," and the man's face grew sober. "But my boys all go to school 'cept Jerome, and he 's workin' here."

"Can he read?"

"O yes, ma'am; but he 's a-wantin' to study cipherin' and g'oggerphy."

"See here," I said to my pupil, "you must be a little missionary, and teach Jerome."

Her mother agreed to the plan.

"And Betty," I said; "can she read?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered the lady. "We are always so busy that we have little time to devote to the servants aside from necessary instruction in their work."

During the week I have called not only on the families to which the members of my class belong, but on other members of our Church and Missionary Society; and while I met everywhere kindly feelings toward the "help," I have found but two girls, Germans, who could read even their native language. To recount my experience in each case would not be wise; but I have ventured to mention those who are not only warm personal friends, but who mean faithfully to discharge every duty. I appreciate the difficulties to be met by one who undertakes the onerous duties of home missionary; but they are trifling compared with those overcome by laborers in foreign lands. Are souls more precious because far away? If it is pitiable to think of girls in India growing up to womanhood, wifehood, and motherhood, knowing absolutely nothing, is it not equally distressing to see girls in our own America, who are to become mothers of our countrymen, and to whose training will be committed a large share of the political, intellectual, and spiritual strength of our country, knowing absolutely nothing, aside from the mere routine of household drudgery?

Is it not possible that some of us, eager to give time and means to benefit our distant sisters, are leaving without cultivation a field of labor within the reach of all, that might bring forth fruit abundantly?

Not that I would take one jot or tittle from the efforts to send good tidings unto the uttermost parts of the earth—would they were this

day increased a thousand-fold!—but I would have every Christian woman be a missionary, whose home is her mission-house, the center and fountain-head from which her mission-field stretches forth as broad as time, as boundless as love.

In most families the overtaxed mother seldom has leisure, even for her own mental needs; yet would not the systematic planning of domestic duties give, if only a half hour, each evening for the servants' studies? This time, carefully husbanded, would be of incalculable benefit to them.

There are often young members of the family, who need the discipline of self-denial and patience, to whom their mother might assign the charge of these lessons. As for the time it takes, when the "help" find that we are willing to deny ourselves for their sake, they will take pains to improve; and feeling that their mistress cares for them, will have more interest to be expeditious and do well for her. A good argument could here be made from a purely selfish stand-point, that servants would work better and waste less, if their employers devoted more time to their education and improvement.

But teaching the lowly ones around us to read and write is not *all*. There are golden moments in which to speak helpful, encouraging words; to point to the great Master, who cares for even the least of these little ones; to tell the sweet story of love for *them*, and lead them, with breathings of prayer, close to the Savior's feet.

After a moment's impressive silence, the president said:

"Let us thank Miss Blain for her frank, courageous words. I do not think we have evaded this great work intentionally; but because the press of other duties, the hurrying demands upon our time, have crowded it away, and we have not stopped to realize its vast importance. Yet it is a mission waiting within our very doors. If we are oblivious to our great responsibility, 'if we provide not specially for those of our own house, we deny the faith.'"

Then we all talked the subject over, candidly confessing our remissness; ending with this resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we will make the faithful discharge of our duties to the 'heathen nearer home,' a stepping-stone to redoubled exertions in behalf of those in foreign lands."

Our Indian-meal supper was a success; but not so great a one as the domestic era inaugurated by Miss Blain's "practical essay."



## MRS. COMMON-SENSE.

BY JENNY M. BURR.

"**W**HAT a sentimental, silly creature—always reading poetry and stuff! Give me the plain, practical person, who is good for something in the world—who is n't all moonshine and nonsense."

So says Mrs. Common-sense, whose soul is moved within her at the folly of some day-dreamer. The lady is right, of course. What mortal use is there in reading poetry or romance of any sort? What house is built or dress made or dinner got by reading poetry? Mrs. Common-sense is not to be classed among those foolish mortals who dawdle away existence reading poetry. She is never silly nor sentimental. Not by any means.

But one day the lady Common-sense was accidentally discovered reading a story. It was a real love-and-murder story. The tragedy in it was piled up high. One waded through all sorts of horrors in the course of some three hundred pages. Every imaginable event took place in it. Separation and suicide, money and murder, love and libertinism, went hand in hand. One visited the four corners of the earth and the utmost heights of heaven, regardless of time or weather.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Common-sense, is it possible that you ever read stories?"

This interrogation was evidently an affront to a sensitive soul. To be sure she read stories. But it depended (sarcastically) upon what they were. She never read a story that had n't any thing in it, like "Scarlet Letter" or "Gates Ajar" or "Robert Falconer." She had begun them, but was bored insufferably and could n't go on. Now here was a story by Mrs. Holmes worth reading. One could keep awake over that. It had the ring of the true metal. And Mrs. Holmes was exalted to the skies.

Who says this practical, matter-of-fact story-reader was inconsistent! Not in the least. She was perfectly consistent. She does not believe in sentiment or poetry. But Hawthorne, Miss Phelps, and MacDonald are full of sentiment and poetry. How could she find interest in their books? Mrs. Holmes and her class of writers are thoroughly unromantic. The atmosphere of their books is bald and bleak and prosaic. There is no delicacy of tint or of shading; nothing that appeals to the finer sense. What could be better adapted to the mind of this practical person?

And it is just this hard literalness of mind that makes one susceptible to the sensational in books. The truly poetic person is never

caught by a sensation. Not the poet, but the literalist, the hard, unrelenting, matter-of-fact person, who has no faith in idealism, is swindled by a sensation. Mrs. Common-sense scorns the bare idea; but it is she who is cheated and caught by the semblance and affectation of sentiment, and not her romantic neighbor. The value of any attempted work of art is its artistic character. A novel or story purports to be a work of art. It is admirable just in proportion as it fulfills that condition. But the kind of literature above mentioned has nothing of the artistic in it; it is a prosaic record of impossibilities. There are crimes and casualties of the most frightful description; but they are strung together without any sort of consistency, and the tone of them is like an ordinary newspaper report. They are so utterly untrue to life, so monstrously improbable, that vulgar curiosity is excited: it can not rest until the last chapter is gone over. Mrs. Common-sense prides herself upon her superior wisdom and sagacity; but it is just this miserable humbug that cheats her. And, what is more, she never knows that she is cheated, and never will. Forever she makes the invidious comparison between her practical, useful self, and her sentimental, good-for-nothing neighbor.

This tendency to the sensational in the useful, practical body is not confined to books. It runs through the whole gamut of character. Mrs. Common-sense likes pictures, of course. But, as with books, it depends on what those pictures are. A quiet bit of color, full of tenderness and sentiment, has no charm for her. She does not even see it; but the vast canvas of mountains, spanned by a rainbow, and gorgeous with sunset, is the object of her wondering admiration. Its chief merit lies in its size; but to this art-lover it is a very wonderful production. It is untrue, unnatural, sensational to the last degree; but she does not know that. It depends, too, very largely on who painted it. If only the great name be on it, that is enough. Some critic has said: "Painters sometimes are in fashion, but true art never is. The autographic is the real element of popularity—the admiration of the prophet, not the merit of the revelation."

Mrs. Common-sense is a religious person. And her religion is of the active, executive kind, not the reflective and pietistic. She thanks God she is not as others are, who are beautiful Christians while the organ is playing; but who scold and fret at home; who make long prayers and are given to much meditation, but who are sour and out of temper Monday morning, and are always lacking when festival work is to be



done. She congratulates herself that *she* is always ready to help; that her religion is not dreaming, but doing. So when Spiritualism is discussed, and the marvelous reports of moving tables and visions and voices come to her ears, is she disgusted and offended? Not a bit of it. She listens with eager interest, and devours the most improbable reports with open-mouthed wonder. She has n't three grains of real spiritual insight. An hour of lofty experience, that lifts the soul above its common way, and sets it free of its ordinary limitations, is utterly unknown to her. But she talks familiarly of "spirits" and "mediums," and knows as much about the future world as any prophet of them all. For this practical, matter-of-fact woman becomes a spiritualist. And it is her very lack of spiritual perception and insight that makes her one. She can not discover the heavenly realities unless they pass before her physical vision; she hears no voice divine unless it be distinctly audible to the ear of sense. Just because she is so sensible and materialistic, she is attracted by the external phenomena of spiritualism, and believes them with all her intensely practical nature.

Years ago, when a girl, Mrs. Common-sense was just as practical as she is now; not as worldly-wise, perhaps, but just as thoroughly practical. She never had any dreams or visions. How she laughed at the sentiment and poetry of her friend! Her friend was an idealist. Love was an immense fact to her. She believed in it with all the strength of her being. The girl Common-sense smiled at her enthusiasm, and was very wise indeed. She never suspected that she was ten times as really sentimental and foolish as the girl she ridiculed. She had innumerable gentlemen friends, and she was eternally talking about them. What this one said, and what that one did, and where the other one went,—these momentous matters were perpetually dinned in one's ears. Finally, she chose one of these masculine friends, and married him—not for love especially, but because it made a good match—a pompous young man, who flourished a cane, and made great pretensions. She thought it was superior wisdom in him; but it was superior ignorance, affectation, conceit. How fortunate that she has never known it!

Altogether, Mrs. Common-sense is a well-to-do, self-satisfied, successful woman. She looks over her practical spectacles, and serenely smiles at the follies and delusions of her neighbors. There is no use in telling her it is she who is cheated and mistaken; for she knows at the outset that you are. She has the supreme

satisfaction of being right, and knowing that she is right; of being happy, and knowing that she is happy.

### THE CASTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

THERE stands an ancient castle

On yonder mountain height,  
Where, fenced with door and portal,  
Once tarried steed and knight.

But gone are door and portal,  
And all is hushed and still;  
O'er ruined wall and rafter,  
I clamber as I will.

A cellar with many a vintage  
Once lay in yonder nook.  
Where now are the butler's flagons,  
And where his jovial look?

No more he sets the beakers  
For the guests at wassail-feast,  
Nor fills a flask from the oldest cask  
For the duties of the priest.

No more he gives on the staircase  
The stoup to the thirsty squires;  
And hurried thanks for the hurried gift  
Receives, nor more requires.

For burned are roof and rafter,  
And they hang begrimed and black;  
And stair and hall and chapel  
Are turned to dust and wrack.

Yet, as with song and cittern,  
One day, when the sun was bright,  
I saw my love ascending  
The slopes of yon rocky height,—

From the hush and desolation  
Sweet fancies did unfold,  
And it seemed as they had come back again,  
The jovial days of old,—

As if the stateliest chambers  
For noble guests were spread;  
And out from the prime of the glorious time,  
A youth a maiden led.

And, standing in the chapel,  
The good old priest did say,  
"Will you wed with one another?"  
And we smiled and we answered, "Yea!"

We sung, and our hearts they bounded  
To the thrilling lays we sung,  
And every note was doubled  
By the echo's catching tongue.

And when, as eve descended,  
The hush grew deep and still,  
And the setting sun looked upward  
On that great castled hill,—

Then far and wide, like lord and bride,  
In the radiant light we shone.  
It sank; and again the ruins  
Stood desolate and lone!

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Our Foreign Department.

THE Imperial Court of Russia has been graced by many noble women, who have done much to elevate and purify the history of their country. Among these, in latter times, stands forth pre-eminently the Grand Princess Helena, whose recent death has cast all Russia and a goodly portion of Germany into mourning. For fifty years her activity has been closely identified with every historical event of importance in her country. Germany knew, and respected her for the aid that she had extended to German scholars and artists, and the lavish generosity with which she had received in her palace the representatives of German culture and diplomacy. Of a tall and beautiful presence, with a handsome and amiable countenance, and a gentle ease of demeanor that attracted all hearts, she seemed to bury the dignity of the princess in the nobility of lofty womanhood. Her influence in St. Petersburg, in all the walks of culture, was greater than that of any other individual, and she was generally considered the best-informed person in the whole Empire. Her executive talent was a marvel to the men around her; and she possessed a rare intuition in selecting the most efficient persons for the places which she desired to fill. Her power in this respect shone forth brilliantly in the Crimean War, at the very commencement of which she determined to organize a corps of women, who might follow the army and mitigate the sufferings of the sick and the wounded.

She stood in very close relations with the Emperor Nicholas, who seconded her efforts to establish a sisterhood something like the Deaconesses of Germany, or the Sisters of Charity of Catholic lands; and her thrilling appeal to the women of Russia so stirred their hearts that in a few weeks she had a band numbering some two hundred for this severe and unusual sacrifice. She remained in St. Petersburg, and personally superintended the training of these nurses in the hospitals before they were sent to the seat of war; and many a time she would be present at painful and disagreeable operations, merely to encourage the delicate women who had responded to her call. Her example was so inspiring that her efforts were crowned with perfect success; for she moved among the sisters with the tenderness and sympathy of a mother, which they caught up, and bore like angels of mercy to the bastions of Sevastopol and the hospitals of the Crimea. Her palace

became a warehouse for lint and bandages, and a general depot for all the supplies contributed by generous hearts for the alleviation of the suffering soldiers. The warriors knew her as the good angel of the war, and many a one owed his life to her labors and example. And when the strife was over, she continued the part of the Good Samaritan by retaining the organization and many of its experienced members for the foundation of the Sisterhood of the Sacred Cross, which is now doing much toward developing humanitarian efforts throughout Russia. Having finished this, she proceeded to a still greater work. For many years she had thought secretly of the emancipation of the serfs; and she now saw that the time had come for action in a sphere of which she was destined to be the very soul. Her princely palace became the center of this movement, to the alienation of many of her aristocratic associates. The excitement against her rose at one time to such a height that her friends feared she might be assassinated; but she remained at her post, notwithstanding feeble health, and helped the Emperor Alexander to guide his threatened bark safely through the fiercest storms; and he honored his aunt to her latest breath with unchanging devotion and affection. Even before the general emancipation, she obtained from him special privilege to liberate the serfs on her vast estates in Southern Russia; and this to her was so great a sacrifice that it crippled her financially, and came near overwhelming her with calamity. But she persevered in her plans in turning these into model farms and dairies for the instruction and encouragement of the liberated serfs. She lived long enough to see her dearest hopes realized; and, at the age of sixty-three, was borne to her grave with the whole Russian nation as mourners.

A VERY curious state of things exists now in France in regard to the higher education of women. In the general neglect of popular and practical education, it is acknowledged that females have suffered much more than the males; for while the poorer girls have been passed over entirely, those of the wealthier classes have been so erroneously educated that they are, in this regard, but little more than pretty but useless toys. France is therefore looking abroad for some experienced system of educating her girls. Under ordinary circumstances, one would,

of course, expect her to go to Germany; but she can now accept nothing from conquerors who have so greatly humiliated her, and her only resort is to look to England or America. She has chosen to come to us. One of her noted critics has written an article for a French review, entitled "Instruction of Women in the United States," in which we find the following remarkable passage:

"In a monarchicai state, it is sufficient to give to women an education which makes them amiable; because in such a state they are only exceptionally called to play a part by virtue of some accidental or inborn advantage. In a republican state—and therefore now in France—you must make the women strong, manly, independent, since the aim which they pursue is the free development of the individual."

Now, the ideal of such an education this reviewer finds in a report on the "North America Method," recently made by another Frenchman (Hippeau), to the Minister of Public Instruction in Paris; and it is quite interesting for us to see how this learned Frenchman was impressed with female education, as he found it among us. The prominent savants of Europe, supported by physiological and psychological comparisons, deny to woman an equality with man, and especially as regards her inventive power. And for this reason they refuse to women the opportunity of a higher scientific education, which must, they believe, be lost on them. But Hippeau begins his report by declaring that he came here to be taught by experience, which, he affirms, has here decided in favor of granting the highest opportunities to women. He reports that, according to our custom of testing all theories by experience, we have not asked what would be the result to the family and society of extending the sphere of female education, but have simply opened the schools to them. Having thus been willing to grant to women the opportunity to acquire every branch of scientific knowledge, he thinks we are in a condition to judge whether they are worthy of this favor; and he decides that the marvelous results here gained are a triumphant answer to the objections that have every-where been urged to the intellectual emancipation of women. Hippeau's object was, above all, to become acquainted with those institutions of a collegiate character, where both sexes are educated together—a thing unheard of in France. He thus visits Oberlin, and is gratified with all that he sees and hears. He gives a good report of Michigan University, and then refers quite largely to Vassar. His decision is, that in no case does he find the young women of the same age inferior to the young men. A natural consequence of this development of the female mind he finds in the extensive employment of women as teachers all over the Union; quoting the number and proportion with very evident astonishment, and attesting the position that women are better fitted for the education of children because they better understand the hearts of children, and are inclined to rule them by love rather than by the rod. And again, he is delighted and astonished to find that it is possible in mixed institutions to afford quite a large liberty of association

between the sexes without any marked detriment; and he thinks that American girls acquire a goodly portion of their independence and self-respect from the fact that they are thus early taught to care for themselves and resent any improper advances. "The looks of the girls are enough to keep the young men within bounds." We need hardly say that all this is rank heresy in France, and will not be believed, much less followed. But it is certainly very significant that the judgment of a learned Frenchman is so favorable to us, and that the eyes of the world are being turned toward us in this respect.

OUR young ladies, who are so fond of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure, can hardly imagine what a job it frequently is to get lawfully married abroad, and then how much more difficult it is to get the knot untied, when it is found to be too unpleasant. We once knew a gentle and very faithful swain who found it necessary to take his bride all the way from Austria to Switzerland to make her his wife, because, he being a Catholic, and by birth only, the priests refused to unite him to a Protestant woman, and civil marriage was denied him. The lady fair was a Protestant Swiss, and she was very willing to go home to a land of comparative freedom for the sake of securing a loving husband. This incident is just now brought up to our mind because of a curious occurrence which, in Prussia, has kept a man unmarried, and wandering from post to pillar, for several years. He had a legal divorce, and applied to a certain clergyman to perform the ceremony of a new marriage. The pastor refused, on the ground of conscientious scruples against remarrying a divorced man. The latter applied to the Church Council to force this recalcitrant minister to declare the banns. This the council declined to do. The desperate divorced subject then applied to the courts to force the Council to compel the clergyman to perform the marriage service in his case. The courts found no jurisdiction in the case, and the petitioner then applied to the king. His majesty did not feel willing to compel a clergyman to violate conscientious scruples; and the man can not yet get married to his taste.

THE Franco-German war has had a very remarkable influence on the social relations of Germany, and especially those of Prussia. The court festivals at Berlin, during the season just closed, have been marked by the absence of ladies, which is explained in this way: The Prussian nobility and landed gentry are by no means wealthy, and these of course make up the great contingent of female youth and beauty on courtly occasions. But their flourishing days have passed. The French milliards have made so many shoddy aristocrats, whose ambitious wives and blooming daughters pant to show themselves in court arenas, that they manage to effect it in some way by their wealth and influence; and then, with their extravagant toilets and lavish display of diamonds and jewelry, these princesses of the money kings outshine their high-blooded rivals. The nobility have no means of increasing their income, and the

expense of fitting out a spouse and two or three daughters in the present fashion is totally beyond their means. And though the noble ladies strain every nerve to make a sensation or even a respectable show, they go to courtly festivals only to be thrown entirely into the shade by the wives of bankers and contractors, whom they disdain to know or speak to. Now there is nothing left for these noble ladies to do but to withdraw themselves from their accustomed circles, where base blood thus violates their sense of the fitness of things; and this they are doing in so marked a way that the court is losing its portly array of titled dames and their fair daughters.

MAY we be permitted to close this monthly budget with a little tea-table chat with those of our lady friends who, like ourselves, enjoy the fragrant cup that cheers without inebriating? A German dealer, direct from Shanghai, gossips very pleasantly over a draught of the beverage which it is his business to supply, and in the trade of which he is gaining honorable wealth. Green and black teas are not differ-

ent varieties. They are gathered from the same shrub, and receive their difference in form, taste, and color exclusively from the manner of preparation, and the rapidity of the drying process. The names under which tea comes into trade originate mostly with the Chinese; but are so deformed that a son of the Flowery Kingdom would scarcely recognize them. Congo tea might be supposed to come from Africa; but not so. The name is a corruption of Kung-fu, and signifies a tea on which much labor has been bestowed. Souchong is also a corruption, and betokens a common sort. Peko means "milk-hair;" that is, the delicate tendrils which in the early Spring are stripped from the points of the leaves when they are still budding. The white, downy appearance of the leaves is called, in trade, "tea-flower." Green tea is artificially colored with Prussian blue and gypsum, and its form is given to it by rolling it on hot plates. Tea also undergoes a great deal of adulteration in China; so that the tea-drinker finds it almost as difficult to get a perfectly pure article as does the lover of vine juice.

## Art Notes.

THE Paris correspondent of the Vienna *Tagblatt* furnishes a most sparkling letter on the opinions and utterances of French dramatists on the French drama in America:

"The chief subject of discussion, at a late meeting of the 'Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers,' was foreign bonuses on their works. A fat man, with gray, curly hair, had the floor. He was a poor speaker, and I was not a little astonished when my friend whispered in my ear, 'That is Edmond About.' Could the witty and sparkling author of 'The Roman Question' be so dull an orator—drawing out long phrases with a peculiar and offensive nasal twang?

"A slender man, tall, dark-complexioned, dark-haired, and dark-eyed, then took the floor. The president said, 'M. Alexandre Dumas has the floor.' Believe me, I was all ear. I had never seen him before. While a natural orator, the sentiments he uttered almost grated on my ears: 'I write for France alone; I do not court foreign favor. German money can not buy my manuscripts. Italian flattery falls upon deaf ears with me. I am a Frenchman!'

"He was followed by a queer-looking little fellow, with a *binocle* astride his nose. I was surprised to hear that it was Theodore Barriere, perhaps the wit-tiest of the living dramatists of France. He was indignant. He denounced Dumas, 'Why, I, too, am a French author, and write for my countrymen. If they applaud me, I am proud; but if foreign nations also applaud me, I am still prouder. It was the happiest moment of my life when I was told that one of my plays, under another name, had been

played with extraordinary success at a prominent theater in New York! Let me add that—something wonderful, but decidedly honorable to America—I derive a large bonus from the performances of my plays in this American theater, and that I have now in my pocket a check for the thirty first performances. That is American enterprise, and, I might almost say, American generosity; for the New York manager might have appropriated my play without paying me one sou for it!

"Not so M. Sardou. About's oratorical dullness was golden eloquence compared to Sardou's humming and hawking—to his inglorious getting stuck at the conclusion of his little speech. The Americans, whom he so mercilessly ridicules in his 'L'Oncle Sam,' could have no better revenge on him than to invite him to lecture in their country. It would be torture for him, and wonderful fun for them."

Yet this "Uncle Sam," prohibited in Paris, is wonderfully enjoyed in New York. We can laugh at ourselves better than we can be laughed at.

—A traveler in Europe, who takes interest in such curiosities as the most perfect system of chimés on the spires of churches or other public buildings, must not neglect to visit the Netherlands, celebrated as the country of chimés. Even the smallest town there has on its city hall or principal church its spires with chimés, and we could name scores of small cities, of some two thousand to four thousand inhabitants, that possess a set of some twenty chimés, thus twice the number of those in the spire of Trinity Church, New York. Cities of twenty thousand



or thirty thousand inhabitants, such as Delft, Arnheim, Nymegen, etc., have sets of forty to fifty chimes, or four full octaves, with all the semitones. They are played by regularly trained performers, using a large key-board; the keys are struck not with the fingers, but with the fist, which is clothed with properly stuffed gloves, similar to those used by boxers. On extra occasions, two performers can play at the key-board, in the same manner as a duet is executed on a piano-forte. And when the music has been well arranged, the effect of those full harmonies of bells, complete in all the major and minor keys, and running over four or five octaves, is something marvelous, of which those who have not heard it can scarcely form a conception.—*Manufacturer & Builder.*

—Madam Rossini has sold the whole of her late husband's inedited works to Mr. A. Grant, of England, for the sum of \$25,000. The purchaser proposes to publish them, and hand over the profits to the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal Society of Musicians.

—Count Demetrius Markow is in Vienna to make arrangements for the establishment of a Russian theater during the Exposition. Among the pieces to be produced are, "The Death of Ivan the Terrible," "A Russian Marriage," "A Lady of the Sixteenth Century," and other national dramas. Thus will the merits of the Russian drama be judged of by the world.

—The magnificent building of the National Gallery in Berlin comes somewhat tardily to completion. The interior has made scarcely any progress during the past Winter; but the exterior facades are entirely finished. The effects of these facades must be truly imposing. These represent the entire history of German art, since the most conspicuous names of her artists, and the years during which they lived and wrought, are engraved in gilt letters between every pair of pilasters or columns. They start with Gerhard von Rile, and end with Schnorr. When will America have its Campo Santo, its Westminster Abbey, or its Ruhmeshalle?

—"The true glory of Ravenna is, to have been the city of the Goth. A long chain of events, connecting her in a strange way with the Northern nations, had paved the way for his coming, and Honorius and Placidia did but make ready a city for Theodoric to reign in. Of the late holders of imperial power, the Byzantine could but finish what the Goth had begun; the Frank and Swabian could but plunder what the Goth had built. One tomb there is, indeed, within Ravenna, not to be likened in outward majesty to the rotunda of Theodoric—the tomb where Dante still sleeps; while the dust of Theodoric is scattered to the winds. No fitter resting-place could be found for him than the last dwelling-place of the last Cæsars of his own Italy. The poet who called on the Teutonic king not to forsake the garden of his empire, could have been nowhere laid in more fitting soil than within the walls of the city where an earlier

Teutonic king had indeed made Italy for a moment the garden of the world."

—It has been decided to reconstruct the Hotel de Ville, Paris, at a cost of about 14,000,000 francs.

—We observe, from the English journals, that some noticeably new features were introduced into the services and performances of Passion Week in London. The "Messiah" and Bach's "Passion" were performed by various societies, and the audience was requested to rise and join in the chorals. To facilitate this, books of words, containing the melodies of the chorals, were provided. Good!

—The English Picture-gallery, at the International Exposition, contains two hundred and twenty works by John Phillip, and one hundred works by Creswick! Where will all England find room?

—We notice that F. J. Williamson has been selected to execute a memorial monument to the late Dean Milman, for St. Paul's Cathedral, London. It will be in the form of a recumbent figure of the late dean, in white marble, and is to be placed in the choir.

—Some months since, it became generally known that in the house occupied by the late J. M. W. Turner, R. A., there had been found a large number of proof engravings and plates that would be offered for sale. The first lot, recently sold, realized the handsome sum of \$100,000 gold.

—WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, the eminent English tragedian, the hated rival of Edwin Forrest, died April 29, 1873. Many will recall the bitter rivalries of these great actors that have made their exit from this world's stage so nearly together. The disgraceful Astor House riot, twenty-five years ago, was largely due to the ungenerous influence of Mr. Forrest, and to their lives' ends there was no reconciliation of feeling between him and Macready. Macready retired from the stage in 1851, since which he has passed the eve of life in farming. He died at the ripe age of eighty. Macready's power as an actor was acknowledged. He combined in his character, and therefore in his acting, more elements than Forrest. While both possessed strength, Forrest lacked kindness and tenderness; while Macready challenged respect by his evidence of power, he likewise charmed by his sympathy, and led all captive by his surprising pathos; both could succeed where massive strength was required in the delineation. Forrest failed where gentleness must win.

—Is not the suggestion of the *Galaxy* on the æsthetics of railroad depots and rail-cars worth our consideration? The railroad station is, to a commercial people, what a church is to a religious community—the great center of the local life of the country. Why should not the station in America be what the cathedral has been in Europe? Magnificent arches, noble surfaces for sculpture, and ornamentations of all kinds. . . . The railroad car itself promises even more than the station. There we have a clear advantage over other nations. Europeans and Asiatics have had *their* schools of architecture;

but they have never combined them with locomotion. The idea of building seems to have been in the past always connected with the idea of a fixed position. It remains for America to give the world architecture on wheels. . . . Visions of a happy future in which the American public will cease to prefer dirty lace to clean linen, ten unnecessary mirrors to one that is needed, twenty inharmonious colors to one simple and pleasing effect; when bridal chambers shall be things of the past, and the New York stoop—but let us not be too sanguine.

—The subscriptions to the Greeley statue fund amount to ten thousand dollars—four subscriptions of one thousand dollars each, and three for five hundred dollars each.

—The collection of Kensett's works brought the generous sum of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

—A translation of Shakespeare's complete works into the Bohemian language has been successfully accomplished, under the auspices of the Bohemian Museum. It is to be hoped that more of the literary and historical treasures of Bohemia may soon be accessible to the English student.

—We rise to second the motion made by a Washington gentleman, that Whittier be presented with stereotype plates of his own works, with steel engravings to illustrate them. Vote!

—The Bostonians are again excited on the discovery of what some of their art-critics claim to be a Rembrandt, others a Tintoretto. The subject of the picture is the presentation of Christ before Pilate; size, some twelve by fifteen inches. Of course, we hope "the Hub" will be a grand art-mine, where Raffaelles, da Vincis, Titians, Rubenses, and other artistic gems can be, from time to time, unearthed. But these skillful foreign counterfeiters of rarities in art, numismatics, manuscripts, etc., sometimes succeed in hoaxing the veriest expert. It will be wisdom in Bostonians to carefully remove the grime and

smoke from these supposed treasures, lest they cherish canvas as worthless as "fool's gold."

—In a recent number of the *REPOSITORY*, we noticed the recommendation of the authorities of the Munich Art Academy that the women receiving instruction should turn their attention to industrial and decorative art rather than to the higher works of the formative arts, since the history of art seemed to show that woman seemed not to possess the ability to produce a masterpiece of art. *Per contra*, Walter Smith, in his "Art Education:" "If we remove all masculine protective tariffs, we may find great powers where we fancied that weakness was inevitable. In literature, we have some of the most powerful works of the imagination written by women; and they bring the same price in the book-markets as the novels that men have written. In the picture exhibition, the buyer discusses a work of art in relation to its price, not with reference to the sex of the painter; and those who are familiar with the London exhibitions know that as large a proportion of the works displayed in the exhibition of the Society of Female Artists are sold as in any other exhibition composed principally of the works of men. That, however, is the case with books and pictures only, where women sell their labor at their own time, and choose the purchasers, being proprietors of their own skill. . . . The opening up of the subject of art education in this country (America), seems to me to give a great opportunity to test the natural capacities of women; and will, I hope, be the means of furnishing them with an additional source of employment. At present, men have not here had a very long start before women in the subject of art; and so we may possibly see whether, if both engage upon it on equal terms, either displays greater facilities than the other. For both economical and artistic reasons, therefore, I would plead for schools of art being mixed schools, and that the education given to both sexes should contemplate their having to live by the artistic labor of their own hands."

## Current History.

—SENOR ACOSTA, Spanish Minister of War, resigned May 1st.

—Conscription has been adopted in Japan, by which all subjects, when twenty years old, are required to serve a term of years in the army or navy.

—The World's Exposition, at Vienna, was inaugurated May 1st, by the emperor, with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of a vast assemblage from all parts of the earth.

—The Dutch Government has received dispatches from Sumatra, announcing that, at a council of war before Atcheen, it was resolved to suspend operations by land until Autumn, as the monsoon rendered

the receipt of supplies from seaward precarious. The blockade of the city, however, will be maintained until resumption of active hostilities.

—The Direct United States Cable Company (limited) have contracted with Siemens Brothers for the manufacture of three thousand and sixty miles of cable for the sum of six million fifty-five thousand dollars, which they mean to lay next year. The Company mean to establish direct telegraphic communication between the kingdom of Great Britain and this country, by a submarine cable stretching from the west coast of Ireland to the coast of New Hampshire, where it will be met by the wires of the Atlantic and Pacific Company.

—It has been determined to throw the whole country of Japan open to foreigners, provided all who travel in the interior submit to be controlled by the laws of Japan. The Government is endeavoring to perfect a code of laws, based on the European models, suitable to the country.

—The remains of an ancient temple, supposed to have been erected centuries before the discovery of Mexico, have been found in the San Jose Mountains, in the state of Chiapas. Three stone statues, representing Anahuac dignitaries, have been dug up in the vicinity of the temple.

—The Upper House of the Prussian Diet, April 24th, engaged in a debate, which lasted six hours, on the bill regulating the training and appointment of the clergy. Bismarck defended the attitude the Government had taken, as fully justified by the domineering assumptions of the priesthood. In the course of his speech, he took occasion to deny the often repeated report that he instigated the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government.

—Professor J. F. Weir, of the school of fine arts, has secured for Yale a large and handsome cast of the Ghiberti gates at Florence, of which only four casts are in existence. The dimensions are twenty by thirteen feet. It was brought over, in sixty sections, from the South Kensington Museum, where it was made, and its weight is so great that an extra foundation of brick has been inlaid in the west end of the north gallery, in order to provide the requisite support.

—The German Emperor arrived in St. Petersburg, April 27th, and was received with extraordinary honors. He was met at Gatschina, thirty miles hence, by the czar and grand dukes, who accompanied him to the city. The two emperors made their entrance in the presence of immense crowds of people, who manifested the greatest enthusiasm. Emperor William first reviewed the regiments, of which he is an honorary colonel, and was then conducted to the Winter Palace, where he was formally received by the court with the most imposing ceremonies. The czar presented to him his portrait, a sword of Aenor, the Cross of St. George, the Iron Cross for merit, with an additional inscription, "for valor," and an inkstand and vases in lapis lazuli.

—An archæologist, Dr. Ebers, residing in Egypt for some months, has just discovered, says the *General German Gazette*, in the Abd-el-Ausuah, which forms part of the Necropolis of Thebes, the tomb of a certain Amen-em-Heb, with an inscription of great historical interest. The writing contains the biography of the defunct, for the use of generations to come, and declares that personage to have lived under the eighteenth dynasty (equivalent to the tenth century before Christ). He took part in the warlike expeditions of Pharaoh Toutmes III, with whom he passed the Euphrates, and from whose hands he received distinctions of every sort, for his exploits. The text even mentions the nature of the decorations in question.

—The director of the Portugal & Brazil Telegraph Company has presented the King of Portugal with a map, in an elegant casket, of the bed of the Atlantic over which the cable is to be laid, with specimens of the cable selected. The section to extend between the Portuguese coast and Madeira will be completed by the manufacturers in June.

—A papyrus, which was discovered a few months ago in a tomb in Egypt, has recently been fully translated by a profound scholar of Heidelberg. He finds it to be an allocution of Rameses III "to his people, and all men on earth," recounting the great deeds done in the days of his father and grandfather. The discovery is a valuable one for Biblical students, as the royal writer gives, with particular details, all the causes which led to the downfall of the Mosaic reform and the exodus of the Jews. There is, apparently, no doubt at all about the authenticity of the MS., which is large, well written, and well preserved.

—General Canby, Rev. Dr. Eleazer Thomas, and Mr. A. B. Meacham, of the Modoc Indian Peace Commission, were shot by Captain Jack and his band about noon of Friday, April 11th, at or near the Lava-beds, where the Modocs have for a long time been intrenched. Mr. Leroy S. Dyar and Mr. Riddle, other members of the Commission, escaped. Another terrible fight with the Modocs occurred April 28th, in which nineteen of our men were killed, including Captain Thomas and Lieutenant Howe, of the Fourth Artillery, Lieutenant Wright, of the Twelfth Infantry; and twenty-three were wounded, including Lieutenant Harris, of the Fourth Artillery.

—Of 217 peerages created in England since the 1st of January, 1820, only 133 yet remain upon the rolls. The number of peers in 1830 was 393; the continual additions by successive prime ministers have raised it to 480. Of the peerages created in the Plantagenet reigns, only 14 survive; of the Tudor reigns, 11; of the Stuart reigns, 46; of George I and II, 26; of George III, 141; of George IV, 43; of William IV, 41; and of Queen Victoria, 89. When it is borne in mind that more than 400 peerages were created in the reign of George III, and that the honor can only be extinguished by death, and not by resignation, the fact that so few as 130 now remain is a remarkable one.

—An interesting archæological discovery has just been made by a peasant while plowing in the neighborhood of Arles (Bouches-du-Rhone), consisting of an ancient glass cup. It is composed of two portions; one in simple ordinary glass, forming the vase, while the second is an ornament in red glass, superposed. This latter forms a series of ovals united by knots curiously interlaced. On one of the sides is a Latin inscription which has been deciphered, "Divus Maximianus Augustus." This object, therefore, belonged to the Emperor Maximianus Hercules, who resided in Gaul for a considerable time. The cup thus found has no foot, and those for festivals were almost always made so. A slave standing behind the guest, passed it to him full, and held it, when emptied, without its ever resting on the table.



—The railway between Constantinople and Adrianople has been completed, and trains are running.

—Many of the Catholic cardinals are very old men. Billiet is 90; De Angelis, 81; Caterini, 78; Amat, 76; Grassellini, 77; Mathieu, 77; Antonucci, 75; Patrizi, 75.

—The *Daily Telegraph* explorer in Assyria has met with great success. He has found eighty new inscriptions, including histories known and hitherto unknown of Assyrian kings. Among his discoveries is a highly important tablet containing a collection of proverbs in two languages, which will aid in the further elucidation of the whole class of inscriptions. Many of the inscriptions have definite dates.

—A remarkable engineering feat is now being accomplished in the crossing of the Andes by the Senia Oroya Railroad. The mountain chain will be crossed at an altitude of fifteen thousand feet, by a tunnel three thousand feet in length. The grades are the steepest known on any ordinary railway. The workmen employed are Cholos Indians, the only operatives who can endure, for a prolonged period, the rarified atmosphere at this great elevation.

—The late Sir Frederick Madden, in his will, directed that all his private journals from the year 1819 to 1872, both inclusive, a volume of letters relating to the catalogue of Holkham manuscripts, and several books bound in parchment and roan, and also some bundles of papers on various subjects, should be sent to the Bodleian Library, fastened up in a box, within a week after his death, subject to the condition that the box be not opened until the 1st day of January, 1920. The curators of the library have accepted the bequest.

—The art journals of Paris are speaking of a fresco by Raffaele, which M. Thiers had gone to Auteuil to inspect, and which was discovered about six weeks ago, in the neighborhood of Rome, under a mound of earth. Its extraction, made with extreme care, succeeded perfectly, and none of the details of this precious specimen of sixteenth-century art have been lost. Its transport was effected under special conditions, the object being imbedded in fine plaster, and conveyed by short journeys, in order to avoid all shocks or jolts. This large composition, which measures sixteen feet by ten feet, will probably be purchased for the Louvre.

—The Academy of St. Petersburg has recently admitted to its honorary membership William Cullen Bryant and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The occasion was one of much pomp and ceremony, nearly all of the eighty regular members of the Academy being present, and the royal family being represented by the most cultivated Prince of the House of Romanoff, the Grand Duke Constantine. Addresses of eulogy and celebration were delivered by the most illustrious of the *litterati* of Russia, and the occasion must be deemed, by every American interested in the higher literature of his country, one to be contemplated with pride. The Academy was founded a hundred years ago, by the second Catherine.

—London supports 120,000 paupers, one in twenty-eight of her population.

—A manuscript in the handwriting of Copernicus, containing eighty-four pages, has been discovered at Thorn.

—The *Bible Society Record* states that, of the seven million women in Spain, not ten per cent can read, and not five per cent can write; and the proportion is little better among the men.

—The *Cronstadt Gazette* notices the spread and progress of the Greek creed in Japan. Five hundred Japanese recently demanded baptism at Hakodadi.

—The value of printed books exported from England in January, 1873, was £62,829, against £53,830, in the same month of 1872, and £40,000 in January of the previous year.

—A bronze equestrian statue of Ibrahim Pasha has been unveiled at Cairo. The work is by Cordier, the celebrated sculptor, and the statue is six meters (19.6853 English feet) high, and it weighs 12,000 pounds.

—The book-printers of Pesth are preparing a magnificent memorial volume for the coming jubilee of printing in Hungary. It is four hundred years from the present year since the first book was printed there from the press of Hetai.

—Naples has just celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the death of Salvator Rosa. The Neapolitan artists were all present in the Church of Santa Maria degl' Angeli, at a religious service performed in honor of the illustrious master.

—The English revenues for the fiscal year closing March 31st, amounted to \$388,043,850, an increase of about \$9,500,000 over the income of the previous year. The English revenues for that year are about \$10,000,000 larger than the revenues of the United States for our last fiscal year, closing June 30, 1872.

—Dr. Ethe, who is intrusted with the cataloguing of the Persian manuscript in the Bodleian Library, has discovered several lyrics of the great Persian poet Firdusi, the author of the "Shahnameh." He has published the Persian text, with a metrical translation, in the "Transactions of the Bavarian Royal Academy."

—The manufacturing city of Joachimsthal, in the mountains of Bohemia, was destroyed by fire on the 31st of March. Out of 586 houses in the city, 450 were completely burned, and 500 persons were made houseless. A magnificent church, founded in the early days of the Reformation, was the prey of the flames, as were also valuable paintings by Lucas Cranach and Albert Durer.

—A tendency to emigrate seems to be developing itself in Russia with a rapidity out of all proportion to the experiences of any other nation. In 1868, the United States received only 204 Russian immigrants. In 1869, the number rose to 580; in 1870, to 766; in 1871, to 1,005; and last year, to 4,137; so that, in five years, the original number became multiplied more than twenty fold.



## Note, Query, Anecdote, and Incident.

**OLD PUZZLES.**—If any defense of the practice of making and guessing puzzles is necessary, it may be found in the illustrations to be introduced presently. Meantime, we can not do better than to repeat Mrs. Barbauld's saying: That the finding out of riddles is the same kind of exercise for the mind as running, leaping, wrestling, is for the body. It is a species of mental gymnastics; a poor pursuit to engage the chief portion of one's time, but an admirable recreation—refreshing, enlivening, and stimulating to the intellectual faculties. A well-constructed conundrum, indeed, is an admirable promotive of sociability. In print, with the answer closely subjoined, it sinks to a dull joke, because there is no opportunity for the curiosity to be kindled, for the thoughts to run up the gamut of fanciful resemblances and analogies, in hope to find one which shall make the mystery plain. After such an effort, the flash of discovery becomes a source of positive pleasure, the strange, whimsical, unsuspected analogy presents itself in its full force and affords amusement.

But conundrums are only the light skirmishers. The more solid puzzles have come from the logicians, and some dilemmas, at any rate, have been invented out of which it is not easy to find the way. One of the most curious old puzzles is that which is said to have perplexed Aristotle, and driven one of the Greek grammarians to death with annoyance because he could not explain it. The ancients called it "The Liar," and gave it as follows: "If you say of yourself, 'I lie,' and in so saying tell the truth, you lie. If you say, 'I lie,' and in so saying tell a lie, you tell the truth." It does not seem that one need die of perplexity over this, though perhaps it may require considerable ingenuity to put an explanation of it in words. It reminds us of another curious case over which the Greek logicians pondered not a little, known as "The Crocodile." A certain crocodile, of the Nile it may be, and in that good old time when animals enjoyed the gift of speech, had carried off the only child of a widow woman and was keeping him upon an island, in order to devour him at leisure. The mother found the monster, and, upbraiding and beseeching, sought the deliverance of her boy. The crocodile would give him up on one condition; that the mother would tell something that was undoubtedly true, otherwise the boy must die. The mother was in despair, and, throwing up her hands, she exclaimed, "You will eat my son." This ejaculation put the crocodile into a dilemma, over which he is supposed to be still puzzling his brains. For if he eats the boy the woman has told him something undoubtedly true, and accordingly he ought not to have done it. If, on the other hand, he spares the boy, the woman did not tell an unquestioned truth, and the monster was bound to gratify his appetite. Here

is a practical case, which may be put beside the puzzle of the crocodile. The historian Socrates tells us that the Emperor Tiberius, who was much given to astrology, used to put the masters of that art, whom he thought of consulting, to a severe test. He took them to the top of his house, and if he saw any reason to suspect their skill, threw them down the steep. Thither he took Thrasylus, and after a long consultation with him, the emperor suddenly asked whether the astrologer had examined his own fate, and what was portended for him in the immediate future. Now the difficulty is this: If Thrasylus says that nothing important is about to befall him, he will prove his lack of skill and lose his life besides. If, on the other hand, he says that he is soon to die, either the emperor will set him free, in which case the prophecy was false and he ought to have destroyed him; or Tiberius will destroy him, while he ought to have spared him as a true revealer of the future. Of course the solution is easy. Thrasylus, after some observations and calculations, began to quake and tremble greatly, and said some great calamity seemed to be impending over him, whereupon the emperor embraced him and made him his chief astrologer.

Another of these old puzzles is so ingenious that it must not be omitted, even though it may perchance be not unfamiliar. A master of rhetoric had taken a pupil to instruct, on condition that he would wait for his pay until after the pupil pleaded his first case, and then only upon condition of his winning it. Time passed on, and the master became weary of waiting and sued the pupil, reasoning as follows: "If I gain this case, then my pupil will be obliged to pay me, because the law will compel him. On the other hand, if I lose it, he will still have to pay me, for he will win it in that case, and, therefore, be held by his contract." This seemed a very pretty corner for the pupil, who, however, just reversed the reasoning, and urged: "If I win this case, by the decision of the court I shall not have to pay the money; but if I lose it, according to our contract I am under no obligation whatever to pay." So much for logic.

Riddles may be supposed to be less dignified than formal logical perplexities like the foregoing; yet it is beyond question that they have furnished amusement to some of the most distinguished thinkers. Indeed, many of the best ever propounded may be traced to the sportive moments of great men. And, by the way, not a few conundrums are of equally high origin, only the authors are a little shy of owning them. A rhyming riddle, attributed to Sir Isaac Newton, reads as follows:

"Four persons sat down at a table to play,  
They played all that night and part of next day.  
It must be observed that when they were seated  
Nobody played with them and nobody betted;

When they rose from the place each was winner a guinea.  
Now tell me this riddle and prove you're no ninny."

We may proceed to string on two or three others from distinguished hands, premising that the answers must in all cases be discovered by the reader's ingenuity, if discovered at all. Here is one by Cowper:

"I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,  
And the parent of numbers that can not be told;  
I am lawful, un'awful—a duty, a fault;  
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought,  
An extraordinary boon, a matter of course,  
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force."

Another is by Channing:

"There is a word of plural number,  
A foe to peace and human slumber;  
Now, any word you chance to take,  
By adding a you plural make;  
But if you add an s to this—  
How strange the metamorphosis!—  
Plural is plural then no more,  
And sweet what bitter was before."

Here is a pretty Persian riddle, as given in Mr. Alger's "Poetry of the Orient."

"A soul above it,  
And a soul below,  
With leather between;  
And swift it doth go."

One more, which is certainly older than Shakespeare, because it comes from the quaint book of riddles alluded to in "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act I, scene 1, and we shall be content to relieve the reader's patience, and rest the case of the riddles without further support. It is:

"He went to the wood and caught it,  
He sat him down and sought it;  
Because he could not find it,  
Home with him he brought it."

A GOOD SENTIMENT.—The old Scottish poet, William Dunbar, pronounced by Ellis to be "the greatest poet Scotland has produced," and who lived and sung four hundred years ago, wrote as follows:

"Be merry, man, and take not sair in mind,  
The wavering of this wretchit world is sorrow—  
To God be humble, and to thy friend be kind—  
And with thy neighbors gladly lend and borrow.  
His chaise to-night, it may be thine to-morrow;  
Be blithe in heart for any adventure,  
For oft with wysure [wisdom] it has been said afore [before],  
Without gladness avails no treasure."

A WESTERN ART-CRITIC.—Among the other productions of the West are fearless art-critics. Peoria has one. He writes for the *Review*. Here is the way he dishes up the Rubinstein concert: "Mile. Liebhart did n't leave a dry eye in the wigwam when she sang 'There sno plash likome,' and it was the general impression among her German auditors that she sang 'Rawbing Awdah' in English, while the English-speaking inhabitants were equally positive that 'Robin Adair' was a German ballad. Mlle. Ormeny had, and we suppose still retains, a magnificent voice for a fog-whistle. Its compass was perfectly surprising. She could shake the chandelier with a wild whoop that made every man instinctively feel for his scalp, and follow it up with a roar that would shame a bassoon."

A NEW POINT OF FAITH.—In the Philadelphia Central Presbytery it is necessary to salvation that one should believe not only in the Five Points of Calvinism, but also in mud-puddles. The First Presbyterian Church of Mantua kept on its sidewalk a system of dirty pools, and an elder of the Church, Mr. A. S. Ashmead, made so bold as to address to "Ye Honorable ye Board of Trustees" of the Church a petition, couched in antique English, praying for the abatement of the nuisance. No disrespectful language was used, and the only sentence in the petition—which lies before us—into which any exceptionable meaning can possibly be injected is this:

"It being a scandal to ye whole neighborhood, moreover, that ye ladies (God bless 'em!) in order ye better to avoid soiling their dresses, are compelled to lift ye skirts therefore higher than would otherwise be necessary, and causing ye ladies aforesaid to ruminate upon ye old saying, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,'" etc.

For sending this note, which was characterized as scurrilous, Mr. Ashmead was arraigned before the session of the Church, for "immorality and unchristian conduct," and was suspended from the sacraments. The case being appealed to the presbytery, the judgment of the session has been sustained; and poor Mr. Ashmead is cast forth as a heathen man and a publican because he does not believe that mud-puddles are part of the ways of the Lord's house.—*Independent*.

JOHN SMITH.—In Latin he is Joannes Smithus; the Italians smooth him off with Giovanni Smith; the Spaniards render him Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts him as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten him out into Jean Smeet; and the Russian sneezes and barks Ivan Smittowski. When John gets into the tea trade in Canton, he becomes Jovan Shimmit; but if he clammers about Mount Hecla, the Icelanders say he is John Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras, he becomes Ton Qua Smittia. Should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jihon Schmidd; when he goes to Mexico, he is booked as Jantli F'Smitti; if he mingles among Greek ruins, he turns Ion Smikton; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as yourself as Voe Self.

MEANING OF THE WORD EITHER.—The legal meaning of the word "either" was gravely argued in an English court of chancery recently. A certain testator left property, the disposition of which was affected by the "death of either" of two persons. One lawyer insisted that "either" meant both; and in support of this view he quoted Richardson, Webster, Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, the story of the Crucifixion, and a passage from Revelation. The judge suggested that there was an old song in "The Beggar's Opera" which took the other view: "How happy could I be with *either*, were t' other dear charmer away!" In pronouncing judgment, the court ruled that "either" meant one of two, and did not mean "both;" it might have that meaning occasionally in poetry, but never in a court of chancery.

## Scientific.

**THE COLOR OF THE SKY AND WATER.**—M. Collas, of Paris, comments in *Les Mondes*, upon M. A. Lallemante's paper on the blue color of the atmosphere, in which it was attributed to a change of refrangibility due to a partial absorption of the chemical or ultra-violet rays. In 1870, M. Collas, in an article in *Les Mondes*, attributed the blue color of the Lake of Geneva and other waters, to the quantity of silic held in solution, which is brought down by the tributary streams from the strata through which they pass. Numerous observations since have induced him to believe that the blue color of all water of the globe is due to the same cause. The air, everywhere, contains more or less of moisture, due to evaporation from the water of the earth. The water thus evaporated always contains a greater or less quantity of extremely fine insoluble particles. Silic, says M. Collas, is one of the most common insoluble substances in nature; and, through evaporation, performs the same function in the blue sky that he believes it does in the blue waters of the earth. He believes his theory is confirmed by the intense blue of Southern skies, where evaporation is so much greater than in the colder North.

**SPECTRUM ANALYSIS IN MANUFACTURING STEEL.**—Professor Roscoe found, from his investigation in spectrum analysis of the Bessemer flame, that when the blow begins, the flame is scarcely luminous, a mere glare of red, giving a very faint spectrum, if any. In about four minutes from the time the blast is let on, a flashing through the spectrum of the sodium line may be noticed; in about a minute and a half after this change, we discover lithium, and then potassium. As the process continues, the flame becomes intensely luminous, owing to the silicon becoming incandescent. Then it gradually changes, and becomes slightly purple, and in a few seconds passes to nearly the same color as at first. The first spectrum is an exceedingly simple one; but the last is complex, containing as many as thirty-three lines. The lines disappear in the inverse order of their appearance, and when the green band becomes invisible, the blast should be shut off, and the metal cooled.

**ABUNDANT FISH.**—How We Shall Escape a National Calamity, would be a fairly descriptive title of the Report of the United States Fish Commission, concerning our Southern Fisheries. There was a general belief that the supply of fish upon our Atlantic coast had been for some years diminishing; but the extent and causes of the decrease have never before been made subjects of thorough investigation. The causes, according to this Report, may be summed up in a word or two—man's rapacity and ingenuity. The official who made the investigation was every-

where assured that steamboats frightened, or sewage poisoned the fish. But what every body believes is not necessarily true. Traps and nets were found in sufficient abundance to account for all the decrease. Indeed, there is one ingenious contrivance—a "fish-slide"—that sweeps every thing in the shape of a fish into its screens; so that in the "running" season, two men constantly employed can not take off the fish as fast as they are caught. Its proprietor is grieving, however, over a constantly diminishing catch.

Just in time to save our coasts from the consequence of this reckless imprudence, comes the science of fish culture. We do not yet begin to realize how enormous is the increase in our resources which this is destined to create. It will not only restore the lost prosperity, but enlarge the yield of our rivers and lakes to an amount beyond the fisherman's wildest dreams.

**FECUNDITY OF FISHES.**—It is said that probably about 60,000,000 or 70,000,000 cod-fish are taken from the sea annually around the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when we consider that the cod yields something like 3,500,000 eggs each season, and that even 8,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod! Other fish, though not equaling the cod, are also wonderfully productive. A herring, six or seven ounces in weight, is provided with about 30,000 ova. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and of the young, it has been calculated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154,000,000. Buffon said that if a pair of herrings were left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years, they would yield a fish-bulk equal to the globe on which we live. The cod far surpasses the herring in fecundity. Were it not that vast numbers of the eggs are destroyed, fish would so multiply as to fill the waters completely.

**MALLEABLE GLASS.**—One of the lost arts, which skill and science have for hundreds of years been making efforts to rediscover, is the production of malleable glass. It was mentioned by many ancient writers, especially by Pliny, who speaks of its being indented when thrown on a hard substance, and then hammered into shape again like brass. The world uses a vastly greater amount of glass now than during the early ages, but has never been able to overcome its brittleness. That accomplished, it would enter into uses not even suspected now, and probably dispute with iron itself for supremacy as an agent of civilization. A glass-spinner of Vienna has recently made a discovery that may lead to the recovery of the lost link in the chain of early invention. He is manufacturing a thread of this material finer than the fiber of the silk-worm, which is entering into the



manufacture of a variety of new fabrics, such as cushions, table-cloths, shawls, neck-ties, figures in brocaded velvet and silk, embroidery, tapestry, laces, and a multitude of other things. It is as soft as the finest wool, stronger than silk thread, and is not changed by heat, light, moisture, or acids, nor liable to fade. So important is the matter deemed, that while the process is kept a profound secret, the Austrian Minister of Commerce has already organized schools for glass-spinning in various places in Bohemia; and a variety of manufactured articles are now for sale, and will, no doubt, soon reach America. If it shall end in the final rediscovery of malleable glass, so that it can be wrought or rolled into sheets, it will revolutionize much of the world's industry. Indeed, no one could safely predict to what uses it might not be applied, as the material is plentiful in all lands. Mankind have long waited for it. Let us hope the time is near when so great a boon will be vouchsafed to them.

**HOW NITRO-GLYCERINE IS MADE.**—Nitro-glycerine is made by mixing nitric acid with twice its weight of sulphuric acid, and when the mixture is cool, nineteen parts of glycerine to one hundred and fifty of the acid are added very carefully and stirred; when ten parts of water are added to this, nitro-glycerine is deposited. It needs to be washed with bicarbonate of soda to remove all traces of acid. This process is simple; but only experienced chemists should attempt to manufacture this highly explosive article.

**WHAT IS AN ICEBERG?**—The icebergs, which are the glory and terror of the Arctic Seas, are simply the broken ends of monstrous glaciers. A glacier is a river of ice pushing its way slowly down from mountain heights to the ocean level. Where, as on the Arctic shores, the glacier reaches the sea, its lower end is impelled into the ocean, the base resting on the bottom; propelled by the weight and force of its upper part, it is pushed into the sea or bay, often to a considerable distance, and plows its slow way over the bottom, and carrying off huge rocks in its path and tearing the bottom to pieces. Enormous fragments may be separated from the end of the glacier in two different ways, according to the temperature of the sea into which they protrude. In Spitzbergen, and on the coasts of Southern Greenland, the congealed mass, which often projects far into the sea, is gradually undermined by the comparatively warm waves which beat against it, and the remaining fragments overhanging the water are detached with a terrible noise, and plunge into the ocean. M. Martins and other members of the French Expedition to Spitzbergen have observed this at the base of all the glaciers of that archipelago. But in very cold seas, like that of Smith's Strait, the water, being of a still lower temperature, can not melt the glacier, which continues its course into the bay, its extreme end reaching far into the depths of the ocean, like an immense plane gliding over the rocks. Though lighter than the water, the enormous frozen mass is kept together below the surface by the force of cohesion. But a time comes when it must

break apart, and then the broken piece shoots upward to the surface, impelled by its less specific gravity. Thus icebergs are formed; for the larger masses thus broken off are mountainous in their proportions.

The total height of an iceberg always exceeds seven or eight times the height of the part above water. But icebergs have been met by vessels, which were three hundred and even four hundred feet above water, and whose mass must thus have been from twenty-one hundred to twenty-eight hundred feet in perpendicular height. When such a berg floats into a warmer sea, its base melts more rapidly than its top; and the result is a somersault, the whole vast mass turning over and over until it recovers its center of gravity.

The ice-masses approach the equator from both poles; they obey the currents which seize them, but, owing to the greater warmth of the Northern Hemisphere, icebergs have been found two hundred and fifty miles nearer the equator in the Southern than in the Northern Hemisphere.

**IMPURITY OF RUNNING WATER.**—Recent experiments have disproved the long-accepted notion, indorsed by Dr. Codling, Dr. Lethely, and others of equal authority, that running streams, into which impurities have been emptied, free themselves of such in flowing a few miles. Locations on several streams where the flow was a dozen miles or more without receiving any sewage additional to that of villages through which they had previously passed, were selected, and the amount of organic matter destroyed by oxidation was estimated. As a result of these experiments, it was shown that so far from sewage, mixed with twenty times its volume of water, disappearing during a flow of ten or twelve miles, scarcely two-thirds of it would be destroyed in a flow of one hundred and sixty-eight miles at the rate of one mile an hour, or after the lapse of a week. These results, obtained in New England rivers, sustain the opinion of Sir Benjamin Brodie, drawn from examination of Thames River, that it is simply impossible that the oxidizing power acting on sewage, running in mixtures with water over a distance of any length, should be sufficient to remove its noxious quality.

**THE DEATH-RATE.**—In England, the number of deaths each year is one out of forty-three inhabitants; in France, one out of thirty-two; and in the United States, one out of eighty-one. In the latter country, the rate in the North-western States is one in one hundred and twenty; in the Middle, one in eighty-three; in the Southern, one in seventy; and in the Gulf States, one in sixty-three.

**A NEW ANTISEPTIC.**—Silicate of soda has been discovered to exert a very decided chemical action in checking alcoholic fermentation, in this respect being somewhat similar to borax, although much more energetic. A small quantity of the silicate will entirely arrest the fermentation of wine, as also of milk.

## Sideboard for the Young.

### A DROP OF WATER.—II.

OUR second question is, Whither? Drops of water do not know themselves. They are homesick, and are always seeking their home—the sea. But often it is only after a thousand years—after countless wanderings, or, possibly, long and hard imprisonment—that they find again their way to it. Of any company of drops, only a small part ever reach it; the others are carried away into the air, or swallowed up by the earth.

Some of these little drops remain upon the earth, and soon find others to keep them company. Always faithfully seeking their way down to the sea, these drops, united, form tiny water-courses which, to try their powers, carry away with them grains of sand and bits of clay, and soon find a little brook, which takes them into its current; and this brings them into the larger stream, where they quietly pursue their homeward way, though not all of them, to be sure, ever get home; for still, on their way there, even during the last hours of their journey, the sun draws not a few of them upward, and others the earth drinks in. We can say but little, with certainty, of those which flow down into the mysterious depths of the earth; but, even here, drop gathers to drop, fountain to fountain, till they have grown to be powerful forces, and often array themselves as an unconquerable enemy against man in his mountain mining, or astonish us in caves and grottoes.

In vain here, also, the eye takes pains to spy out the architect of these columns and domes, these jagged teeth and glittering arches, the growth of which, however, is clearly understood. But we can hear him still at his work. From the roof of the cave falls, tinkling, drop after drop, still building the stone into strange and beautiful forms.

The fountains, also, give us information of the depth to which the waters penetrate the earth; and, from their temperature, we can tell quite accurately the depth from which they spring; for, after about a hundred feet, the temperature increases in descending into the earth, and from the earth's treasury of warmth is derived the warmth of the fountains. So the thermometer may serve us as a milestone for the depths from which the hot springs come, and show us the limit which the moving waters, in descending into the earth, can not pass without changing their nature. The heat always increases with the depth; and all geological appearances tend to show that this is the case till the heat is so great that all the stones are melted; and so there is a bound beyond which the water can not press, on account of the heat—a neutral territory between the glowing fluidity of the earth's center and the cool, refreshing water of its surface. Yet the water tries to press further and further continually, and sometimes it crowds

down into wide clefts and spaces at a still greater depth, as volcanoes show us, which belch forth monstrous masses of lava and steam. Here these waters find themselves, accidentally perhaps, in company with other drops, which, in the mean time, have undertaken wide journeys through the air, and have visited regions never yet seen by human eye. The north and south poles are as well known to them as the fair valleys of Switzerland, and the unattainable summits of the Andes and the Himalayas they have seen beneath their feet. By the great difference of temperature between the poles and the tropical regions is caused a movement of the air, a circulation, which produces every-where a change of its masses, and, of course, at the same time, of the water or mists which are found even in the coldest air; and so the same masses are transported from the northern to the southern hemisphere, and from the polar to the equatorial regions. The drops of water which are contained in these currents of air are subject, of course, to the same changes of place; and so the little water pignies which, a little while ago, were bathing in the Ganges, are set to-day, perhaps, as fine needles of ice upon a Greenland glacier, or are silversing the beard of some bold Arctic traveler. From there, after a longer or shorter rest, they turn into the floating iceberg, or, on the wings of the sharp north-easter, they take another journey to see the Atlantic Ocean, or descend into the howlands of the Amazon, out of which, warmed by the tropical sun, they rise again into the air, to take a survey of the Antarctic regions. What variety, what change, there is in the grand yet simple circle of the water-drops, from the sea into the air, from the air upon the land, from the land back to the sea again! What haste and hurry some of them show, scudding upon the wings of the wind! What thoughtful climbing, others, rising through crevices and rents to the fountain and the stream! What indolence, others, making a sledge-journey of a century upon the glaciers, from the very summit of the mountain, upon which they fall as snow-flakes, till they press slowly to the edge of the glacier, and trickle off in separate drops; to say nothing of the prisoners who, snatched out of the current of life, lie locked fast a thousand years in the heart of the oak, or literally turned to stone in the crust of the earth; and, held secure by crystals, sleep enchanted, till a memory of earth shall wake them also out of their sleep of death!

### TOBY: A FAIRY TALE.

#### CHAPTER II.

JUST as the sun was setting, he saw a poor lamb by the road-side, in an apparently dying condition "Get down, Buffy, and let me see if I can help the poor creature," he said.

He poured some milk down its throat, which it swallowed as if starving. He next gave it some bread from his basket, after eating which, it soon revived. When it had grown sufficiently strong, it arose to its feet, and straightway became a beautiful young girl.

"I have been laid under a spell by a wicked fairy," she said, "who declared that there was no such thing in the world of mortals as disinterested kindness. If I should ever meet such a thing in my new form, she said, the spell would be broken. I had been chased by dogs till I sank down, exhausted, by the way, where I lay till I was starving, and, but for your assistance, must have died. My father's palace is near. Come with me, that he may thank you for the renewed life of his only child."

So Toby followed the young girl, who seemed an angel in his eyes; almost forgetting for the time even Buffy, till he ran up, mewing, to be noticed. On reaching the palace, there was great rejoicing over the return of the young princess, Eda—for such, indeed, she was; and when her father, the prince, had heard her story, he thanked Toby with great warmth, and asked him what he should do to reward him.

"I came out, your honor," he said, "to seek my fortune; and if you can put me in a way to find it, I shall be very thankful."

"I will make you a lieutenant in my army," replied the prince; "and when you shall have given proof of courage in battle, you shall be further rewarded."

So Toby was dressed in splendid uniform, and given a fine suite of rooms in the palace, for his own, with Persian carpets, and silver lamps, and goblets of gold. None of these, however, made him forget his old friend Buffy, who shared it all with him.

It so happened, after Toby had been several years in the palace, and when all the princes of the neighboring countries were suing for the hand of the beautiful Eda, that a dreadful enemy arose in the father of a young prince whose hand she had refused in marriage. He collected his armies, and attacked the castle. Toby was much distressed, and knew not how to act for the best. He stood upon the ramparts, brooding over the possible defeat and capture

of the castle, and the consequent loss of the fair princess, whom he had secretly loved for years, when Buffy came purring up to him with a pigeon he had caught and wounded.

"How is this, Buffy? Do I not feed you sufficiently, that you must go and hurt the poor pigeon?"

Taking the wounded bird from the crest-fallen cat, he smoothed its crumpled feathers, tied up its broken wing, set it down upon the parapet, and gave it a cake from his pocket. It immediately changed to a beautiful fairy, who offered to deliver the enemy into his hands for his kindness to the wounded bird.

"Go you," she said, "to the upper wall of the northern turret, where you will find a glass, a bow and an arrow. Look through the glass, and when you see an officer plainly dressed, with a single red star upon his breast, aim the arrow at the star. It is a magic arrow, and will not fail you. He is their prince, and when he falls, the others will flee in a panic."

He followed her directions to the letter. His success was complete; and for his bravery, the prince gladly bestowed upon him the hand of the princess, who had loved him from the first. And all this wealth, fame, and love came to Toby through his kindness of heart, which would never allow him to see even a dumb brute suffer, without striving to give it relief.

#### SUMMER-TIME.

O, the Summer-time, the Summer-time,  
The Summer-time so bright!  
Sunshine and singing all the day,  
And heavenly calm at night.

O, the Summer-time, the Summer-time,  
With wealth of fruits and flowers!  
No cloud can mar its perfectness,  
No sorrow dim its hours.

O, the Summer-time, the Summer-time,  
When strifes and tempests fail!  
What peace on every mountain dwells,  
What joy in every vale!

O, the Summer-time, the Summer-time,  
Millennium of the year!  
No plaint of ours shall check the flow  
Of universal cheer.

## Contemporary Literature.

SAMUEL JOSEPH MAY, whose life, partly autobiographic and journalistic, has just been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), belonged to the race of philanthropists of which this day and age have produced so many. He was one of the earliest promoters of the temperance movement in the United States, a strenuous advocate for peace principles and popular education and the common-school system. He was one of the

originators of the modern lecture system, designed to popularize knowledge, and to draw people from vain pursuits to the useful, and to combine education with entertainment. His pet benevolence, however, was that which engaged so many thousands of earnest souls in this land, and which ultimately gendered wrath, bloodshed, and Divine interposition—was the antislavery cause. In this he labored earnestly and fearlessly in the days of the darkness of good men

and the opposing forces of mistaken and evil men; the days of vicious legislation and mobs and martyrdoms; days in which men and women were branded as devils, who are now exalted high up in the calendar of saints. Mr. May was also one of the earliest advocates and promoters of the modern form of the doctrine of "woman's rights." Born in 1797, graduated at Harvard College, and entering the Unitarian ministry in 1820, the temperance cause in 1825, and the antislavery battle soon after, Mr. May labored so zealously, so faithfully, and, withal, so catholicly, as to secure the respect and esteem of all denominations—Roman Catholics, Jews, and Protestants of every name. He died in 1871. His memoir is prefaced with a fine portrait of the departed humanitarian.

RHODA RUSHTON is the heroine of a Sunday-school romance, entitled *Rhoda's Corner*, by A. M. Mitchell Payne (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati). Rhoda is a rare spray of perfection. She blossoms perennially with all the graces; is all labor, all love, all shrewdness, all ingenuity; full of sound judgment and good works. Her life-mission is to make every body happy. Rich, she consorts gracefully with poverty, works like a drudge for the lame, and endures patiently the slights put upon her by the proud, and the tasks imposed by the selfish and lazy. A mere school-girl, she plays the womanly adviser, nurse, counselor, and helper generally, with a wisdom far beyond her years. The earnest, perpetual wise, self-sacrificing way in which she works, and sets all around to work for their own good, and her singular insensibility to that which every body else is so conscious of, her angelicalness, are lovely to contemplate; but they are the rarest things in creation outside of a novel, which, like the one before us, exhibits as tempting a surfeit of rainbow-hued "goodies" as the show-case of a confectioner.

FOR many years we have had the impression, amounting at times to conviction, that the Sunday-school was too school-ish. It has been sometimes called the "children's Church," and many, parents and youth, have come to consider attendance on a session of Sunday-school as an equivalent for attendance upon a regular Church service; yet no parent or child ever failed to see the difference between a school and its performances, and the regular worship of the house of God. Commencing with a few catechetical and Scripture lessons, songs, and religious conversation, the Sunday-school has steadily increased in machinery till it has become as formidable a task to run one as it is to run a seminary or college. Here is a book before us, *Through the Eye to the Heart* (Nelson & Phillips), which seems to us better adapted to a theological seminary than to children from ten to fourteen years of age.

Two things are necessary for a teacher—one is to be full of the subject which he wishes to teach to another; the other is, power to impart what he knows. Books will not make teachers, as treatises on logic will not make logicians. The true teacher

depends but little on books. Impermeated with knowledge himself, he will, if he have the requisite genius for his task, invent his own modes for imparting to others the ideas he himself possesses. To genuine teachers, the book before us will be suggestive and useful; to such as think that the whole essence of teaching lies in following books and machinery, it will prove a snare and a nuisance.

*Miss Beecher's Housekeeper.* The Beechers are a most useful race—preachers, lecturers, moralists, novelists, and promoters in general of all the interests of religious and social life. Miss Catherine Beecher has revived her "Cook-book" this Spring, and republished (through Messrs. Harper & Bros., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati) a volume of four hundred and seventy pages, containing all manner of useful receipts for all manner of good things, and many directions for economical housekeeping. The only objection we ever heard to Miss Beecher's receipts was, that they were made for rich and not for poor. This volume does not confine itself to receipts for soups, pickles, puddings, and ragouts; it dilates on ventilation, house-warming, stoves and chimneys, care of health, exercise, early rising, domestic manners, management of children, care of servants, religious training. It is a most useful book, and is furnished with a full and thorough Index.

METHODISM is served up to the public in many forms, not unfrequently in the shape of personal and autobiographical observations and reminiscences. Nelson & Phillips publish *Methodism Forty Years Ago and Now*, by Rev. Newell Culver, of the New Hampshire Conference, a collection of experiences, comparisons, statements, and statistics of Church progress and growth, that will be valuable to many readers.

MR. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT gives promise of compiling histories till he reaches four-score. The latest man he is after with feather and steel is "*Ferdinand*" *De Soto*. (Dodd & Mead, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) De Soto was one of the myriad Spanish adventurers of the sixteenth century, and one of the best of them. In the main, they were a set of Christian (?) blacklegs, gamblers, debauchees, and robbers. De Soto's life was exceedingly romantic; his early love, the desperate efforts of his proud and haughty father-in-law to defeat that love, its constancy on the part of himself and the object of his affections, and its final reward; his exploits in Central America, his connection with the butcheries and treacheries of the cowardly Pizarro; and, finally, the great adventure by which he is more generally known—his mad expedition up the Florida peninsula, and across the Southern States of the Union to the Mississippi River and beyond, in the fruitless search for gold; his disappointment, chagrin, failure of health and spirits, sickness, death, and burial in the bottom of the Mississippi, the noble stream of which he was the first white discoverer,—all these are romance itself; a romance which has been



wrought out by scores of writers of genius; and Mr. Abbott gives us a very clever mosaic from the works of his predecessors. Sorry he changed the name to the French Ferdinand, instead of leaving it as we have had it in Spanish from boyhood, Hernando De Soto.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, through Robert Clarke & Co., send us *Ups and Downs*, by E. E. Hale, "an every-day novel," which takes a student from Harvard College, one of the stars on graduation-day, with "the best education the country can afford," and sends him to Detroit to hunt for employment. He commences life at the bottom, washing prairie-mud from railroad-cars, assisting firemen, brakemen, conductors, and engineers; gets into a firm of carriage-makers, and eventuates an editor, guardian of a Norwegian waif, his "man Friday," whose English equals that of Robinson Crusoe's swarthy lieutenant; and in due time marries a German girl, whose fortunes are worked out in alternate chapters with his own. Sturdy honesty, solid principle, and sound philosophy are inculcated unwaveringly from the beginning to the end of the book.

"WILL CARLETON" is the Wilkie of American poets. His *Farm Ballads* (Harpers and Robert Clarke) have all the homeliness of title and all the quaintness of treatment that characterize Sir David's pictures. Many of his productions—like "Betsy and I are Out"—have floated about in the newspapers till every body is acquainted with them. We know of nothing more natural, quaintly humorous and touching, than these ballad-like productions. They enter right into the loves and hates and prejudices of the masses, and express them in their own language. Find any thing finer in Saxe or Hood, if you can, than "The New Church Organ," or any thing more touching in Tennyson than "The House Where We were Well." These "Farm Ballads" will have an extensive sale.

EDWARD EGGLESTON'S new story, the *Mystery of Metropolisville* (Orange Judd & Co.), is similar in style and character to its predecessors, the "End of the World" and the "Hoosier School-master." The author's characters are few, thoroughly Western, and drawn with a strong, free hand. They are mostly of a low type, and such, some critic has said, as no one would choose to associate with—knaves, fools, rowdies, illiterate, weak, passionate, selfish, semi-infidel, and either hypocritical or rationalistic whenever they pretend to be Christian. Isabel Marlay is the single exception. Yet, beyond peradventure, Mr. Eggleston is the story-teller of the hour.

*Aunt Saidee's Cow*, by Sarah J. Pritchard (Robert Carter & Brothers; Robert Clarke, Cincinnati), is a lively story, not fuller than stories usually are of preternatural maturity, wisdom, angelic saintship, long-headed calculations, prudence, and forethought, such as one seldom meets with in adult life, developed by a girl of a dozen Summers, eliciting corresponding goodness and benevolence in all about her. Every body is sanguine, every body kind, every body gets

what every body wants; and all is lovely and serene from the beginning of the story to the end, which comes about two-thirds through the book; and the other pages are pieced out with tales that Aunt Saidee tells—a mosaic at once inartistic and bungling.

*The Story of a Carrier Dove* (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), told, all the way through, by the dove in person, is a nice bit of instruction for children, on the motto, "Faithful in little!" The dove narrates its fortunes from the nest in which it first found itself, the death of the male parent by a cruel gun, the death of the mother from grief, and the loss of a sister who hopped recklessly from the nest before she could fly, the subsequent fortunes of the survivor, the sympathy of other birds, his sojourn in a squirrel's nest, his flight to France. His feats and use as a carrier pigeon, are marvels of intelligence such as we had not given the bird credit for, and such as probably do not exist outside of the romance region, where every thing is possible, and the biggest lie often the most plausible. The story is of the fable kind, and deceives nobody, though the intelligent bird carries messages to and from the French army, and understands their purport and design as well as those who wrote and those who received them.

*Brightside*, by E. Bedell Benjamin (Robert Carter New York; Robert Clarke, Cincinnati), is considerably above the average Sunday-school, semi-domestic, semi-religious novel, with a strong bias for Episcopal forms, and yet highly flavored throughout with the character Mrs. Stowe has made so popular, the Methodist black sister and "mamma," with her African gibberish, duly rendered in plain, common-sense conversation, pious reflections and hymns, choruses and songs. The book is very readable.

SIR CHARLES BELL'S interesting and instructive treatise on *Expression, Its Anatomy and Philosophy*, was first published in quarto form in 1806, and several other editions followed before the death of the learned and noble author. We have this great work before us in what purports to be a new and enlarged edition (Samuel R. Wells, New York)—a small and thin octavo, which, though not much like the splendid original, is respectably printed and bound, but miserably illustrated with rough wood-cuts; not much like Darwin's elegant work with its photographic illustrations on the same subject.

ANOTHER Beecher book, by another Beecher, is Mrs. Stowe's *Palmetto Leaves*, republished from the *Christian Union* by James R. Osgood, Boston; Geo. E. Stevens, Cincinnati. It is full of Mrs. Stowe's best peculiarities, amusing, descriptive, practical, useful. It is a hand-book of information about Florida, its flowers, its productions, its social customs, its good features, and its points objectionable. From it we derive much valuable information about the negro in his present state, and learn the results of emancipation. In this direction Mrs. Stowe presents a host of valuable observations, and points to grand and hopeful progress.

## Our Letter-Bag.

SHAVINGS—FROM THE CAPITOL.—From Point Lookout to the head-waters of the Potomac, are said to be more varieties of the finny tribe than in any other river in the United States, if not, indeed, in the world. It is not a fish story to venture that we have here a corresponding variety of takers. With April sun and showers come seine, gillers, dippers, rodmen—professional and amateur. In the absence of politics and the National Legislature, the conversational interest hinges on bass. To the Government *employé* the official relation includes fish. In fact, office and bass seem to be the chief end of man. The questions to be answered before entering upon the salary of a first-class clerk, are remodeled to include some judicious questions on the general habits and taste, early history, religious training, etc., of the aforesaid; being especially applicable in the Treasury as a test of a fin-ancial education. To such as aspire to place by piscatorial study, a few hints will not be unkindly received. A connoisseur is a *basso profundo*; your turn for the fishing-shore comes under the head of *basso relieve*; the feminine scribbler is, of course, *bass bleu*, and so on. Any clerk not favored with a trip to London, Europe, Asia, or Africa, as pall-bearer of the national bonded debt, is allowed a reasonable time on the river, base-ball excursions, or other similar compensation. The ladies are not excluded on account of sex or previous condition, but take their perquisites as smilingly as they do their pay. General Spinner's half-yearly fishing-party is always composed of a large number of ladies of his bureau; and really there would seem to be no valid reason against their having a fin-fished education as well as male officials.

Now, individually, we are conscious of never having been measured for a "hardy fisherman." After repeated attempts, attended by as many disastrous failures, we give in to the conviction that, like the long line of poets and artists, the trout and bass-catchers are born, not made. Long ago, our venerable grandfather pronounced us a failure, simply because we got hungry, and fell in the creek, and got the fish-hook fast in our thumb, and cried to go home. With one exception, we never had any luck; it was in the mountains of West Virginia, where we caught as much as we could carry home—one trout and the ague. So, you see, we have struggled to live down early prognostication and have, so far, failed miserably. Yet, when our bosom friend harps upon the fishing-string, recounts the fun, the recreation, the extraordinary captures, until we dream ourself a rod, and our disordered stomach a reel, it is a sweet tribute to the abiding faith of human nature to admit that we succumb. Our easy-chair and books are sacrificed to piscatory ambition.

It was under this hallucination that, one beautiful

morning, we were prompted to lay aside our usual worldly avocation, and, armed with a full allowance of "tackle" and short allowance of breakfast, take our way to the fishing-ground. "Over the hills and far away," through the ancient and sleepy city of Georgetown, among the kicky mules of the tow-path, and out on the rocky moor to Great Falls. We incline to the word "grounds" conventionally; for, bless your soul, Letter-bag, there is n't enough earth in the vicinity decently to inter a dead shad! Scrambling among the rocks, now slipping into dangerous crevices, anon falling full length among the laurel bushes, and dexterously distributing tackle, and such, over the surrounding country, we hazard the æsthetic opinion that there are too many falls to the square inch of scenery. The neighborhood is, however, well worth the praises of our friend. Almost any sunny day in June you will find the sporting artist idly alternating the lazy hours away between his rod and brush. The Falls vary between the mountain torrent of midsummer and the annihilating flood of early Fall and Spring. The reader may indulge the imagination from Niagara to a pump-spout. We came to fish. Selecting a soft rock for a seat, we anxiously adjust our brand-new rod and reel, and throw in for smelt, a small fish used as live bait. Elated with our success, we tenderly fix one of the little fellows and cast our bass-hook; but the nervous system is overstrung, or the fates in which we dare no longer disbelieve still pursue us, and our line envelops a scraggy willow, and our live bait has "gone where the woodbine twineth." A patient half-hour, in which our companion grasses a fine bass, and a new hook and smelt goes to water. An impatient hour and no bite; then we catch a rock, and away goes another hook. We try again; an eel is disgusted with life, and yields to our temptation. Another half-hour, and we plant our pole and take a bite ourself. While ravenous over a sandwich, down goes our cork. Ah! we have him this time. Forgetting real and scientific angling, we step back and, with one foot on a rock and the other in our lunch, we give a jerk which would turn a sturgeon wrong side out. On a close calculation it is presumed our fish weighed at least five pounds; whatever kind it was, is left a matter of speculation. It is probably somewhere off Norfolk or the Gulf of Mexico at present writing; and wherever it is, there is our line, float, and hook also. We bow to the spirit of our grandfather. Dragging the weary miles homeward, we inwardly modify the old muster-song of our boyhood:

"O, were ye ne'er a fisherman,  
And did ye never strain,  
And feel that swelling of the limbs  
Ye ne'er shall feel again?"

MURRAY.

**DEFENSE OF XANTHIPPE.**—In the LADIES REPOSITORY for March is an article entitled "Great Men and Their Wives," in the reading of which I was much interested. I regret, however to find a repetition of the old slander respecting Xanthippe, the wife of Socrates. I think it is time for some one to take up the cudgels in behalf of the much-abused Xanthippe, and of all suffering housewives generally. I find it is done, far better than I could do it, by Professor Draper, in his able work on the "Intellectual Development of Europe," an extract of which I will now give. This writer says:

"The Socrates of our imagination is a very different man from the Socrates of contemporaneous Athens. To us, he appears a transcendent genius, to whom the great names of antiquity render their profound homage—a martyr in behalf of principles. To them, Socrates was no more than an idle loungee in the public places and corners of the streets, grotesque and even repulsive in his person; affecting, in the oddities of his walking and in his appearance, many of the manners of the mountebank. Neglecting the pursuit of an honest calling—for his trade seems to have been that of a stone-cutter—he wasted his time in discoursing with such youths as his lecherous countenance and satyr-like person could gather around him. It does not appear that he was observant of those cares which by most men are properly considered as paramount, giving himself but little concern for the support of his children and wife. The good woman, Xanthippe, is, to all appearance, one of those characters who are unfairly judged of by the world. Socrates married her because of her singular conversational powers; and though he himself, according to universal testimony, possessed extraordinary merits in that respect, he found to his cost, when too late, that so commanding were her excellencies that he was altogether her inferior. Among the amusing instances related of his domestic difficulties were the consequences of his invitations to persons to dine with him when there was nothing in the house wherewith to entertain them—a proceeding severely trying to the temper of Xanthippe, whose cause would unquestionably be defended by the matrons of any nation. It was nothing but the mortification of a high-spirited woman at the acts of a man who was too shiftless to have any concern for his domestic honor. He would not gratify her urgent entreaties by accepting from those upon whom he lavished his time, the money that was so urgently needed at home. After his condemnation, she carried her children with her to his prison, and was dismissed by him, as he told his friends, from his apprehension of her deep distress. To the last, we see her bearing herself in a manner honorable to a woman and a wife. There is surely something wrong in a man's life when the mother of his children is protesting against his conduct, and her complaints are countenanced by the community. There can be no doubt that his trial and condemnation were connected with political measures. His bias was toward aristocracy, not democracy. He had been engaged in undertakings that could not do oth-

erwise than entail mortal animosities. The mistake made by the Athenians was in applying a punishment altogether beyond the real offense."

Now, Mr. Editor, in the name of the outraged Xanthippe, I think it is but just she should have a hearing. Socrates has been held up long enough as the model of all the virtues, and Xanthippe condemned as a virago. I think it is time something was said on the other side. T. M.

**ASPIRATIONS.**—Saturday night has come; and, for a miracle, the baking, cleaning, and mending was all done before five o'clock P. M., and, supper being over, we have the luxury of an evening to do as we please. Now, what shall we *please* but write a letter for the REPOSITORY budget. We have wanted to write ever since you invited us; but when our thoughts came up fresh and glowing, they have been rolled to atoms with our pie-crust, or kneaded to nothing in our bread-tray, or else they have been drowned in the wash-tub, or otherwise lost amidst our household cares; for what woman can keep all her beautiful thoughts while doing the necessary work for five or six in family?

But we are glad that you are kind enough to invite the "dinner-pot satellites" (especially those of us who are itinerants' wives) to send a word occasionally; for if we *are* little and obscure, we love to hold communion with master minds, and pour our thoughts into the ears of sympathizing friends.

We used to think we would write a book; and who knows but we may *yet*? Mrs. Stowe-like, we may write it in the kitchen, in the intervals of bread and jam making; for, have we not already sent a good many articles to various papers and magazines?, some of which have appeared, in all their primitive excellence, in the—waste-basket, or among the "articles declined!" But we learned a motto, when a little girl, which we have never forgotten; namely, "There is no excellence without labor." So we have concluded to trudge along in our every-day duties (writing included, when the work is all done), for we know that only to those who *overcome* is the reward promised.

Please excuse us, if we presume to bid you God-speed in your work for the delightful magazine which has been our monthly visitor for nineteen years. "May its shadow never grow less!"

E. H. N.

**WORKING FOR JESUS.**—There are, perhaps, no duties that we stumble over more easily, or neglect more frequently, than those little duties that cross our path every hour in the day. Our lives are so full of care, there is so much to try us, so much to fret and worry about, that the opportunities to say a word for Jesus, or do a kind deed in the name of a disciple, go by unnoticed and unimproved. There are many Marthas cumbered about much serving, and, like Martha of old, are tempted to neglect that good part which Mary chose. It is well to remember that time is not lost that is spent at the feet of Jesus, learning of Him who went about doing good. We should then be better prepared to meet and

conquer the trials that surround our pathway. Our Savior's presence would check the rising impatience, strengthen the weary frame, lighten the heart, and enable us to recommend his religion by our example. I do not think we realize what an influence a few words fitly spoken, or a kind act cheerfully performed, would have in leading others to the Savior. We are commanded to let our light *so shine* before men that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven. But it must not be a wavering, glimmering light, that can be extinguished by the first puff of wind. No; it must be a strong, steady light that nothing can obscure. And yet, alas! how many of us, like the foolish virgins, let our lights go out while we sleep, forgetting that the Bridegroom may come at the midnight hour! O, why is it that so many of us are asleep? Is there nothing for us to do? Have we no dear ones yet out of the ark of safety? Are there no eyes watching us to whom we are stumbling-blocks? O, would our skirts be clear were we summoned to the judgment-bar? These are solemn questions. Let us face them now, ere it is too late. Is it true that without repentance no one can be saved? Do we believe it? How many of us act as though we do? I meet a friend to-day that I have not seen for years: we talk of our earthly interests, and of our mutual friends; but no word of Jesus, that dearest friend of all; and yet we are both his professed followers. We part with no word of that heavenly home to which we both hope to go, and an opportunity to cheer and encourage each other is gone forever. A dear little friend comes in to see me; her heart is young and easily impressed. How easy to sow the good seed in such rich soil! And yet I let her go, without one word for Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" and another opportunity is gone.

My heart is very heavy when I think how many lost opportunities have gone to meet me in the great hereafter.

RENA.

**SOMETHING ABOUT READE.**—When I classed Reade among the great novelists, I thought rather of the honored and respected gentleman who gave us, years ago, "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone," than of him who now writes trash under the same name. Then his pen, with its sparkle, flow, genuine strength, and sweetness, was wielded against

abuses; and his noble appeal against the cruel *régime* of prisons, in "Never too Late to Mend," culminating in that pathetic but terrible scene, the death of Josephs No. 15, was worthy to be produced by the countryman of the author of "Little Dorrit." Indeed, this "matter-of-fact romance," as it is styled by the author, has many fine points, though his heroine is the "average" woman, and therefore "not the spice of fiction; yet is she the salt of real life." And Mr. Eden is a true minister. Listen to his description: "Such men are human suns! They brighten and warm wherever they pass. Fools count them mad, till death wrenches open foolish eyes. They are not often called 'My lord,' nor sung by poets when they die; but the hearts they heal, and their own, are their rich reward on earth, and their place is high in heaven." Then, in the days of his delightful novel, "Put Yourself in his Place," how glad we were that Charles Reade wrote! How we saw the horror of Trades' Unions and the tragedy of poor lives! How our imaginations pictured out the old church where young Little worked at night! And how we linger on that vivid scene when sweet Grace is recovered to life there! How we recognize true integrity and devotion in that strong, fine peasant-girl, Jael Dence! But why go on? Charles Reade is undoubtedly a great author; and we mourn over his ruin all the more, when we think of the novelist we once so admired. It is like the ruin of a noble house. We have much pity, and a little scorn, when we think of its former greatness and present degeneracy.

Instead of simplicity and truth, we have now only disgusting coarseness, until we shudder at the thought of his disordered brain and vitiated heart. Because of his power, he does all the more harm. Every body reads his books because he has so attracted the public ear; and, throughout the length and breadth of our land, his novels, even though known to be bad, will be read. The most influential publishing-houses scatter them broadcast over the land, and many wait eagerly for them.

When we see his name on a new title-page, we can only sigh; and, thinking of his past, wish that some mental concussion might restore to us once again, "clothed, and in his right mind," the author who once bid fair to rank among England's greatest sons.

EMMA G. WILBUR.

### Editor's Table.

**MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—The month of May was distinguished by a grand musical festival in Cincinnati, similar to those periodically given in Germany, England, and the Eastern States. Doubts were entertained whether sufficient material could be got together in the West to constitute a chorus; nevertheless, it was resolved to try the experiment. Be-

tween thirty and forty choral associations responded to the call. Music was selected, printed in pamphlet form, practiced, and finally sung in concert by a choral force of seven to eight hundred voices, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, supported by an orchestra of over one hundred pieces, and an organ of first-class power, built for the occasion in Cin-



cinnati. For four days and four nights the immense Exposition Hall, a building, capable of accommodating five thousand persons, was thronged with eager listeners, many of whom were glad to renew the memories in the West of strains with which they had been familiar in the East, or on the other side of the Atlantic, and many of whom heard, with thrills of wonder and delight, combinations of melody and harmony, voice and instrument, in effects that they had never heard before.

The daily papers of the country gave at the time full reports of the Festival, its music, its singers, its performances, its faults, and its success. We need not repeat them here. It is proposed to make the occasion annual. If this is done, it can not fail to raise the standard of musical culture throughout the country. Every village that can command an expert pianist, a vivacious leader, and fifty singers, selected from the cream of its church choirs, can possess itself of the selections made by Theodore Thomas, and published by Church & Co., Cincinnati, organize a choral association, and begin the practice of the music of the great masters; and thus be ready for participation in those grand jubilees and festivals that are sure to become a feature in the future of this land as they are in England and Germany. Every city needs a music hall, public property, constructed on acoustic principles, not too large, and furnished with a powerful organ. Every city and village should encourage the formation of oratorio associations. The introduction of classic music will elevate the general standard of the art, and will drive out the trash that now—whether sacred or profane, peculiar to the Sunday-school or the minstrel-troop—perverts and debases the public taste. Music of high character is now an expensive luxury, within the reach only of the wealthier and well-to-do classes of society. Increase in generalness will decrease expensiveness, and the day will come when all classes will be able to participate in its highest and noblest exhibitions, when the maximum of enjoyment will be reached at a minimum of expense.

**STOCKING-MACHINE.**—A good lady housewife of our familiar acquaintance, possessed of a large family, has recently added a domestic stocking-loom to the list of labor-saving household conveniences. In former years, stocking-building was the work of deft fingers, and occupied most of the leisure hours of thrifty housekeepers and worn-out old ladies. It was a slow process; stitch by stitch, with thousands of clicks of the busy needles, the net-work cylinder grew, widening and narrowing to suit the swell and diminish and sinuosities of leg, muscle, foot, and toe, till at last it was "heeled and toed," and stood entire, a marvel of human invention, industry, and luxury. The short socks of modern days saved half the work bestowed on the long stockings of former generations; yet we remember when they were regarded as a fearful innovation, a most unwarranted abridgement of yarn, labor, and protection for exposed calves; and when they were classed with those shocking lies of the modern wardrobe, false bosoms,

false wristbands, false collars, false neck-ties, and the whole families of falses. It was a day's work for a diligent knitter to build a single stocking. The machine grinds out a pair in twenty to thirty minutes, according to the skill and diligence of the operator. One of the advantages of the stocking-loom is, that it becomes cheaper to make a new pair of hose than to spend much time in darning the old. Darning stockings is one of the last resources of virtuous poverty. It is like dining in the kitchen, with the table backed against the wall. It has been said that "a hole in one's stocking might be the result of an accident, but a darn is premeditated poverty." Darned stockings have been one of our pet abhorrences. With the stocking-loom they disappear. Joy to the stocking-loom!

**DEATH.**—When and how shall I leave the world? is a question that is frequently present in the reflective mind, and one which a tolling bell, a funeral procession, or a newspaper paragraph, often brings to the notice of the most thoughtless and trifling. The mode in which the friends and acquaintances of other days have met their final fate, has often been singular and startling. How many have fallen in ways unthought of, entirely aside from the natural course of accident, age, and disease! One curly-headed, black-eyed school-mate of ours grew to manhood to be pierced to the heart by a Comanche arrow on the plains of Texas. A beloved pupil from the Mississippi Valley, with his son, was also slain by Indian arrows in Oregon. One school-fellow made his grave beneath the waves of the Atlantic. We discovered the head-stone of another on the other side of the globe, in a cemetery in the outskirts of the Chinese city of Shanghai. The youngest son of the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," the genial companion of many a social hour in China, lies entombed in unknown latitudes in the bosom of the Pacific. Thirty years ago, we were accustomed to visit, before the era of railroads in that region, one of the pleasantest houses to be found among the green hills and winding vales of Vermont, the center of wealth, intelligence, refinement, and piety—the home of a large family of children, the oldest of whom had but then reached womanhood. Among the passengers lost in the *Atlantic*, in April last, we read, without special emotion, the names of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, not dreaming, at the moment, that we had any more interest in them than in the hundreds of others engulfed by that terrible catastrophe. Yet a "horror of darkness" swam before our eyes when we learned that Mrs. Fisher was one of the bevy of rosy-cheeked girls that used to welcome our visits to the white mansion on the hill-side a generation ago. Merry, laughing, beautiful, accomplished MARY RIPLEY lies coffinless in the embrace of the cold waves of the North Atlantic, awaiting the gathering summons of the final day. One of the heroisms of the terrible scene, was the refusal of her husband to save himself and leave her to perish. One of the consolations of the fearful disaster to survivors is, that they know the spot where their loved ones died.

Hundreds and thousands of anxious eyes are straining out into the darkness of the great unknown in quest of friends who went down in mid-ocean—none but God knows how or when or where!

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held its annual session in Cincinnati in May last. The lady delegates to the annual session of the General Executive Committee from the several branch societies were the following: Madams Warren, Lindsay, Latimer, New England; Skidmore, Knowles, Hillman, New York; Willing, Seymour, Hitt, North-west; Prescott, Newman, Elliott, St. Louis; Keen, Johnson, Stevens, Central; Doughty, Lathrop, Clason, Cincinnati; Hart, Linville, Berry, Baltimore.

A USEFUL and praiseworthy benevolence was the rescue of Union Chapel, of Cincinnati, for the use of the African Methodists, by the heroic exertions of the preachers and laymen of the city.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CATALOGUE.—Hitchcock & Walden have printed a neat pamphlet of over a hundred pages, embracing description and prices of all the books published by the Western Concern, a list which the preacher, the family, the Church, or the Sunday-school can study to advantage when making up a new library or adding to an old one.

ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING, between Troy and Saratoga Springs, is getting to be one of the institutions of the country and of Methodism. We have received the *Round Lake Journal* for June, 1873, an eight-page quarto, full of information about the grounds, and accompanied with a map and numerous illustrative engravings.

PROGRESS.—Mrs. Stowe, in "Palmetto Leaves," says that the amount of money saved by Africans, formerly slaves, and placed on deposit with the Freedmen's Saving and Trust Company, in 1867, was \$1,624,883; in 1868, over three millions; in 1869, over six millions; in 1870, above twelve millions; and in 1871, over nineteen millions—making, in all, \$31,260,491 in less than five years! These results prove, as Mrs. Stowe justly says, "that, as a body, the Southern laborers are a thrifty, industrious, advancing set."

BEER.—Beer and Boston are at odds. We hope Boston will get the best of it, and that beer will go—not down the throats of thirsty bibbers—but to the gutters and oblivion. What if the price of milk be temporarily raised! Boston can afford to pay more for milk if Boston poor-taxes are diminished by half to two-thirds. Good milk will make better men than bad beer; better flesh than that made out of the swill-milk of distillery slops! It is said that beer offered its services at the late Festival, and that said services were respectfully declined. All honor to the decliners! If forty barrels of lager had been rolled into the lobby, forty of the chorus would have rolled out. But how can a festival be a festival without beer? Sngerbunds can not imagine. There was a half-hour intermission for promenades and lemon-

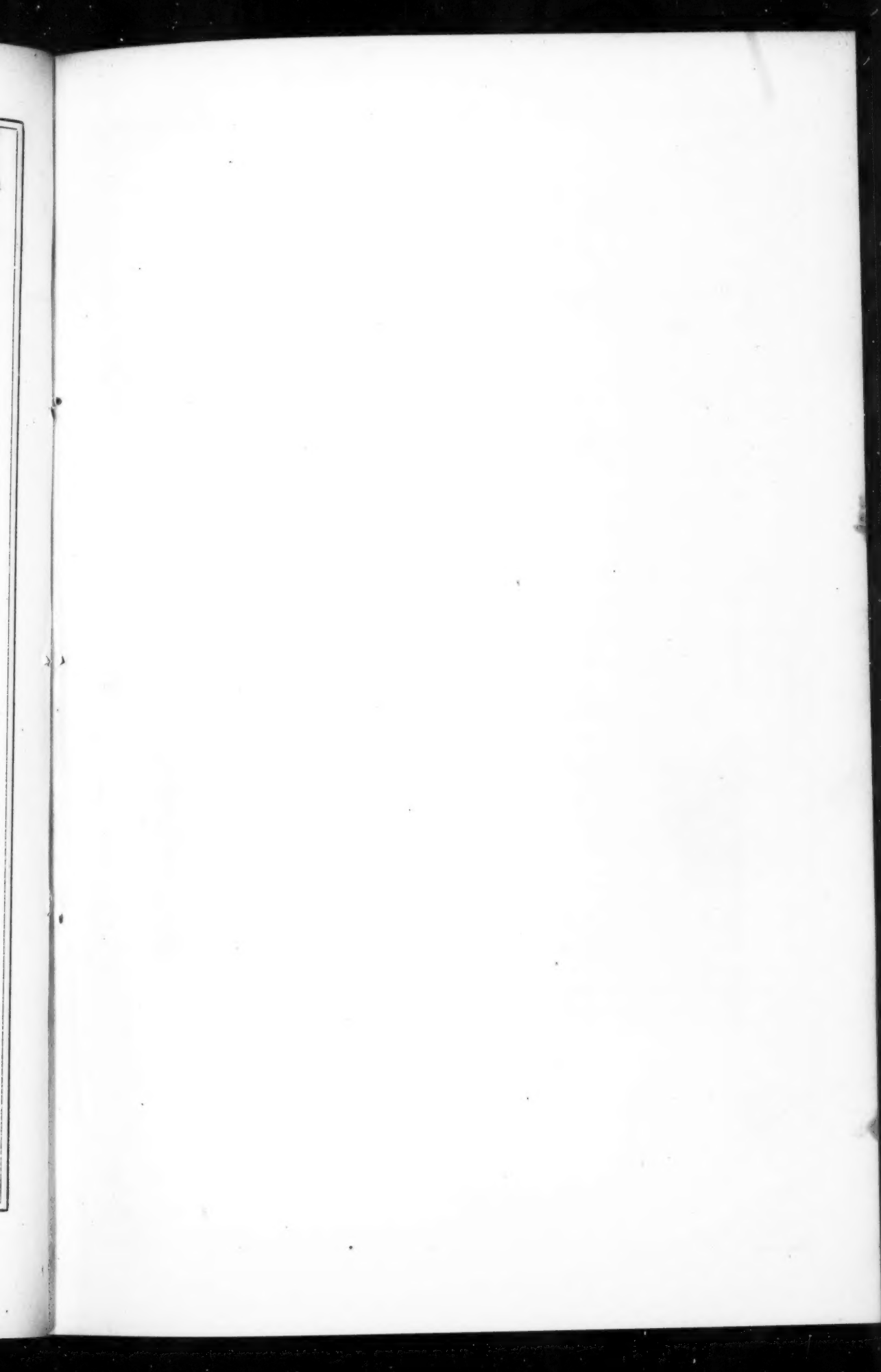
ades, soda-water, and ices—why not lager?—if not in the hall at least in the purlieu? What is paradise but a Summer garden, with infinite platoons of round-topped tables, every bearded Teuton seated with his peri, his pipe, and his mug of lager, with some Theodore Thomas as Gabriel directing choir and orchestra, and making the celestial air tremulous with the melodic successions and harmonic combinations (themselves perhaps inspired by lager and Bavarian) that floated from the brains of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Bach, and Beethoven! O, ye white-livered, passionless, foamless, and fumeless cold-waterites! Ye know nothing of harmony or heaven!

THE PREMIUM PICTURE of Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden is a cabinet gem—the most artistic of any of the numerous plates of bishops, and the most perfect and complete historically. It contains every head in the episcopal "succession" of the American Methodist Church. We pronounce it a beautiful thing.

DR. SUMMERS, of the *Nashville Advocate*, always has a kindly notice for the REPOSITORY, and none is more genial than the last. The little scrap from Tennyson, "Good from Evil," put in to fill out a column of the May number, we interpret as a sort of millennial aspiration rather than an expression of dogmatic belief in universal restoration. The "holy family" of the cover is as grievous a nuisance to our eyes as his; and it will be permitted to retire as soon as our artist will give us something nice to supply its place.

OUR PREDECESSOR.—A correspondent in the *Northern Advocate* gives a just and highly appreciative estimate of the character and abilities of our amiable and talented predecessor in the editorial chair, from which we make the following extract: "Bishop Wiley, as a preacher, impresses one as not only eminently manly, natural, and self-contained, but as thoughtful, searching, and clear; as masterly in his grasp of his matter, cogent in his arrangement, thoroughly evangelical, without being in any thing artificial in his methods; at once vigorous, incisive, nervous, and clean-cut in style, and free, fluent, fervid, graceful, and energetic in his delivery. Any one listening to a sermon by Bishop Wiley can but wonder that such a preacher should, for so many years, have been hived up in an editor's office, and thus so long have remained unknown to the Church at large."

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—"New Hampshire Scenery," painted by Hubbard, engraved by Wellstood, from a picture owned by J. M. Falconer, and by him kindly loaned for the occasion, is full of dreamy sweetness in the distance, quiet stillness in its water, and picturesque ruggedness in its wooded foreground. "Maternal Alarm," painted by Dieffenbach, engraved by Hinshelwood, is a beautiful companion-piece to "Maternal Solicitude," published in our May number. The beautiful vignette which graces the opening of the July volume, represents the confluence of the Hudson and the Sacandaga Rivers, Saratoga County, New York.





THE NEW RIVER NEAR HAWK NEST

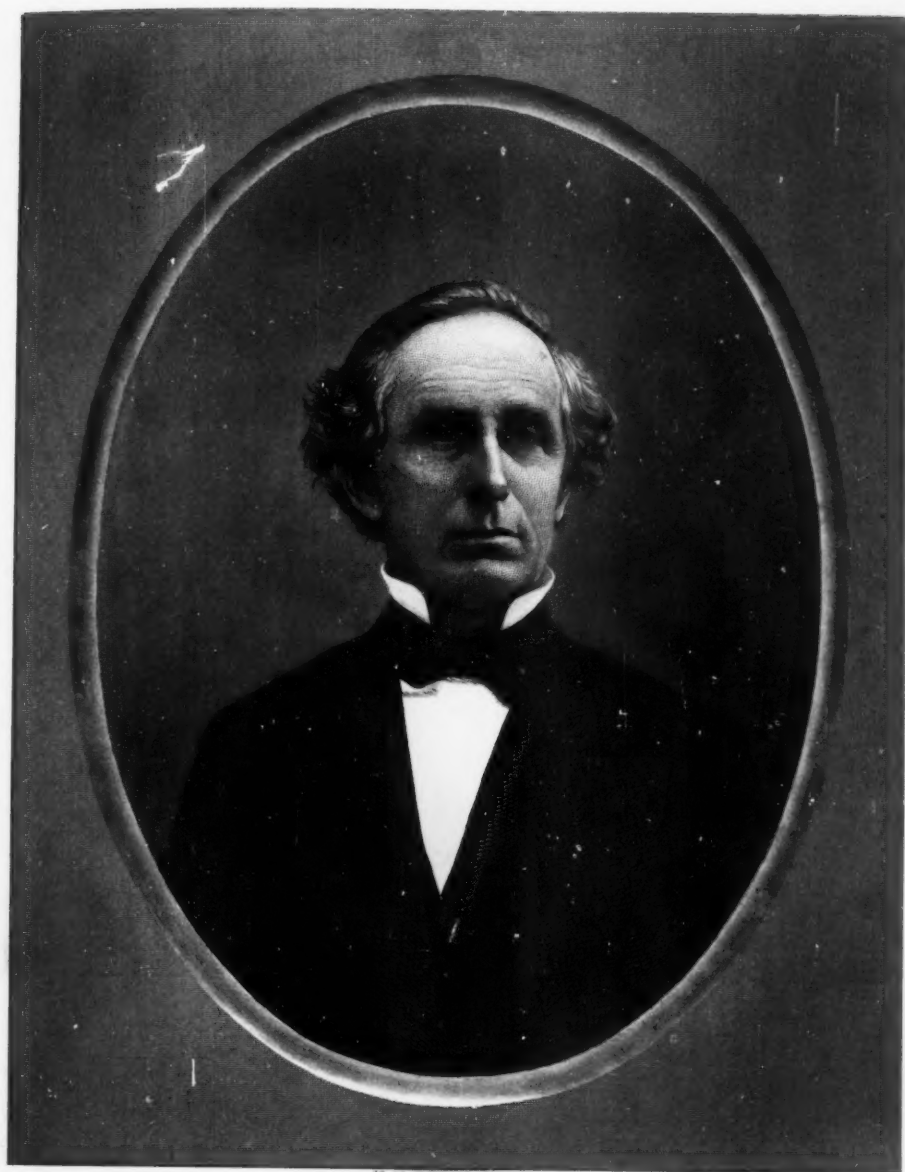
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F.E. Jones Eng<sup>r</sup>

REV. THOMAS BOWMAN, D.D.

*One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.*